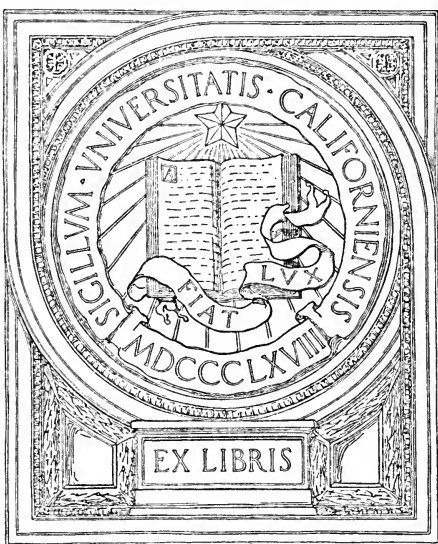


OUR TRIP AROUND
THE WORLD

1919-20

R. O. AND N. S. O.

GIFT OF
A. F. Morrison



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TO THE
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Foreword

When we started on this long voyage, we realized that all the members of both of our families would be anxious to receive a consecutive and detailed account of what we did and what we saw. We also were anxious to hear from them all regularly during our long absence, and realized that to reap one must sow.

Our relatives are sufficiently numerous and scattered as to residence, to make it impracticable to accomplish our object by individual letters. So we hit upon the plan of writing this diary and mailing it back in installments to my Secretary in San Francisco, Miss Slusher. She, on her part, made a number of typewritten copies and mailed them to all those on a list furnished to her. Not a single installment failed to reach the United States in due course.

The plan worked out very well. Each one of our correspondents received regularly, a much fuller account of our trip than would have been possible by any other means.

Since our return, we have been asked to collect these detached writings in more convenient form, and the following pages are the result.

ROBERT OXNARD
and
NELLIE S. OXNARD.

Itinerary

(1919)

- Oct. 2. Sail from Vancouver, S. S. "EMPRESS OF RUSSIA".
Oct. 13. Arrive Yokohama, Grand Hotel.
Oct. 14. to 15. Yokohama.
Oct. 17. to 20. Nikko.
Oct. 20. By rail to Tokyo, Imperial Hotel.
Oct. 21. to 24. Tokyo.
Oct. 25. By rail to Kodzu and motor to Miyanoshita.
Oct. 26. to 29. Miyanoshita.
Oct. 30. Back to Tokyo, Imperial Hotel.
Nov. 1. Tokyo.
Nov. 2. By rail to Kyoto.
Nov. 3. to 15. Kyoto, Kyoto Hotel.
Nov. 13. Excursion to Nara and back same day to Kyoto.
Nov. 16. Leave Kyoto by morning train for Miyajima, arriving 4 p. m.
Nov. 17. Leave Miyajima 4 p. m. for Shimonoseki, arriving 9 p. m.
Leave by Night Steamer for Fusan.
Nov. 18. Arrive Fusan 9 a. m., proceed by rail to Seoul, arrive 8 p. m.
Nov. 19. Seoul, Hotel Chosen.
Nov. 20. Leave Seoul 9:50 a. m. for Shingishu, Korea, Railroad Hotel.
Nov. 21. Leave Shingishu 11 a. m. for Mukden, Manchuria, arrive 8 p. m.
Nov. 22. Leave Mukden 10:30 a. m., Railroad Hotel.
Nov. 23. Arrive Peking, 12 noon.
Nov. 23. to Dec. 7. Peking, Grand Hotel des Wagon Lits.
Dec. 8. Leave Peking 8:30 a. m., arrive Tientsin 11:30 a. m.
No stop in Tientsin.
Dec. 9. Arrive Nanking 2:20 p. m. No stop at Nanking.
Arrive Shanghai 9 p. m.
Dec. 10. to 15. Shanghai, Astor House Hotel.
Dec. 16. Leave Shanghai, S. S. "EMPRESS OF RUSSIA".
Dec. 19. Arrive Manila 6 p. m., Manila Hotel.
Dec. 21. Arrive Baguio by motor.
Dec. 22. Leave Baguio. Arrive Manila at night.
Dec. 25. Leave Manila, S. S. "ECUADOR".
Dec. 28. Arrive Hong Kong, Hong Kong Hotel.
Dec. 30. to 31. Hong Kong.
Dec. 31. Canton.

(1920)

- Jan. 1. to 3. Hong Kong.
Jan. 4. Leave Hong Kong by S. S. "KASHGAR".
Jan. 8. Arrive Singapore, Raffles Hotel.
Jan. 9. Leave Singapore by S. S. "MELCHIOR TREUB" in evening.
Jan. 11. Arrive Batavia, Hotel Nederlanden.
Jan. 12. to 13. Batavia.
Jan. 14. Leave Batavia for Buitenzorg by rail, 7:12 a. m.
to 15. Buitenzorg, Hotel Bellevue.
Jan. 16. Arrive Garoet, Hotel Papandaja.
Jan. 17. to 19. Garoet.
Jan. 20. Leave Garoet by rail, 6:10 a. m.

Jan. 20. Arrive Djokja Karta 1:30 p. m., Grand Hotel.
 Jan. 21
 to 23. Djokja. Motor to Boroboedoe. Trip to Samarang.
 Jan. 24. Leave Djokja by rail 11:30 a. m. for Garoet, Hotel Papandaja.
 Jan. 25
 to 26. Garoet.
 Jan. 27. Leave Garoet by motor for Buitenzorg (via Bandoeng and Soekuboemi), Hotel Bellevue, 4 p. m.
 Jan. 28. Buitenzorg.
 Jan. 29. Leave Buitenzorg for Batavia 6:15 a. m., Hotel des Indes.
 Jan. 30. Batavia.
 Jan. 31. Leave Batavia 12 noon, S. S. "GROTIUS" for Ceylon.
 Feb. 2. Arrive Singapore and sail the same day.
 Feb. 3. Stop to take on passengers at Belawan-Deli, Sumatra.
 Feb. 4. Stop at Sabang, Sumatra.
 Feb. 8. Arrive Colombo 9:30 a. m., Galle Face Hotel.
 Feb. 9
 to 10. Colombo.
 Feb. 11. Leave Colombo by motor 7:15 a. m. for Bandarawella. Arrive 4 p. m., Hotel Bandarawella.
 Feb. 12. Nuwara Eliya, Grand Hotel.
 Feb. 13. To Kandy, 4 p. m., Queen's Hotel.
 Feb. 14. Leave Kandy for Colombo.
 Feb. 15
 to 16. Colombo.
 Feb. 17. Leave Colombo for Port Said, "S. S. "CITY OF LAHORE".
 Feb. 28. In Red Sea.
 Feb. 29. Bay of Suez.
 Mch. 2. Port Said to Cairo, Shepherd's Hotel.
 Mch. 3
 to 6. Cairo.
 Mch. 7. Leave Cairo, 8 p. m. for Luxor.
 Mch. 8. Arrive Luxor, Winter Palace Hotel.
 Mch. 9
 to 10. Luxor.
 Mch. 11. Arrive Cairo 7 a. m., Shepherd's Hotel.
 Mch. 12
 to 15. Cairo.
 Mch. 16. Leave Cairo 12 noon for Alexandria, Hotel Majestic.
 Mch. 17. Leave Alexandria for Sicily, S. S. "SICILIA".
 Mch. 20. Arrive Syracuse at 12 noon. Arrive Taormina at night.
 Mch. 21
 to 27. Taormina. Villa San Pancrazio Hotel. Excursion to Mount Etna and Catania.
 Mch. 28. Leave Taormina by rail. Arrive Messina, Select Hotel.
 Mch. 29. Leave Messina by motor. Arrive Palermo, Hotel Igia.
 Mch. 30. Palermo.
 Mch. 31. Leave Palermo via S. S. "SICILIA" for Naples.
 Apr. 1
 to 2. Naples, Hotel Excelsior.
 Apr. 3
 to 4. Pompeii, La Cava, Nieri, Amalfi, Sorrento, Capri and return to Naples.
 Apr. 5. Naples.
 Apr. 6. Leave Naples 10 a. m. for Rome, arrive 3 p. m., Hotel Excelsior.
 Apr. 7
 to 17. Rome
 Apr. 18. Leave Rome 7:45 a. m. for Florence. Arrive 3 p. m.
 Apr. 19
 to 28. Florence, Grand Hotel.
 Apr. 29. Leave Florence by motor for Venice via Bologna and Padua.
 Apr. 30
 to
 May 2. Venice, Hotel Danieli.
 May 3. Padua.

May 4
 to 7. Florence, Grand Hotel.
 May 8. Genoa.
 May 9
 to 12. Monte Carlo via Ventimiglia, Hotel de Paris.
 May 13
 to 14. Cannes, Hotel "Gray et d'Albion". Excursion to Grasse.
 May 15. Lyons, Hotel Bristol.
 May 16. Leave Lyons via Dijon for Paris.
 May 17
 to 29. Paris, Hotel "Plaza Athénée". Excursion by motor to Eastern Bat-
 tlefields.
 June 30. Entire party, except R.O., leaves for London, Claridge's Hotel.
 July 1. R. O. leaves Paris for Germany via Cologne.
 July 2. Cologne.
 July 3. Berlin, Magdeburg, Kleinwanzleben.
 July 4. Kleinwanzleben. Guest of Mr. Rabbethke.
 July 5
 to 6. Berlin, Hotel Adlon.
 July 7. Frankfort on the Main, Frankfurter Hof Hotel, 5 p.m. train to
 Cologne, through the Rhine Valley.
 July 8. Arrive London, 6 p.m. via Ostend, rejoining rest of party at
 Claridge's.
 July 9
 to 15. London, various excursions by motor.
 July 16
 to 17. The Hague, via Harwich and the Hook of Holland, Hotel des Indes.
 July 18
 to 20. Amsterdam, Hotel Amstel.
 July 21. Rotterdam and then Antwerp, Grand Hotel.
 July 22. Antwerp.
 July 23
 to 26. Brussels, Hotel Astoria.
 July 27. Brussels to Paris.
 July 28
 to
 Aug. 11. Aix-les-Bains, Hotel Mirabeau. Motor excursions in environs.
 Aug. 12
 to
 Sept. 15. Paris, various excursions by motor.
 Sept. 16. Boulogne, S. S. "ROTTERDAM" for New York.
 Sept. 26. New York, Hotel Plaza.

Synopsis

- 39 days in Japan and Korea.
- 26 days in Manchuria and China.
- 6 days in Philippines.
- 11 days in Hong Kong, Singapore, etc.
- 22 days in Java and Sumatra.
- 10 days in Ceylon.
- 16 days in Egypt.
- 12 days in Sicily.
- 38 days in Italy.
- 5 days in Monte Carlo.
- 6 days in Germany.
- 8 days in England (Mrs. O. and party did not go to Germany, but spent two weeks in England).
- 7 days in Holland.
- 5 days in Belgium.
- 100 days in France.
- 60 days at Sea.
- 361 days from Vancouver to New York.

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CHAPTER I.

The Start

Our Trip Around the World

SAN FRANCISCO, SUNDAY, September 28, 1919.

After a Sunday supper at Sallie's, consisting of Welsh rarebit and cold fish mayonnaise, the first made by Mrs. W., and the second by Louie—both delicious—we took the 9:20 P. M. ferry boat, instead of the 10:20, for Vancouver, via Portland and Seattle. Harry and Josephine motored down to the ferry from Burlingame to say goodbye, and the following took the boat over with us: Marie and Louise, Sallie, her two girls and Al. On the other side we found Will and Bessie Taylor, who had motored from Piedmont.

It rained off and on during the night so that the Sacramento Valley was neither dusty nor hot. We were very comfortable in our drawing room, and the diners were very good, contrary to what several friends had led us to expect. Nothing special to report until Seattle, where our through sleeper stopped.

SEATTLE, TUESDAY, September 30, 1919, 5:30 P. M.

Took a miserable chair car of the Great Northern for Vancouver—crowded to the doors—some people standing part of the way; diner however pretty good. Baggage inspection at the Canadian line quite perfunctory;—opened nothing, which was fortunate as our three valises were so jammed full that it was a herculean task to close them. Kept losing time so that it was nearly midnight when we reached Vancouver. Fortunately we got a taxi quickly and were near the head of the line at the desk of the Hotel Vancouver, to be told that there was no room for us, although we had telegraphed several days ahead. A most inefficient and irresolute night desk clerk fussed and fumed for over an hour before he finally fixed up a room for us. How those below us in the line fared, some parties with little children, I do not know. We got into bed at 1:30, in a room that Mrs. O. described as "filthy" and the bath room worse—but the beds were good.

VANCOUVER, WEDNESDAY, October 1, 1919.

Last night we got a telegram from Sallie saying that a pearl ring that Nellie had missed at the last moment had been found by our servants. This morning a telegram of goodbye, very nicely worded, from Manager Noble of Oxnard, in answer to one of mine; also a similar one from Colonel Duval at Rocky Ford, including Henry, Nannie, Miss Gordon and Caroline, their colored maid, one of my many good friends. We also heard that Carl had delivered our Packard limousine to a buyer who bought it two months ago for future delivery, but had subsequently welched on his bargain and had to be allowed \$200.00 rebate. To add to the tragedy, just as Carl was driving the purchaser around for a spin to demonstrate its good condition, one of the tires burst and had to be replaced with a new one.

We decided that it was impossible to proceed with such crowded hand baggage, so we bought a steamer trunk and sent back to San Francisco our smallest valise. Our baggage now consists of two innovation trunks, one steamer trunk, one lady's hat trunk, one hold all, two valises, one coffee machine, one fitted bag, one medicine case, umbrellas, etc.

We went down to inspect the "Empress of Russia." She is a big, powerful, confidence-inspiring boat. The stewards are all Chinese which is an added recommendation for us, Nellie particularly. Our cabin is very satisfactory, except that the beds are narrower than we had expected. It is not very large, in fact the bath room appears very large by comparison. We saw the second steward and secured a small table, seating only two. The captain is a friend of the Rogers family and distinguished himself during the war. Blythe Rogers gave me a card for him when he called with his mother, sister and husband of a month, a professional violinist. I imagine that the profession would not have been to her father's liking, had he been still alive, but the mother says he is a very fine fellow and artist.

Our checked baggage will be transferred from the railroad station to the steamer without any examination.

VANCOUVER, THURSDAY, October 2, 1919.

The name of Mrs. Rogers' son-in-law is Mischel Chermovsky. He and his brothers, Leo and Jan, (one a pianist) had just returned from a professional tour of the world when he was married. They went the reverse way along our proposed line of travel. A concert by the three is advertised here for next week. The young couple is to live in London, from where he will tour professionally. He is a Russian.

The time of sailing has been postponed to 2:00 P. M., but we went aboard at 11:30 to settle ourselves before lunch, which was served on board at 12:30. The bill of fare reads sumptuously. They have a number preceeding each item on the menu, presumably to facilitate ordering from the Chinese waiters when their knowledge of English is deficient. There were twenty-five numbers; I ordered No. 19, Snipe on Toast, but it must have been a bird of the spring flight last year, kept in cold storage ever since, for it had no taste whatever. The curry was very good. We have selected the first sitting—lunch 12:30 to 1:30, dinner 7:00.

When we arrived on board we received a large number of telegrams. Including those of the day before, they are from:—Sallie and all her family, Marie, Ben and Robbie, Alice, Fanchette and Louise, Harry and Josephine, Colonel Duval with his people and Henry, the San Francisco staff, Noble and the Oxnard staff, Lillie Harding, Mrs. Driffill and family, Mountford Wilson, George and Edie Delong, the latter received at Victoria, New York office staff—fourteen in all.

We also received flowers from Mrs. Rogers, and from the members of the San Francisco office, which are very much appreciated.

Harry sent us the address of his ex-cook, returned to Kyoto, Japan, where we are to call upon him.

Casting off shortly after 2:00, it took us nearly five hours to reach Victoria, where we stopped a couple of hours to take on mail and passengers, and we were well under way when I went to bed at 11:30. As I left the smoking room, the waiters were bringing up supplies to turn the ship from dry to wet.

N. S. O.

S. S. "EMPRESS OF RUSSIA", AT SEA FRIDAY, October 3, 1919.

Our stateroom is not as comfortable as we thought it would be; we have no bureau to put anything on and have to keep our little things in our suit cases and

trunk. There is a brass bed and over it a berth but the space between the two is so limited that one could not sit up without touching one's head against the berth above. So we have had the couch made up as our second bed and will try that. The bath room is the comfort of the suite and is certainly very convenient, otherwise it would not be worth what we pay for it.

We are having a wonderful day as far as climate is concerned; it is not at all cold and scarcely any wind at all. So far we have not met anyone, but have been in our rooms resting most of the time.

We did speak to a woman we had seen on the train and she proved to be a dressmaker from Shanghai, Mme. Linoff. She told me where I could get beautiful laces in Shanghai and when we get there she will take me to the places. I am not going to lose sight of her as I can see she will be very valuable; even with the duty of sixty percent, she says she thinks I can get better and cheaper laces than she has ever seen in Europe. She is a Russian but has been in China ever since the war began. She is returning from New York where she went to get the latest styles, materials, etc. She says that Bendel is just a little bit better than anyone else in his line.

Our breakfasts are so simple; cereal, coffee and toast, that we have decided to have them in our cabin. The bath tub only has salt water but our cabin boy—Wong by name, residence Hongkong—brings us a small tub full of fresh water to make a lather.

AT SEA, SATURDAY AND SUNDAY, October 4-5, 1919.

Nothing of note to write about. Our days are spent in eating and reading and walking the deck. We have made no acquaintances as yet but there is a family that interests me. They were on the train with us from San Francisco. The husband is a French officer (aviation I think); the wife also French, and three children, two girls—12 and 11, and a boy of 9—Chinese nurse. I learned from the children that after two months stay in San Francisco at the Palace they are returning to their home in China. I mean to make his acquaintance.

Sunday morning there was a little more movement to the ship and Nellie, although not exactly sea sick did not go to the dining-room for lunch, but accompanied me to dinner. After dinner, to my surprise on an English ship, there was dancing to the music of a Filipino or Korean band; but they had squared themselves by religious services in the morning, conducted by the Captain. The roll of the ship occasionally interfered with the accuracy of the steps. The French officer was one of the best dancers. We watched them till after 10:00.

AT SEA, MONDAY, October 6, 1919.

It rained most of last night. The ship continues to log between 440 and 460 miles. Weather overcast and cold. In the way of books, we are devoting ourselves to Sir Frederick Treves' "The Other Side of the Lantern"; Murray's "Handbook of Japan" and "Peking Dust", the latter given us by Mrs. Lord and very interesting though light. I also read aloud to Nellie "The Little Visitors", gift of Mrs. Filer—supposed to be the unaided work of a child of nine, which I doubt. It will do to while away a couple of hours. Sir Frederick Treves' (a celebrated English surgeon) book describes a trip through the Orient, the reverse way of ours, and is exceedingly well written.

In the evening, while watching the dancing, we got acquainted with Captain Charles Ricou and his wife. They are returning home to Macao, where he is

French folk songs, in the peasant costume of Brittany. She also is on the way to Vladivostok as an entertainer of the Y. W. C. A.

AT SEA, SATURDAY, October 11, 1919.

They expect to dock at Yokohama early Monday morning. We struck up an acquaintance with a young Mrs. Leybold of New York, returning to her husband at Singapore, where he has a position with the United States Rubber Company. She has two young children, is pretty and attractive and likes bridge. We played with her and the French woman in the afternoon, and again with her and a Y. M. C. A. entertainer in the evening. They sold an auction pool on the ship's run in the evening and it contained over \$600.00. It was won the next day by No. 449. Some photographs that we took of the coolie games were not a success, as the day was overcast.

AT SEA, SUNDAY, October 12, 1919.

The excitement of the morning was furnished by Nellie washing her hair. We are looking forward to landing tomorrow, as the trip, though restful, has been monotonous; and the food, with high-sounding names, tasteless. We are told that this will be the case in the hotels of the Orient.

We have met a Mr. Wolcott Griswold Lane and his wife of No. 15 East 74th Street, New York; a lawyer. In 1889 he was for a year studying in the law office of Garber, Boalt and Bishop—lived with the Boalts and accompanied Alice out in the evenings. He was in the Yosemite with the Garber party in 1889 when the Stetson family, Chauncey and I were there.

I will mail this diary on landing in Yokohama tomorrow and hope it will get an early steamer.

Received and typed at
San Francisco, October 31, 1919.

in business. He was two and a half years in France as an aviator; three times wounded; once desperately when he fell and broke both legs and an arm, besides severe wounds in the head; could have been invalided but refused and returned to his work as soon as his wounds permitted. He has to go to Hong Kong on business two or three times a week. The journey takes four hours but as soon as he gets his aeroplane in Macao he will do it in twenty minutes.

AT SEA, TUESDAY, October 7, 1919.

I had sent my card with the introduction from Blythe Rogers to Captain Robinson, and this morning he sent the Steward to invite us to his cabin. Nellie was not yet ready, so I went alone. He was in the transport service on the Pacific until April 1919, when his ship (this one) was employed in transporting troops from New York to Liverpool and Brest, until after the armistice. He says it seems like a miracle to him that the American troops should have gotten across without casualties; not alone from the danger of submarines, but even more from the necessity of sailing the transports in violation of every rule of good seamanship. Convoys in close formation, often only 400 yards apart, in thick weather, without lights and without signals by whistling; always aiming to make land at night, no matter how thick the weather; constantly changing courses, etc., etc. He speaks highly of the American soldiers.

Rogers Senior was one of his most intimate friends and I was not surprised to hear that the marriage of the daughter was a bitter disappointment to the family. But they could not control her as her father had left her \$15,000.00 a year in her own right. If only he were a great musician—but Captain Robinson says the three brothers were infant prodigies when fourteen to sixteen years old and have not progressed. They have sailed on his ship and he does not think much of them as men.

AT SEA, THURSDAY, October 9, 1919.

Yesterday was Tuesday the 7th, but as we crossed the 180th meridian we dropped a day, and so I was pitchforked into my sixty-sixth year one day too soon. I shall never get it back. In spite of my game arm and hand, I feel that I have reason to be thankful for my physical condition at sixty-six; and either my hand is improving a little or else I am learning to make better use of it. My greatest difficulty is in putting my arm into the sleeve of my coat, and still more of my overcoat, for the muscles of my left shoulder feel stiff and contracted. Dr. Cooper said he did not think massage would help me, but I think I will try it in Japan. It cannot do any harm and I have a feeling (strongly shared by Doctor N. S. O.) that it will do good. Nellie met today a Mrs. Hugh J. Chisholm, a widow of New York, who had a letter for her from Mrs. George Delong.

In the evening a group of men gave a performance in the reading room, consisting mostly of comic stories, and songs to banjo and other similar accompaniment. It was neither very good nor very refined. They are Y. M. C. A. entertainers on their way to Vladivostok.

AT SEA, FRIDAY, October 10, 1919.

Bright sunny days and warmer. In the afternoon picked men from the several companies of Chinese coolies returning from the war zone, contested for prizes subscribed by the passengers. There were tugs of war, pillow fights while straddling a spar, blindfold boxing matches, apple eating contests, etc. They were all good natured and enjoyed themselves. In the evening Miss Grace Ewing, professional singer of New York, but born in San Francisco, where her mother lives on Jackson Street opposite the square, gave a recital, including

CHAPTER II.

Japan and Korea

YOKOHAMA, MONDAY, October 13, 1919.

We anchored in the stream about 7:00 A. M. but the Doctor's visit and examination of passports took up three hours. The Japanese guide from Cook's, Tominaga by name, reported to us about 8:00 o'clock and took charge of our baggage, etc. When we got to the Grand Hotel, we found that we could not get our room and bath before late afternoon, as it was occupied by some people who were going on East by the "Empress of Russia." Perhaps they took our vacated cabin on the ship. The room was on the third floor (two flights up) and no elevator. This was a disappointment as walking up stairs distresses Nellie.

We went to Cook's where we thought we might get a cable from the Mountford Wilsons as to their plans, but found nothing. Mr. Picquet (Cook's agent) made some slight changes in our itinerary. He has heard nothing yet as to our accommodations from Hongkong to Singapore, nor from Bombay to Suez, and at first was quite pessimistic as to our being able to get from India to Europe. The next day, when I showed him the official letters that Henry got for us, he changed his mind and thought we would get through all right. I am to present my letters to Ambassador Morris at Tokyo next week and will get his help and advice in the matter.

We then took a short drive in rickshaws through the town and back to the hotel for lunch. The table is excellent and I enclose a lunch menu for Miss Slusher to copy here:

TIFFIN

- Relishes: 1. Tsukudani 2. Indian Chutney 3. Sardines in oil
4. Dill Pickles 5. Chow Chow
Soup: 6. Puree of Lentils 7. Consomme Colbert
Fish: 8. Cold Prawns Mayonnaise
Entrees: 10. Mexican Chile Con Carne 11. Boiled Ham and Cabbage
12. Chicken Pie Family Style
13. Curried Pigeon with Rice 14. Welsh Rarebit
From the Broiler—10 minutes required:
15. Broiled Sirloin Steak with Fresh Mushrooms
Vegetables: 16. Stewed Parsnips 17. Creamed Spinach 18. Boiled Onions
19. Boiled Potatoes 20. Mashed Potatoes 21. Baked Potatoes
Cold Meat: 22. Roast Beef 23. Chicken 24. Ham 25. Ox Tongue
26. Corned Beef
Salad: 27. Herring 28. Lettuce
Dessert: 29. Lemon Ice Cream 30. Cakes 31. Pudding Brésilienne
Cheese: 33. Swiss 34. Edam 35. Canadian 36. Fresh Cottage
37. Assorted Fruits in Season
38. Coffee 39. Tea 40. Milk
Dishes ordered not on the bill of fare will be charged extra.
- Tuesday, October 14, 1919

THE GRAND HOTEL, YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

In the afternoon it began to rain but in spite of that we again took rickshaws and went to several shops selling silks and table linen. Nellie did not decide on anything.

We have seen so many foreign cities, and also Chinatown at home, that Yokohama does not seem so strange as it might to some who had not seen Orientals as we have.

YOKOHAMA, TUESDAY, October 14, 1919.

We took a delightful automobile drive to Kamakura, where we saw the Diabutsu, or big Buddha, of bronze, nearly fifty feet high, very celebrated; also another temple, dedicated to the God of Mercy. The drive outwards was inland through a hilly country, exceedingly pretty, and the valleys highly cultivated with rice (irrigated) and various truck crops. Rice is treble the pre-war price and farmers highly prosperous. The land is cultivated largely by tenants, though there are also small land owners (a very few acres to the farm). Rice harvest just commencing by hand with sickles—the rice is planted in close rows (about 12 inches), a few grains every ten to twelve inches, or else if a single grain, then it stools—guide did not know which. The return trip was mostly along the shore of Mississippi Bay, so called after Perry's flag ship, and was also very pretty.

I called this morning upon Mr. S. Asano, President of the T. K. K. Steamship line, owner of the dock yards across the bay and the industrial King of Japan. I had a letter to him from Sam Knight, and a letter to his son from Rennie Schwerin. He lives in Tokyo, only forty minutes away by rail. He invited us to dine with him when we are in Tokyo next week, and also invited me to attend a lunch he is giving today in Tokyo. I accepted the former but declined the latter. He speaks no English so our interview was through his Secretary as interpreter. We also called at the Standard Oil Company's office upon A. L. F. Jordan, who married Jessie Detrick's niece and is the father of Valdemar. He was out but called in the afternoon. He is young looking, straightforward in manner and made a good impression. He will notify Harry Bowie, who lives in Tokyo, of our arrival there soon.

We found a dish of fruit in the room with compliments of the manager of the hotel, Mr. Wilmarth. After dinner we went out with the guide to see the night life of Yokohama.

Yesterday Nellie engaged Saku, a Japanese maid, that we will take with us as far as Shanghai. She is a small, thin, elderly woman, very mild and apparently efficient.

YOKOHAMA, WEDNESDAY, October 15, 1919.

This morning at 10:00 we went by motor to see, first, a large nursery that makes a specialty of dwarf trees and, afterwards, a garden some few miles out of the city belonging to a Japanese of wealth named Hara, who throws it open to the public. It is called the "garden of the three valleys", and besides two residences has temples (one a replica of a celebrated shrine), wooded hills, lakes, shrubs, lawns—in fact, a fine place. Japanese school children were wandering around in large groups accompanied by their teachers. We took some photographs of a group of little girls, seven to ten years old (over one hundred in number), that were practicing for a forthcoming drill contest. We found everywhere on our two motor trips these groups of school children visiting places of interest under the guidance of their teachers. They were well brought up and very orderly—more so than our children at home would be.

We invited on this morning's excursion Miss Ewing and Miss Roberts of the Y. W. C. A., that I have already spoken of.

I was delighted to receive on the 14th a cable signed by Ben and a hieroglyphic meant for Henry, congratulating me on my birthday. It took five days to get here, which is considered good time now-a-days. It was doubly appreciated as it was entirely unexpected.

Cook referred me to the International Banking Company as the most likely

to have quotations of the New York stock market. They get nothing at all by cable and could only offer mail advices. From the general tenor of the news in the papers, industrial and political, from all over the world, it does not seem to me that the stock market can be in very good shape.

We are leaving in the morning for Nikko, one day ahead of our schedule, in order to take in a very celebrated procession that was postponed from last month.

This letter will go by steamer leaving in two days and with it goes warmest love from both of us to all those that will receive it.

Received at San Francisco November 8th.

Typed November 10th.

NIKKO, FRIDAY, October 17, 1919.

Elevation 1800 feet.

Yesterday morning we left the Grand Hotel at 10:10 A. M. by motor for the tramway line going to Tokyo, through which we must pass to reach here. We only took our hand baggage, the large trunks having been sent separately to the Imperial Hotel, Tokyo, to await our arrival there next week. Everything was looked after by the guide, who is most efficient. I have never travelled before with a courier and I have to pinch myself to realize that I am being conveyed from place to place without having to wrestle with time tables, hotel accommodations, cabs, tips or any responsibility regarding what to see and how to see it; also the foreign language;—the maid relieves us equally of all trouble in her department—she also is excellent.

Contrary to usual routine, the first class compartment was crowded with foreigners on their way to see the great procession tomorrow. Our places were reserved however. We reached Tokyo at 11:30 and took a half hour rickshaw ride through the Imperial Palace Park, while waiting for lunch time and while the guide was rechecking the hand baggage. Lunch at the station hotel was good and many guests were Japanese, a few old ones eating Japanese food with chopsticks.

Arrived at Nikko at 6:20, already dark. Very good room, sitting-room and bath at Kanaya Hotel. Everything clean, service and food good. I had started in having massage at Yokohama and I spoke for a masseur at the desk, to come to my room at 10:00 P. M. In this country you order a masseur as you would a messenger boy with us. Practically all masseurs in Japan are blind, there being an institute in Tokyo to teach this profession to the blind. So this blind man was led into my room and instead of giving me general massage, as done at home, he apparently wanted me to tell him (in Japanese) what I wanted. I started him in on my left leg and he would have pulled it till next morning, if I had not moved him to another place. It was most unsatisfactory but I am going to try again this afternoon with the guide to interpret and direct.

The night was cold, and a charcoal fire in the sitting-room stove was most grateful this morning. This country is simply beautiful with wooded hills, waterfalls, river spanned by a wonderful sacred bridge of red lacker, temples everywhere and, last but not least, the roads crowded with Japanese of all ages but mostly children, come from miles around to see the great procession. The grown-up Japanese women, except the Geisha girls, dress in sombre colors but the children are dressed to look like gaudy flowers. The babies are carried on the backs instead of in the arms, and frequently on the backs of "little mothers" not much older or bigger than themselves. I saw a little girl, say of ten, playing and skipping around with a small baby fast asleep strapped to her

back, his little head jerking about in every direction with her movements in play.

Nellie had seen a moving picture of this procession in San Francisco. It is one of the best in Japan and was followed by religious exercises and so-called sacred dancing in the courtyard of the temple, where it ended. You will find below the programme:

THE PROGRAMME OF THE PROCESSION.

The Sacred Chairs start from Futawara temple (middle temple) at 11:00 a. m. and the formation of the procession will be as follows:

The Sakaki (sacred tree) carried by 150 white attired men and two guards.

One Hundred Lancers, with two guards in advance.

The Tengu (long nosed and red face) with spears.

Shishi (Lion) carried by three men.

Shishi (Lioness) carried by three men.

Three Shinto Musicians.

Eight Sacred Dancing Women.

Two Shinto Priests, on horseback, with one attendant and four horseboys each.

Fifty Gun-Carriers, with two guards in advance.

Fifty Bow Carriers, with two guards in advance.

Fifty Spear Men, with two guards in advance.

One Hundred Armored Men, with two guards in advance.

Twelve Children with flower caps on, and two guards in advance.

Fifty Different Masked Men, with two guards in advance.

Four Shinto Priests, with big fans.

A Shinto Priest, on horseback, carrying a sacred sword and guarded by two attendants.

A Shinto Priest, on horseback, carrying a Sacred Flag guarded by attendants.

Eleven Big Lances (with long flag) carried by fifty-five white attired men, with twenty-two guards.

A Drum, carried by three white attired men.

A Bell, carried by three white attired men.

Thirty Boys, in monkey figures, with two guards.

Ten Monkey Attendants, with monkey.

Six Shinto Priests of lower order.

Fifty Shinto Priests of lower order.

Twelve Musicians, with instruments, also a big drum and bell, each carried by two white attired men.

Ten Men carrying hawks.

Two Stands for Sacred Chairs, each carried by two white attired men.

The Gohei (Sacred Paper) carried by a Shinto Priest.

A Shinto Priest on horseback.

A Shinto Priest, of second rank on horseback.

The Chief Shinto Priest, of first rank, on horseback.

Fifty Men, in uniform.

The Chief Sacred Chair, carried by fifty white attired men and forty guards.

A Drum, carried by three white attired men.

Twenty Uniformed Men.

A Gohei (Sacred Paper) carried by a Shinto Priest.

A Sacred Chair, carried by fifty white attired men and twenty guards.

A Drum, carried by three white attired men.

A Bell, carried by one white attired man.
 Two Stands for Sacred Chairs, each carried by two white attired men.
 Gohei (Sacred Paper) carried by a priest.
 Twenty Uniformed Men.
 A Sacred Chair, carried by fifty white attired men and forty guards.
 A Yamabushi (a Shinto monk).
 Three Shinto Priests on horseback.

At the "Temple of Otabisho" where the above procession ends, the "Azuma" dance will take place for which the special admission ticket will be given at the Hotel Office, free of charge. After the dance, the whole procession makes its way back to the "Temple of Futawara".

Nikko is full of alleys and groves of cryptomeria trees, resembling somewhat redwoods or pines, and they are a glory. The great temple of Futawara, where the procession started, is surrounded by them, as is also a wonderful pagoda of five stories attached to the temple—a picture of coloured lacquer of every hue. It reminded us of the Bohemian grove. The story is that three centuries ago a Daimyo not as rich as some others and who could not compete in giving temples and pagodas, covered the surrounding country with these plantations of cryptomeria trees, and today his gift is the greatest of all.

In the afternoon we motored along a very famous road bordered by old cryptomerias, to the next town. There we saw the Japanese garden of the postmaster, with its private shrine and its usual ponds, bridges, dwarf trees, etc. The owner invited us into the house where we had Japanese tea, and showed us through both stories—the upper reached by stairs like a step ladder; the floor of each room is divided into matting squares six feet by three feet, and there is no evidence of beds or dining-room table or chairs, etc. Rooms are used indiscriminately for whatever purpose required, but there was a sort of sunken brazier for charcoal in the room used for dining. The only other occupants were two young women, apparently maids. They were much amused by the fact that in getting around Nellie and I each lost one of the overshoes put upon the feet when entering a home to avoid soiling the matting that is used for sitting, sleeping, etc., as well as walking.

N. S. O.

We met on the way up here (Nikko) a Mr. Steele from the T. K. K. Steamship Company of San Francisco, who married a Miss Shorb and lives just below Mrs. Martin's house on Vallejo Street, but whom we had never met before. With him was Mr. Chester Doyle, a perfect character. His home is in Honolulu; he and his brother live there together and have named the place Nikko. He is the official Japanese interpreter of the United States in Honolulu and is travelling in the far East to bring business to the following hotels—Belmont, Biltmore, Commodore, Ansonia, Murray Hill (of New York), and the St. Francis of San Francisco. He is to get acquainted with hotel keepers throughout the Orient and have them recommend their guests to those hotels in the United States. He carries around with him an iron plate with a handle at the top, painted black—letters of white explaining his mission—and has himself photographed with this advertisement prominently displayed—standing up against pillars, gates, etc. of all the holy places of Japan. He says he will send these photos back to his principals to show them that he is holding down his job. Withal he is witty and bright, tells a good story—he is a typical American of the rough diamond type.

What was our surprise this morning to receive a call from Mr. Zaher Pritchard. He had read in the San Francisco papers that we were to make this trip, so watched the arrivals of all the steamers in Yokohama and at last discovered us. He has a house with another man who is an inventor of something to pump water. He has been in Japan for seven months and has not sold a picture, but thinks that at last he will succeed as by some means he is going to give an exhibition in Tokyo on November 1st, and expects great things from that. He is looking thinner and paler than ever and what keeps his courage up I fail to understand. We asked him to dine with us tomorrow night.

NIKKO, SATURDAY, October 18, 1919.

We made an excursion to the temple of Yeyasu, the founder, in the 16th century, of the line of Shoguns that reigned over Japan until the restoration of the Mikado in 1867.

It is a simply wonderful collection of buildings, covered with carvings on wood, lacquered in all the colors of the rainbow—principally red and robin's egg blue. I must say here that a temple seems to mean an enclosure with a lot of subsidiary buildings—besides the main building. In this particular case the gateway or entrance, called Torii in Japanese, is supposed to be the finest in Japan but the temple proper is surpassed by others. These Torii, or gateways to the Japanese temples, are without doors and have one typical and unvarying shape, that of a gigantic gallows frame, with ornamental variations. They are very effective and attractive, contrary to what my illustration would indicate. I had to take my shoes off to go into the temple, and put on woolen moccasins but Nellie merely took off her rubbers which were accepted as shoes, and put the overshoes on. It rained in the afternoon but in spite of that we went into the town where we bought a kimono and obi for Marie Louise.

NIKKO, SUNDAY, October 19, 1919.

We had a wonderful day. We started at 9:00 A. M. and went by motor partly and then by rickshaw (with two extra pushers each) to Lake Chugenzi, nine miles away and at an elevation of 4,375 feet. We followed the Daira river (a small stream) from Nikko to its source at the lake. After a couple of miles the road is cut out of the side of a rocky canyon or gorge several hundred feet deep, at the bottom of which the river runs boiling and foaming. The rocky sides are covered with a dense growth of underbrush and small trees, among which are maples, oaks, chestnuts, birches, azaleas, etc. At this season the leaves have turned to a riot of color; from green through every intervening shade to yellow, and then through all the pinks and oranges to a blood red. It is a sight that all Japan goes to see, and we certainly have never seen it equalled. The road was crowded with pedestrians, sight-seers coming and going from and to the lake, which is a charming sheet of water extending irregularly seven miles by two, with a background of mountains. The day was a little hazy and also cold, so we did not go on the lake but after a good lunch at the lakeside hotel, retraced our steps and got back to the hotel by 4:00 o'clock, somewhat cold and tired. Again we noticed the large parties of well behaved school children with their teachers.

At 6:00 o'clock I had my blind masseur. This is my fifth treatment in Japan and I can see an improvement in the condition of the muscles of my hand. Pritchard called by appointment for tea, but I was upstairs and did not see him. The table here is excellent. The house is almost deserted, the crowd evidently having come only for the procession. We leave in the morning for Tokyo.

People have told us that we ought to see the rest of Japan first and lead up to Nikko as the most lovely. It certainly is a beautiful country. The high lights are the Temple of Yeyazu; the avenue of cryptomeria trees and the excursion to Lake Chugenzi.

N. S. O.

TOKYO, TUESDAY, October 21, 1919.

Yesterday morning we started back for Tokyo, arriving at 3:55. It rained all the way down and also here, and when we reached the hotel we found ourselves in an awful room without a bath or running water and near the railroad track. We made a fuss and they put us in another room, better than the first but without a bath. They say that the travel is so great that it is impossible to do better for us. The table is excellent here and in fact ever since we landed in Yokohama we have had nothing to complain of; in fact at Nikko it was perfect. We both say we have never had better cooking anywhere.

I have just come upstairs from a call from Mr. Harry Bowie, and he was so interesting that I was very sorry to have him go. His life here is certainly fascinating and I don't wonder he likes to live here. He told of the special honors conferred upon him and of his acquaintances among the Shoguns and big guns;—he is going to take Bob on Thursday morning and present him to the officials of the foreign office. We expect to see a lot of him here and in Kyoto. He often sees Harry's cook in Kyoto and is going to give us a dinner in the restaurant that he keeps there.

This morning I called at the embassy with Admiral Grayson's letter, and have an appointment to meet Ambassador Morris tomorrow morning. I also took and left at their several destinations letters of introduction from Rennie Schwerin and Mrs. Delong. The first answer was a call in the afternoon from J. Soyeda, address Kudan, Tokyo, a prominent banker, one of those who represented Japan at the Versailles conference. We are to take tea at his house tomorrow afternoon. We did some shopping and bought an electric iron—also some minor articles. Also visited the store of the culture pearls company and may visit their preserves or beds later.

In the evening we went with the guide to a moving picture show to see an American film "The Mortgaged Wife". The audience was largely Japanese and there was a "caller" who explained the films in Japanese for their benefit. The loges had no chairs but little cushions to squat on. We sat back of them in regular chairs. The printed explanations of the films were in English as at home. It was a very sensational story and the audience applauded the stirring parts.

Mrs. Chisholm and party (Mrs. Delong's friend) have been following the same line of travel as ours and we meet her constantly. Her husband formed the International Paper Company. She has sold out her interest in this company but still has large independent paper mills, which her son manages. She keeps a house open in New York and in Portland, Maine, near her mills. She also has an estate of a thousand acres near Portchester, Connecticut.

Mailed October 22, 1919.

Received at San Francisco November 12, 1919.

TOKYO, WEDNESDAY, October 22, 1919.

Have presented letters of introduction as follows: Roland Stetson Morris,

American Ambassador, from Admiral Grayson; R. Asano, President T.K.K. (son of S. Asano), from R. P. Schwerin; Baron Iwasaki, Mitsunishi Company, from R. P. Schwerin; Baron Kondo, Nippon Yunen Kaisha, from R. P. Schwerin; Hon. Juichi Soyeda, Banker, from R. P. Schwerin; Viscount Kaneko, Imperial Councilor, from Mrs. Delong.

While in Nikko, I received a telegram from Yokohama from J. A. McGregor, our friend of the Union Iron Works, saying that he had just returned from Kyoto to his house, No. 9 Bluff, Yokohama; regretted having missed us and hoped we would return to Yokohama so that he could do something for us. I was surprised to learn that he had taken a house at Yokohama as I thought he was only travelling through the Orient. It was very amiable of him and I was sorry to be obliged to answer that we would not go back to Yokohama.

This morning I called on Ambassador Morris and had three-quarters of an hour's chat with him. He seems a very intelligent man; one of the several Philadelphia Morris families; an intimate friend of President Wilson, whom he has known since he was seventeen, having been under him at Princeton. Since Ambassador Francis left Russia, this has been added to his responsibilities and he has travelled four thousand miles in Siberia. I was much interested in what he had to say. He wanted us to dine with him next week but as we leave day after tomorrow this was impossible. His time is all filled up before that. He had one of his attachés, Mr. Atherton, telephone in my behalf to the British Vice Consul, Mr. Phipps, and through this influence I had no trouble in having the British visa on our passports for Singapore, Ceylon, India and Port Said. This clears the way for Cook to get the steamship accommodations, Hongkong to Singapore and Bombay to Port Said, which his agent in Yokohama said he could do if I got the visa. This was corroborated by Cook's office auditor, whom I just met in the hotel lobby.

When getting our passports viséd before starting, I did not know how minutely every point touched must be specified. Hence this trouble in part, but only in part.

TOKYO, THURSDAY, October 23, 1919.

The day before we left Yokohama, we met in the hotel, Mr. H. A. Van Coenen Torchiana, the consul of the Netherlands in San Francisco, whom we knew through some of the Exposition entertainments. He is accompanied by his wife and a friend, Miss Bump. He has just travelled through Java and Sumatra as the invited guest of the Governor General. He gave us some valuable letters and information. He was sailing for home last Friday.

Yesterday afternoon we had tea at the house of Mr. Juichi Soyeda. His two daughters were present but his wife excused herself on the plea of a cold. The daughters were aged thirty and seventeen, the latter exceedingly pretty. We also saw two young children of another daughter. He has retired from business except as to the ownership and editorship of the largest Japanese native paper of the country. He is a very intelligent and most interesting man, speaking English with considerable fluency. The Japanese women, even down to shop girls and servants, seem exceedingly bashful and we could not get a word of English out of the daughters, though they are supposed to speak it.

This morning we moved into the parlor, bedroom and bath vacated by Mrs. Chisholm—a great improvement.

Mr. Asano's secretary called to invite us to lunch with his principal to-

morrow, but as we had invited Harry Bowie we had to decline. This ends the Asano episode.

Baron Iwasaki was out of town and sent his secretary to invite us to lunch on Saturday, but we leave in the morning. He also placed his automobile and his secretary at our disposal for sight seeing, etc. I arranged for tomorrow to visit his finest villa, said to have a wonderful garden; but we will, therefore, not meet him either.

I went this morning with Harry Bowie to the Foreign office. The Secretary of State, Mr. Hara (the premier), was out but we called on Viscount Uchida, Minister of Foreign affairs, who received us very cordially. He seems a very intelligent and able man, who speaks English perfectly. He is giving an evening reception on the 31st, in honor of the Emperor's birthday, and we may decide to come back here for it from Myanoshita (only two hours by rail).

On returning to the hotel we met in the lobby, Mr. Steele of the T. K. K. and asked him to lunch with us.

After lunch we first went to a great popular celebration for the commencement of the erection of a temple dedicated to the Japanese who have fallen in the last war. The crowd was immense and, with their wooden clogs, kicked up such a dust that Nellie soon went back to the motor. The guide and I saw the sights offered free to the crowd; sacred dancing, spear dancing, wrestling, etc. Then in the motor through Ueno Park to the Imperial Theatre where we had secured box seats. The three plays composing the program last from 4:00 to 10:00 P. M. We stayed about an hour and saw part of an old historical drama. The costumes were gorgeous and one scene, representing dancing before a noble lady, was a wonderful picture. The Japanese dance with their bodies, arms and hands, instead of with their feet. The women's roles are all played by men. It was crowded although most people go after dinner. On returning to the hotel about 5:30, we found the card of Viscount Kentaro Kaneko, privy councilor to his Majesty, who is Mrs. Delong's friend, and also that of Guillermo L. Aguirre, Charge' d'Affaires of Argentina, for whom I had a letter from Mr. Summers. As our time is so short we may not meet them either.

I had my regular massage, and I feel that the muscles of my fingers and shoulder are improving steadily.

N. S. O.

Our guide and maid are proving excellent; the former is so attentive and does everything with so much executive ability that we have nothing to do but follow him and everything is perfect. The maid is the most gentle, unobtrusive person and waits on us both as if we were children, and has a most pleasing personality. Altogether we are as luxurious and comfortable as we could possibly be. The maid is constantly washing handkerchiefs, stockings, etc., so we do not have much soiled linen around.

As we could not lunch with Baron and Baroness Iwasaki tomorrow we were taken to their villa here, where they have thirty acres in the center of Tokyo and the most beautiful garden you could picture to yourself. They have two houses in the grounds, one European and the other Japanese; the former is a horror in the way of architecture and furnishings, but the latter is simply lovely—entirely carried out in the style of the country and so appropriate. The secretary who took us there is going to send a photograph of it and so I will not go into any more description of it.

The Ambassador from the Argentine, Mr. Guillermo L. Aguirre, called on us

today. Mr. Summers gave Robert a letter to him but addressed it to Kobe, so Bob did not send it to him but he heard we were here and came to call. He is very attractive, speaks English with an accent and is very polite and agreeable. He said that one of the things he came to see if he could do for us was to ask us if we did not want to go to the ball that Viscount Uchida was giving in honor of the Emperor's birthday. We told him we already had an invitation and he said it would be of the greatest interest to us to see, as all the most important people of Japan would be present; the Emperor would not be there but the Crown Prince would, so we are coming back from Myanoshita for it. We also are going to dine with Baron Iwasaki and lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Aguirre. Mr. Aguirre was a commissioner from the Argentine under Mr. Anasagasti during the Exposition and lived in San Francisco for two years. While there he became acquainted with the Diblee family and knows them all intimately.

The Iwasaki family has one of the two or three great fortunes of Japan. The founder was somewhat obscure and of moderate means at the time of the restoration (1867). When the Satsuma rebellion occurred he was in the steamship business and rendered important services to the State, that brought him riches and the title of Baron. Their interests are very varied. Under separately formed corporations, they own large steamship lines, shipbuilding and engineering works, gold and silver mines, coal mines, landed estates, large improved real estate holdings in Tokyo, etc. He owns city and country homes all over Japan. I asked his secretary how many homes he had and the answer was that he did not know and he doubted if the Baron himself could tell off hand. There are two Barons Iwasaki, cousins, and as usual in Japan the elder retired comparatively early in life in favor of the younger, as commercial head, to devote himself to study and the management of his separate fortune. I hope I shall meet him, although I find that in short interviews it is very difficult to get from people the information and data that interest me.

TOKYO, FRIDAY, October 24, 1919.

We had invited Harry Bowie to lunch today but received a note saying that he had taken a cold and, as he had a lecture to deliver the next day, he did not dare to go out. He urged us strongly to return for the Uchida ball, which he will attend, and which we had already decided to do.

I find that some of the events described above under yesterday's date, took place today. In the evening we packed what we needed for the Myanoshita trip into our suit cases and checked our trunks with the hotel until our return.

TOKYO TO MYANOSHITA, Saturday, October 25, 1919.

Started at 8:00 A. M. from hotel and 8:30 A. M. from station, via Yokohama, for Kodzu, whence an hour by motor brought us to the Fugiya Hotel, Myanoshita, a little after eleven. The country traversed is broken and hilly, wooded and beautiful, like the environs of Yokohama and unlike the great plain between Nikko and Tokyo. The level valleys between the hills are intensively cultivated in very small fields, mostly in rice, and the hills are often terraced for cultivation far up the slopes. This section having plenty of rainfall, the rice fields are irrigated by simply diking around each field and drawing the water as necessary from one field to another lying lower. Even on the flat the fields are terraced up to different levels to permit this utilizing of the water over again. I am told that in sections of lighter rainfall, artificial irrigation by ditches and flumes is practiced. The Hydrographic map of Japan is divided into areas of precipitation showing 40 inches or less, 40 inches to 60 inches, 60 inches to

80 inches, 80 inches to 100 inches, 100 to 120 inches, 120 inches and over. While the higher figures are for mountainous sections, Japan is a land of much rain, particularly in April to October.

This hotel is the most attractive and best that we have found so far. Room large, light, airy and clean, with bath; table excellent. The management is in the hands of the same family as at Nikko, but this is better. The landlady, Mrs. Yamanuchi, is exceedingly charming; speaks English perfectly; has travelled in the United States. Her father was an old friend of Harry Bowie. Mrs. Chisolm was here ahead of us and several other fellow passengers. Although I have not mentioned it, we had considerable rain in Tokyo, and here also it has rained even more and interrupted the mountain excursions.

After lunch we went by rickshaws to Gora Park near here, of very moderate interest, though the road to it is up the deep gorge of a river and was very beautiful. The altitude (1200 feet) being less than Nikko, the foliage is not as advanced—the colors not nearly so vivid, but more like pastel and very pretty for a change.

Before dinner I had massage as usual. This time a man who is not blind.

MYANOSHITA, SUNDAY, October 26, 1919.

By motor eight miles to Lake Hakone, where we had lunch. Then by motor boat across the lake, where chairs and porters (four to a chair) were waiting. A stiff climb of a thousand feet to the top of a hill called "big hell", on account of sulphur deposits emitting highly charged fumes from underground fires and boiling springs. Then back to the hotel by chairs. All this with the object of seeing Fujiyama from various positions. But the day was cloudy and windy, and the top of Fuji was generally wholly or partly hidden. The motion of the chair is like a hard gaited saddle horse; the slopes ascending and descending very steep and slippery from last night's rain, and altogether the trip was very hard on Nellie, who vows that she will take no more excursions where chairs are obligatory, owing to absence of roads practicable for rickshaws. Nellie has developed a patient endurance of the minor inconveniences of travel in the Orient for which I have given her the nickname of Mrs. "Mark Tapley". I hate to insult my readers but at Nellie's strong suggestion I will add, that the reference is to one of Dicken's characters noted for cheerfulness under adversity.

We were sorry to receive here on the twenty-fifth a wireless from the Wilsons saying that they had been unable to secure a stateroom.

On our way home I had the pleasure of seeing my first Japanese pig, tethered by the roadside. He was a young shoat three to four months old, of very fair Berkshire conformation, but white.

MYANOSHITA, MONDAY, October 27, 1919.

This is a pretty, quiet, mountain resort, without anything but natural beauties to see. Not at all strenuous and therefore restful. We went this morning by rickshaws to the "waterfall of a Thousand Threads", which, as the name implies, is a steep mossy bank down which the water trickles in numberless tiny streams.

In the afternoon we motored up to a valley, some eight miles, past the golf links, through a tunnel, on coming out of which a beautiful, unclouded view of Fuji burst upon us.

In the evenings we generally talk with Mrs. Chisolm, Miss Farr, her companion and friend (a trained nurse) and Mr. Kelley, her conductor, one of the Raymond and Whitcomb men and a gentleman. They always eat together. Miss

Farr nursed Mrs. Fitzhugh and her daughter in New York and came to San Francisco with them, spending some months there. She has travelled in the Orient before and spent several months in the Philippines, reorganizing the hospital on one of the southern Islands.

Visited a couple of curio shops but nothing appealed to us much. Some of the colored wood-cuts were very fine, but very dear, as was everything of any merit.

MYANOSHITA, TUESDAY, October 28, 1919.

I found that I had a slight cold and stayed indoors, as I am anxious to be well for the reception at Tokyo. Anyhow, there is not anything of transcendent interest left for us to see here.

MYANOSHITA, WEDNESDAY, October 29, 1919.

I am out again and loafing around. We looked over the register of the hotel for 1908 to see if Mr. Stetson, Nellie's father, had been here. We found the name of Mrs. Dohrman and also Mr. Clayton and Mrs. Fitzgerald. The landlady says they were with Mrs. Dohrman but their names are not familiar. Probably Mr. Stetson could not spare the time owing to some public reception to the Chamber of Commerce party. Nellie just reminds me that Mr. Clayton, manager of Spreckels' interests in San Diego, told her that he was with her father on that trip.

We received a cable, or rather wireless, from the Wilsons saying "Sailing Korea Monday, arrive Yokohama 13th, leave instructions".

Our itinerary calls for leaving Kyoto on the 14th for Kobe and then by rail to Shimonoseki, where we cross to Korea. We will wait for the Wilsons at Kyoto and cut off the necessary time from Kobe which is not very interesting. What worries us is that, unless the Wilsons plan to visit Japan on the way back from Shanghai, they will practically not see it at all. What I would advise them to do is to stop over one steamer in Japan on the way back; or better still, if they have time, go to Manila with us, then back via Hongkong and Japan as above. The difficulty will be to secure the necessary steamer accommodations at short notice. I will have Cook deliver a letter on the steamer to Mountford suggesting all this.

We leave in the morning for Tokyo at 8:50, arriving there before lunch.

We could nicely have cut off two days from our stay here and used the time elsewhere. We will know better on our second trip around the world. (Mailed October 29th).

TOKYO, THURSDAY, October 30, 1919.

Leaving Myanoshita in the morning at 8:50, we motored down to Kodzu to take the train for Tokyo. Owing to my cold, we had the sides of the car up, which prevented us from getting the beautiful view down the valley to sea level. The foliage however has not assumed the brilliant tints of Nikko. On the way down we passed an orange packing plant. The variety is like our Mandarins. The fruit is dumped from carts on a mat and sorted by Japanese girls by hand, into baskets, dividing them into three sizes. They are wonderfully quick at the work. The larger size is flat like the ordinary mandarin and is packed in layers on the edge into boxes a little smaller than ours; also half boxes—no wrapping. The two smaller sizes are more round and are just dumped into the boxes. The fruit is not fully colored when packed.

At the hotel we met Donald MacDonald, formerly of Scotia and still connected with that lumber interest. He had the grip so badly last winter and

springs that he took this trip to the Orient to recuperate. He has been travelling alone and has not enjoyed it much, apparently taking very little interest in the temples, art, etc. of the Orient. At Shanghai he got acquainted with some nice English people and stayed six weeks and this was the bright side of his experience. He lunched with us and gave us a letter to his best friend in Shanghai. The Americans there he found very ordinary and uninteresting. I think this is apt to be the case in foreign parts generally, as the Americans that emigrate are not generally of the same class as the English. He leaves for home next week.

While in Myanoshita we had received a telegraphic invitation from the Secretary of Baron Iwasaki to dine with him on the afternoon of our arrival, at 5:00 P.M. We thought this meant with the Baron and accepted, but it turned out that the Baron was away (or supposedly so) and the Secretary and the General Manager of the firm were our hosts. As their arrangements were all made, we accepted the situation gracefully as being "pro more Japonico", and they took us to one of the famous tea houses of the city and gave us a grand Japanese banquet. The hosts sat on cushions and we were given, as a concession to our being foreigners, a little stool each to sit on. The food was served in little individual dishes on small stands in front of each person. We drank sake in tiny cups, tea and French sauterne, (also a concession I suppose) and we were toasted and urged to drink frequently. The food consisted of some twelve to fifteen courses; fish, flesh and fowl—sweet, sour and pickled—cooked and raw—red, white and black—hot and cold—everything we could think of and some things we had never thought of. The hosts partook freely of everything, and while we defended ourselves as well as we could, I must have eaten a little of about one-half of the courses, under amiable urging. Unfortunately I did not read until two days later in Chamberlain's book that foreigners were warned not to drink saké and wine at the same meal.

We were waited upon and faced on the floor, in addition to the regular waitresses, by seven or eight Geisha girls—four very young (about fifteen) in most brilliant costumes (the dancers) and the others a few years older and soberly garbed (the musicians—God save the mark). Also there was an impersonator who squatted in front of us and from the basket at his side drew out costumes, wigs, beards, etc. and gave imitations of endless personages;—Admiral Togo, President Wilson, many other celebrities, including old women and girls, all the while chattering a monologue very amusing to all concerned except ourselves. Then the little Geishas danced and played and sang (if you don't care what you say) and finally another Geisha dancer, said to be the most celebrated in Tokyo, appeared and danced—or you might better say "postured"—a "pas seul". Even though we know nothing of Japanese dancing, we could tell that this was high art.

We were driven back to the hotel at eight, and at half past eight, while I was having massage, I began to hiccup and continued at long and frequent intervals for twenty-four hours. Sake, tea and sauterne, raw fish and queerly formed fungi vs. an effete American stomach ! ! ! I took the count—and not merely for ten seconds. It was a square knock out. NEVER AGAIN.

TOKYO, FRIDAY, October 31, 1919.

In the morning I had Doctor Mann, of St. Luke's Hospital, a Virginian, and he said it was nothing serious, giving as corroborative evidence, that his father once had hiccupped continuously for twelve days and died long after at the ripe age of seventy-five. He thought that I would be able to go to the ball that

evening but I did not feel up to it and thought it more prudent to stay quietly in bed in the company of the faithful Saku.

We had invited Harry Bowie to dine with us and go to the ball together. On the last day MacDonald also managed to get an invitation, so Mrs. Oxnard had two beaux to dinner and ball, while her poor old husband lay neglected on his bed of pain in the care of a hired menial. I will leave to her to describe the party.

TOKYO, SATURDAY, November 1, 1919.

By previous appointment Doctor Mann called but there was nothing for him to do but give ten yen worth of good advice. I cancelled out of precaution a lunch engagement that we had with the Aguirres at their home in the legation. Nellie had met Mrs. A. at the ball and, as she does not speak a word of English, it would have been too much of an ordeal for her to go alone. In the afternoon we visited Mr. Asano's Japanese home (he has an American one next door where he lives) and found it very attractive but furnished with a mixture of beautiful Japanese things and ordinary foreign ones. We also saw Count Okura's fine collection of Japanese and Chinese art and antiquities.

It rains steadily here about half of the time. We are wondering when we shall get the home mail by the steamer leaving October 16th, which has had time to arrive several days ago.

TOKYO TO KYOTO, November 2, 1919.

Started at 8:30 by the express that runs across the Island east to west from Tokyo to Shimonoseki. It carries sleeping compartments and reaches Kyoto at 7:30 P. M. We had our regular seats in the large central compartment of the last car, but preempted two seats in the observation car, where it is first come first served; and we occupied these all the way, leaving our regular seats to others. This may have been by arrangement of Tominaga. The diner for lunch and tea was not bad.

Next to us was seated a lady with whom Nellie got into conversation, and she turned out to be Mrs. Col. Burnette, wife of the American Military attache', a friend of Harry Bowie, who had tried to find an occasion to introduce her to Nellie at the ball. She has been in Japan several times and has made a study of Japanese which she speaks fluently. She worked five years under the patronage of the late Empress, translating some Japanese classics into English, and was decorated for this work. She was on her way to Kyoto to attend some funeral ceremony for the late Emperor, to which she had been invited to accompany the sister-in-law of the present Empress. Like Bowie, she is persona grata with the Japanese. Her husband, who saw one and a half year's service in France on Pershing's staff, was slated for a good military detail in Belgium, but the Japanese government asked that he be sent here. She showed us the original of a piece of poetry, dedicated to her by Viscount Kaneko, of which the following is a translation:

AN APPRECIATION.

September 20, 1919.

"When night o'er shadows, and familiar paths grow strange,

"Even one faithful light, within the darkness gleaming,

"May prove fear's nothingness."

This is a translation of her Japanese reply:

"Voices surge about me

(Cold, cold the wind sweeps o'er me)

'Whence come they', I cry!

Answers my heart, 'From round the world but echo the storms of war.'"

—FRANCES HAWKS CAMERON BURNETT.

The country we traversed is beautiful, hilly and broken with mountains in the background, while frequently the train runs along the ocean. Rice everywhere—fields generally very small, and where apparently larger, really sublet to tenants in patches averaging perhaps one acre apiece. I was told by Secretary Hedishima that good rice lands are now worth \$2000.00 an acre! There is no doubt about his having made the statement as I made him check back his figures closely. Only 20% of the land is arable in Japan and, as the population increases 800,000 yearly, you cannot blame them for wanting colonies. Almost all the resident foreigners that we have talked to dislike the Japanese. My superficial acquaintance with them has been favorable.

On reaching the hotel, Nellie was disappointed that we could not get rooms on the ground floor as promised. She has developed a cold, probably caught from me, and feels pretty miserable. We at last got two rooms and a bath that are comfortable and only one flight up.

I would suggest to our relatives and friends that in writing us they enclose a few clippings of interesting newspaper articles that may appear from time to time. Cut them out from day to day and mail when you write, or occasionally. The news published in the Japanese papers as to conditions industrially in the United States is most alarming.

KYOTO, MONDAY, November 3, 1919.

Nellie feels pretty sick; it is not serious but very uncomfortable. We went up this morning to the Myako Hotel on the hill, and while the rooms are not up to date, the location makes it much more desirable. All the people we know seem to go there. We hope to get suitable accommodations and change in a couple of days. On the way back inspected a damascene factory. The work is interesting and beautiful but the prices very high.

On reaching the hotel Nellie went to bed and only had a little bouillon for lunch. She got up for dinner but ate very little. She feels rather better tonight and I hope that next morning will find her much better. In the afternoon I went alone (with Tominaga) to a school of ju-jitsu (wrestling largely) and singlestick fencing. It was largely attended and interesting. While this is a private school, these exercises form part of the public school curriculum—a very good thing as it develops strength, skill and manliness.
Mailed November 4, 1919.

N.S.O.

Before this diary is mailed I want to write about the big ball I attended with Mr. Bowie and Mr. MacDonald. There were many people—the papers reported two thousand but the additions put on to the main house were so large that it was not crowded. Only two Japanese ladies appeared in European clothes—they were the hostess, Viscountess Uchida and the Imperial Princess Yuneashita. They are both very good looking women and did not look at all badly in foreign dress. They both wore diamond tiaras and many pearls and diamonds.

It is the custom of the Japanese women to wear kimonos of a dark colored crepe—dark brown, black, dark blue or purple, with a hand-printed pattern or design of some sort at the bottom of the robe. The great ornament of the costume is the obi, which is most beautiful and expensive, and generally of bright colors.

Some quite young girls were in brighter colored kimonos and equally bright obis, but they were the exception. I was very much surprised at this as I had always understood that they wore kimonos of beautiful embroidery and bright colors. The bright colors are only worn by Geishas.

The main house was built in European style and I think by a French architect, but the added pavilions were decorated in true Japanese-European taste, which is nothing to speak of. The supper room was lovely as they had brought in a lot of large trees and fastened on the branches cherry blossoms of paper flowers, and the effect was really lovely. To open the entertainment of the evening, Viscount Uchida led in the Imperial Princess, followed by the Prince with the Viscountess, and then the whole diplomatic corps and their attachés in their various uniforms. All the Japanese Generals, Admirals, etc. came in uniform and with decorations until you could not rest.

You can picture to your mind the brilliant sight it was. From the appearance of the army and navy, as well as private citizens, it seems as though the Emperor decorates them with great ease.

There was a life sized framed photograph of the Emperor that was placed in a very conspicuous place, profusely decorated with greens and in front of it many pots of chrysanthemums. Every time any one passed it they would stand still and bow. This was done by Europeans as well as Japanese. I did not see any of the Japanese ladies dancing, although we had heard that they did so.

The table manners of the Japanese are not what we have been taught is proper, and, when supper was announced, the scramble for places and the devouring of food by these people was astonishing. This did not matter to our party as we left as soon as we could after the announcement, but if we had not planned to do so we would not have been able to get a seat. My only regret was that Bob could not have been there for he had been looking forward to it for over a week.

He recovered from his indigestion the next day, but of course too late. I want to say right here that his health was never better and his arm is improving all the time. He has massage every day and it is keeping him in the best of condition.

The climate of Japan, as we have found it, is very damp and cold, and we have had more rainy weather than sunshine. We have both had colds but are over them now and perhaps our constitutions will become accustomed to the climate.

KYOTO, TUESDAY, November 4, 1919.

Raining, but we went out in a limousine to see some of the sights, among others the famous art store of Yamanaka & Company, with branches in London, New York and Boston. It is the most wonderful thing of its kind that we have ever seen and fully as interesting as any museum; in fact more so, as the things are shown and presented to you in a more attractive way. There are two buildings filled with the most beautiful objects of art that one connects with the Orient, and the capital locked up in their inventory must run into millions of yen. I must mention that, owing to the great rise in wages, modern things in Japan cost more than ancient, but still they continue to manufacture and find buyers. One modern gold lacquer cabinet at Yamanaka's was priced to us at 25,000 yen—but we passed it up.

During this day and the next we visited several shops; old brocades, etc., and factories where we saw the processes of making damascene work, ornamented bronze work, cloisonné, etc. We also visited several temples, among them the Chionin, the most impressive in its massiveness as that at Nikko was the most beautiful. Its many separate buildings are emplaced on the slope of a hill, and among old pine and other trees. Fair sized crowds of natives are met visiting all these temples, and chanting priests are performing their offices in them.

Nellie's cold hangs on in a way to make her uncomfortable, although not serious enough to prevent her going around. No mail received yet since Sallie's one letter. The tone of the dispatches regarding the labor situation at home is increasingly serious.

We are taking things quietly and restfully. Start out in the morning about ten, and get back for luncheon. Then off again at two, and back for my massage at five. Owing to the weather, which when not raining is muggy and overcast, we have not yet gone out at night here.

KYOTO, THURSDAY, November 6, 1919.

Visited Kiyomidzu Temple, the largest we have seen; and Sanjusangendo Temple, supposed to contain 33,333 statues of the Goddess of Mercy—I only counted 33,332, but I may have missed one. The number would have been complete if I had counted in a rat that Nellie spied disporting among the finest of the gilt statues. The statement of the guide that these rats never attacked visitors completely reassured her—I don't think. For 50 sen, we later obtained, or rather were solicited to buy, a printed prayer insuring against all harm—including rats.

In the afternoon we went to see the Imperial Palace of Kyoto, where the Emperor is expected next week on his way home from the military maneuvers to be held at Kobe. It is a shed like structure with little of beauty or interest except the two thrones of the Emperor and Empress in one hall. One can hardly conceive of a more uncomfortable place to live in from our standpoint. This applies to Japanese houses generally and is probably why wealthy Japanese will have a native and a European house side by side, like Asano and Iwasaki, and live in the latter.

On entering all Japanese houses, tea houses and most shops, the natives take off their clogs, slippers or shoes, remaining in their stocking feet, and foreigners put on covers of cloth over their shoes. In temples and palaces foreigners also take off shoes, before putting on cloth or felt covers or slippers. In Nellie's case, the guide had worked it so that she only took off her rubbers and put covers over her shoes. When it came to the Emperor's palace this did not work and she had to take off her spats and low shoes. On coming out she could not put her spats on again as they were buttoned and she had no button-hook. Going about in rickshaws in this way did her cold no good.

The palace stands in an enclosure situated in a fine large park.

On reaching the hotel we found a second letter from Sallie and one from Flora Wilson, the latter again bemoaning the fact that they could get no steamer accommodations to join us.

Sallie is the only one of the family who, instead of following the very poor mailing instructions given for our guidance by Cook's in San Francisco, has looked up sailing dates in the papers and written accordingly. I wish that Mr. Herrod would get in touch with the Post Office authorities as to Oriental mails and notify the family accordingly.

When we got in this afternoon Nellie felt so badly that she went to bed and took a very light supper in her room.

KYOTO, FRIDAY, November 7, 1919.

Nellie felt a little better this morning but decided not to venture out in the forenoon. I went with the guide to the Post Office to send a wireless to Mountford Wilson on the Korea. It was alongside of a municipal market established to combat the high cost of living and consequently the prices were supposed to be somewhat lower than elsewhere. Owing to the custom of selling most things by the piece, such as fish or vegetables, or by arbitrary measures, as for rice, beans, oysters and such, it is hard to establish a comparison with our prices. Fish seemed distinctly dearer as the Japanese live largely on that, with rice and vegetables. Beef, and not very good looking at that, was 60 cents a pound. Pheasants (which are abundant) 70 cents apiece; frying chickens about 80 cents apiece, tame ducks 90 cents, wild mallards \$1.00—all this calculated in our money. Wheat flour is highest, rice flour next, bean, millet, etc. still lower. I was surprised about beans being so low and think I was misinformed. One of the most common fish is the octopus, of small sizes.

In the afternoon, Nellie feeling equal to it, we took a limousine and went to a suburban town along the levee of a very pretty river, to see what the guide said was a very fine chrysanthemum garden. It turned out to be an annual exhibition of the flowers in a pavilion, and largely attended—admission 15 cents. Outside of the ordinary exhibits, which were only fair, the great attractions were groups of actors in various celebrated scenes, made up of the flowers, masks and pieces of costume, in a rather attractive way. Exhibitions on stages of jugglers and other actors also amused the public, though of no special merit.

In the evening Harry Bowie telephoned from the Toyo Tei Hotel, kept by the aunt of Harry's former cook—Toyo—that he had arrived from Tokyo and would call on us in the morning. By the way, I forgot to mention that we had looked up Toyo at this hotel, and saw the aunt (a remarkably pleasant faced woman) and uncle. Toyo himself was at a restaurant, a sort of branch of the hotel, which he kept and where European food is served. Nellie telephoned to him and he called later with a bunch of chrysanthemums. He has been so engaged for six months, and has made money each month, but would like to return to America, if his mother and wife were not opposed. He was delighted to learn details of Harry's ménage from Nellie.

KYOTO, SATURDAY, November 8, 1919.

Harry Bowie called just before ten, and, as Nellie was feeling well, we invited him to motor to Lake Biwa, one of the favorite excursions. One can go by train or motor, and return by the canal that connects the lake at Kyoto, with the river that runs through the city. The canal also runs through the city, alongside of the river and goes to Waka and is of considerable commercial importance, though we saw very little traffic upon it. Returning by canal makes an all day trip but we motored both ways and got back for lunch. It was a pretty drive, and we stopped at Shiyoshi, the temple dedicated to monkeys, where the guide snapped a picture of us three that I hope will be good. We have so far had very poor luck, perhaps owing to cloudy weather. Unfortunately the day was hazy which marred the view of the lake and its shores. A gigantic old gnarled pine tree, low but with an immense spread, is one of the sights.

On returning I found that Nellie had been cold all the morning and her temperature proved to be over 100 degrees. She went straight to bed, ate nothing, and at three o'clock we had a Japanese doctor, by name Murakami, as

there is no foreign doctor in Kyoto. He is a graduate of the local medical university and highly recommended. By that time her temperature was 101 degrees. He diagnosed an irritation of the bronchial tubes and also of the intestines, not serious but to be kept under close observation. He prescribed castor oil and a disinfectant for the intestines, and will call again at 9:30 tomorrow morning.

We spent two or three hours very agreeably with Harry Bowie during our excursion. He is such a gentleman and an extremely interesting conversationalist. We learned many things about the Chinese system or rather art of writing, to which he has devoted many years of study. Be it understood that the arts as well as most other Japanese institutions, including the Buddhist religion, have come from China via Korea during the centuries, commencing with the seventh, when Japan emerged from barbarism. Hence Chinese writing is studied and practiced by intellectual Japan as an art.

It is an art in truth, as the Chinese language is written in symbols, on the same principle as our dollar (\$) mark, or Pound Sterling (£) mark; each symbol meaning a word, or, I believe, even a sentence. There are four hundred thousand of these symbols, and a man of ordinary education can understand and use only about five thousand of them. I give this information out as I received it, but with some hesitancy, as I did not get it from Bowie.

Bowie is almost pathetic in his admiration of, and devotion to, everything Japanese. He had invited us to lunch with him tomorrow at the Toyo Tei Hotel, the meal to be cooked by Toyo, but I had to telephone him that Nellie's indisposition made it necessary to cancel the appointment.

At the great Temple we saw coils of cable four to five inches in diameter, made of women's hair. When this temple was rebuilt not many years ago, after destruction by fire, it was done by popular subscription and several thousand women, who had nothing else to give, donated their hair to make ropes to be used in the construction.

Owing to the constant necessity of taking off one's shoes on entering buildings, in order not to soil the matting on the floor, Japanese men in European dress wear largely the old fashioned elastic gaiters that were common with us a generation or two ago. Of course those in Japanese costume merely slip off their clogs or slippers.

KYOTO, SUNDAY, November 9, 1919.

Nellie's temperature down to 99.4 degrees this morning. She took her coffee and hard boiled eggs with relish—the latter prescribed by the doctor. He came at 9:30 and found her very much better. In fact, he practically dismissed himself by saying that we could telephone if we needed him further. We however asked him to come again, tomorrow morning. He charges 5 yen for the first and 3 yen for subsequent visits. The yen is worth 100 sen or 50 cents of our money.

Mr. Bowie called about 10:00 to enquire about Nellie and I had a pleasant chat with him for half an hour. We are to let him know when we can accept his lunch.

I went with the guide by rickshaw to do a few errands in the forenoon and again in the afternoon, when I also visited the Zoo, which is of very moderate interest.

Nellie spent the day in bed, by the doctor's instructions, although not having any pain or feeling sick. Her temperature is still slightly above 99, which for her means over a degree of temperature. It rained last night but

looks like clearing today. We are heartily sick of Jupiter Pluvius. We are also getting worried about our mail, as the China's mail must have been delivered and nothing more has come.

KYOTO, MONDAY, November 10, 1919.

Nellie's temperature about 99 degrees. The doctor pronounced her better and said that all symptoms that might have given anxiety had disappeared. She will however remain quietly in bed and be very careful of her diet today. The weather is quite cold and the sun is rarely seen except for brief intervals.

Miss Cutten, our fellow passenger of the "Russia" is here and turns out to have taken the course of training at the Post Graduate Hospital, New York, for three years, although she only practiced her profession for eight months. She is very amiable in offering her services to Nellie, who fortunately does not need them.

KYOTO, TUESDAY, November 11, 1919.

At Miss Cutten's suggestion, Nellie took calomel last night and epsom salts this morning. As a consequence her temperature is down to 97.8—about normal for her. She feels a little weak from her dosing and dieting, but as a compensation her cold has entirely disappeared. Miss Cutten had been urging the above medication several days ago, but as she did not then say that she was a trained nurse we paid no attention to her. If we had, I am satisfied that Nellie would have been spared the experience of a Japanese doctor, who nearly drove her to drink. He carefully suggested to her, in exceedingly broken English, every possible untoward complication that might arise. He was like the doctor, who after examining a patient said: "You are going to die", adding casually, "every man does; but it will not be from this present illness."

The great Daimios, or Lords of ancient Japan, had their retainers or fighting men, called Samurai, whose acts of reckless bravery and contempt of death are recorded in history, and form the subject of countless songs and stories. They were fighting men, pure and simple, and considered trade, industry or any kind of work, beneath them. So much so that when, through the misfortune of their employers, or through their own fault, they became separated from their feudal lords, they considered it less degrading to beg than to work. Hence there was an association formed of the "Begging Samurai". Remnants of this order exist today, although modern conditions have practically eliminated the Samurai as a caste or class.

While they thought begging less degrading than work, still, they were ashamed of the former also; consequently, while engaged in begging, they wore a sort of helmet made of wicker, to hide the face, and they carried a whistle which they blew as an appeal, instead of having to ask for alms.

The other day I happened to see two of these "mendicant knights" together in the streets of Kyoto, clad in their wicker helmets and blowing their whistles from time to time. I thought it was one of the most curious relics of a bygone age that I could possibly come across, and, as it is now a rare sight, I considered myself fortunate. I did not see anybody respond to their appeal.

Mailed November 11, 1919.

Received at San Francisco,

December 3, 1919.

KYOTO, WEDNESDAY, November 12, 1919.

Out of precaution, Nellie stayed in this forenoon but went down to lunch in the dining room. The head waiter, a little slim Jap whom we have nicknamed "the Ape", is most attentive in trying to get things cooked for her as she likes.

We appreciate this, but not his standing at attention, just far enough back to necessitate turning one's head to address him, and trying to keep up a desultory conversation. Although we have two grand rooms with bath, we prefer the location of the other hotel, the Myako; less comfortable, but situated on a hill with a grand view. We tried to get in there, but the Manager, in characteristic Japanese way, while apparently most anxious to accommodate us, never came through with the goods.

In the afternoon we went to one of the Imperial summer palaces, just to see the grounds, and had a most enjoyable drive through pretty suburbs, in a limousine. I had previously, in the forenoon, visited alone another summer Imperial palace. There also only the grounds, the location and the view were worth seeing—but they were well worth while.

KYOTO, THURSDAY, November 13, 1919.

Started at 9:30 by motor for Nara, twenty-five miles away on the road to Osaka. The road was under repair and we only got half way when we had to take the train for the balance of the journey. Arrived at noon and went by rickshaw to the Railroad Administration Hotel, beautifully situated on a hill on the other side of town. In driving through the streets, we met a number of tame deer, the overflow from the famous deer park where about seven hundred are kept in perfect liberty during the day, although penned every night. The bucks are dehorned (except the spike bucks) on October 17th of each year, to prevent their getting dangerous. This is done by a priest as a religious ceremony, for the deer are sacred and in olden times the killing of one was punishable by death. In the park cakes are sold to feed to them and, upon a certain call, they flock around you and almost fight to eat the cakes out of your hand. It is a beautiful park, with a temple and a multitude of the stone lanterns that are put up by devotees, as "ex votos". There is also a sacred horse at the temple, presumably one used by some celebrated personage, who has given it into the keeping of the temple.

On the way to Nara we visited the tombs of the late Emperor and Empress, which are simple and dignified. The Railroad Hotel is very moderate in its charges and hence is largely patronized by the many Russian refugees of the better class, who throughout Japan are reduced to poverty by the decline of the rouble in international exchange.

We returned to Kyoto by rail, arriving after five, when it is already quite dark. We were well satisfied with our trip, for which we had the finest day in the way of weather since we have landed in Japan.

We received this evening a telegram from the Wilsons at Yokohama, saying that they were taking the train next morning to join us. Received a nice letter of the 25th October from Marie Louise. Thanks, keep it up.

KYOTO, FRIDAY, November 14, 1919.

Starting at 9:00 A. M. by motor, we went to Kameoka, about an hour's ride, where we took an open sampan boat about twenty-five feet long with four rowers and steerers, to shoot the rapids of the Kodzu River for about twelve miles down to Arashiyoma. There the motor met us again and took us back to the hotel for lunch. The day was fair but in crossing the ridge to the basin of the Kodzu we got into a light fog, such as we see so often in California, on the coast in summer, but this melted away soon after we started down the river. The water was rather low so that the rapids were not very thrilling, but the scenery was most interesting and beautiful. The river runs between well wooded banks in a deep cut channel; the coloring of the leaves

is very pretty and the rapids furnish a pleasurable excitement from time to time. A railroad runs along the river, cut into the hilly bank and supported by masonry in many places; a very expensive piece of engineering, with many bridges over gulches, and tunnels in addition. Rafts of logs from the upper reaches, with loggers poling them down the rapids, furnished a picturesque sight.

In the afternoon we went by rickshaw and visited two most interesting private Japanese gardens. These always interest us.

In the evening at seven o'clock we motored down to the station and met the Wilsons, who looked very well and who heartily reciprocated our enthusiastic greetings. They will be with us just about a month and we could not find more agreeable or sympathetic travelling companions.

Earlier in the afternoon we were at last rejoiced to get some more mail. A letter from Marie of October 14th, and two from Miss Slusher of October 15th and 24th. How these came to arrive together I cannot imagine. We also got Daily Chronicles, but not later than October 15th. Also Willett & Gray's sugar circular and the Argonaut, of the 16th. Regarding the Chronicle, please in future only send the two of latest date when you post mail.

As we proceed on our voyage the time will come when our mail will have to be sent via Europe instead of via the Pacific. I don't know when this will be but would ask Mr. Herrod to keep in close touch with Stokes of Cook's and advise all interested in due time. After we leave Bombay, which according to present schedule will be about March 20th next, then our mail should go care of Crédit Lyonnais, 19 Boulevard des Italiens, Paris, and I will instruct them where to forward in Europe.

I would also like Mr. Herrod to consult the proper Custom House authorities and let me know as soon as possible, how goods sent from foreign countries by me by parcel post will be treated on arrival at the San Francisco office. If the duties can be paid on such goods without vexatious formalities, it will be more convenient to send that way than by express with Consular invoices, as I am now doing.

We received by hand from the Wilsons a letter from Harry about the purchase of "Sea Products" stock; and also a letter from Sallie and a ring that was left behind, for all of which we are thankful.

KYOTO, SATURDAY, November 15, 1919.

The Wilsons have arranged to be with us until Shanghai, and about the time we leave there for Manila, they will leave for Nagasaki and stop over two weeks in Japan before returning home.

This morning we all four started out together by motor and went over with them some of the most interesting things we had seen. They are most enthusiastic as everything is absolutely novel to them. We also enjoyed some new sights together, such as Tea Pot Lane. This is a street, running sharply up a hill to a small temple, that originally was full of shops for the sale of tea-pots as a specialty, but has now come to be a bazaar for all sorts of cheap curios, toys, etc. It was absolutely jammed with a well behaved holiday crowd of the lower middle class, bent on pleasure. The first and fifteenth of each month are the days of rest for the working people of Japan. The government offices, schools, and the banking and commercial classes, have adopted our Sunday, but the balance of Japan rests but two days a month.

About 4:30 we went to a Japanese theatre where a war play was going on. We stayed about half an hour, being mostly interested in the arrangement of

the house. The parquet is divided by movable partitions into little square boxes where the public squats on cushions. The floor rises back sharply so that everyone has a good view. At the rear there is a tier of boxes like an opera house, where there are chairs for foreigners. This is a recent innovation. Food and drink are brought by attendants and freely consumed.

This is our last night in Kyoto. Tomorrow morning at 6:15 we start west and, after one stop, cross over to Korea. This is the most typically Japanese city we have seen yet, and, although our stay was marred by Nellie's indisposition, we have enjoyed it thoroughly. We all called on Mr. Bowie to say goodbye.

KYOTO TO MIYAJIMA, SUNDAY, November 16, 1919.

Started by the 6:15 A.M. train for Miyajima, an island about a mile or more from shore in the Inland Sea, and considered one of the three most beautiful spots in Japan. The scenery, as everywhere in Japan, was beautiful; hilly and wooded, with the narrow valley on each side of the railroad intensively cultivated and terraced up the slopes. The day was beautiful and part of the trip, along the shore of the Inland Sea, was a dream of beauty. The time passed quickly in reading and watching the scenery, except for Flora, who had contracted a hard cold on the way down from Yokohama and who lay curled up on the sofa of our compartment until afternoon. She is the best sport under difficulties I have ever seen. Later in the day she revived sufficiently to play bridge until we left the train at 4:30. Then a motor boat took us to the Island, where we landed in the worst kept hotel we have so far struck. Both the ladies went to bed; Flora for good and Nellie till dinner time. Mountford and I took a walk and went back for my massage at 6:00 P.M. The hotel was as cold as a barn from cellar to roof and, although fitted for steam heating, that ostensibly was out of order. Not an open fire in the place and we were driven early to bed to keep warm. To be in keeping with the rest, the dinner was all stone cold, and it rained steadily.

The next morning, November 17th, one of the public baths was out of order and although, through Saku, we were able to get a bath, very few of the other guests did. To show the nature of the management, on arrival we found the room reserved for the Wilsons forcibly occupied by some ladies, who had arrived earlier in the day and had taken matters in their own hands, after being driven to desperation by inability to get any allocation or satisfaction. The Wilsons got a fair room but on another floor. Flora stayed in bed until train time but the rest of us took a most delightful walk of nearly two hours, sauntering over gentle hills to Maple Valley, gorgeous in flaming colored leaves, almost as fine as Nikko but on a smaller scale; also, visiting a couple of curious temples, etc. The principal temple stands on the shore, and the base of its gateway or Torii is out in the sea, several hundred feet away, whether by design or the subsidence of the shore line, I do not know. The effect is most picturesque. It is the only one in Japan so situated and this peculiarity is used extensively in the ornamentation of various objects. We had planned a motor boat trip of two hours around the Island, but the day was too cold, overcast and threatening.

We got back to the mainland for the same train by which we had arrived the previous day, and went on to Shimonoseki, where we took the night boat for Fusan, Korea, at nine o'clock. After it got dark we filled in the time with bridge. At Miyajima we made the casual acquaintance of four French aviation officers, who have been in Japan as instructors for ten months. Two spoke English quite well. They are anxious to see the United States on their way home, as they came the other way.

The crossing boat was quite large and the cabins roomy; that is all the good that can be said of it. It was raining as we went aboard but the sea was quite smooth.

FUSAN, KOREA, TUESDAY, November 18, 1919.

We docked in Fusan at 9:00 A.M. to look upon quite different people from the Japanese. They look more like Chinese and they are dressed in white despite the cold weather, their outer garments of linen resembling white dusters. Naturally among the dock hands this white is far from immaculate. The most salient feature of their costume, however, is a very diminutive hat of cream colored open straw like Leghorn, shaped like a stove-pipe hat about three or four sizes too small—consequently standing way on top of the head and fastened to a kind of black skull cap. Some had four brims, superimposed like a pagoda, indicating being in mourning. Women also in white, with very wide pleated skirts. There were lots of men and boys with a wooden frame on their backs, which reminded me of the trunk rack on an automobile, to carry all kinds of loads.

While waiting at the station, we saw two young American girls in animated conversation, through an interpreter, with the Japanese officials. They were sisters, the Misses Tyler, of Kentucky, travelling quite alone in the Orient.

They had been visiting some school friends who live in Northern Japan and had a most interesting time there. One of them had forgotten in the hotel at Miyajima all her valuables; money, jewelry, letter of credit and passport. They were in a bad predicament but it was finally arranged, Mountford and I participating through our courier, Tominaga, that they should be allowed to proceed to Seoul, where the American consul would take charge of them.

So it was done and we learned later that the valuables were recovered, and they were able to proceed with comparatively little delay.

Our train started at 10:00 A.M. and did not reach Seoul until 8:30 P.M. The diner was very good. The Korean railroads are broad gauge, unlike the Japanese, and the coaches like ours except that the seats are for three persons on one side and one person on the other side of the aisle. This works very well when the train is not crowded, which was fortunately the case.

The country looks quite different from Japan. The same hills but bare and deforested; consequently gullied by rains, showing the red clay subsoil. This above the irrigation line. The valleys between the hills are under irrigation and intensively cultivated like Japan. The houses or huts are thatched with rice straw a foot or more thick, and are grouped in larger villages than in Japan, generally with a mud wall three or four feet high around them. The land, apparently mainly devoted to rice, is bare of crops at this season, therefore we saw very few people in the fields. An odd feature is that bulls and cows are mainly used for pack animals instead of horses.

Flora is much better and so we had a pleasant day looking out of the window, reading, talking and playing bridge. We arrived at the hotel and went to dinner at nine o'clock. We had heard it was the best hotel in the East, and it is the best we have found so far; elevators, steam heat, good rooms and excellent cuisine.

SEOUL, KOREA, WEDNESDAY, November 19, 1919.

Started by motor (open—no limousine to be had) at 10:00 A.M. to see the sights, which are quite insignificant. Weather cold and clear, with puddles turned to ice. The Imperial museum is quite ordinary. The castle exterior is

quite interesting but it is unfurnished and closed. The streets and crowds are novel, but the shops have little of interest. We had decided to cut our stay here down to one day and we are glad of it.

In the evening we took a Korean guide and went to see a Geisha dance. The costumes were more barbaric than the Japanese, but the dancing was not as artistic and the music as bad. We were glad to have seen it for its oddness, but that is all that can be said.

At Fusan we had learned by chance that Mrs. Chisholm was at the Railway Hotel, sick with a cold, but we had no time to call upon her after we learned this. She came into Seoul tonight and seemed entirely recovered, having been detained four days at Fusan.

We found last night on arrival Sallie's letter of October 26th (her fourth) telling about Bud's birthday party and Louie's indisposition. We are most anxious to hear how he progresses.

Mailed November 20, 1919.

Received at San Francisco,

December 16, 1919.

SEOUL, THURSDAY, November 20, 1919.

Many travellers make a continuous twenty-four-hour journey from Seoul to Mukden in the sleeping cars, but Torchiana and others had warned us against this, so we made a daylight journey to the half way point of Shingishu, the last station in Korea and separated only by the Yalu River from Antung in Southern Manchuria, which is merely under a Japanese protectorate, as distinct from Korea, which has been formally annexed.

The only difference, as far as the inhabitants are concerned, is that the Japanese do a great deal more of constructive work in Korea for its improvement. As far as that goes, I have been told that the Japs are the only ones who do any improving work in their spheres of influence, but they do it for the benefit of their own subjects, who have emigrated. English, French and Russians merely milk the population by exclusive trading privileges. My informant was a Norwegian on the International Commission that manages the Chinese postal service. He is Commissioner for Manchuria.

I was much interested in my talk with him. He says that there is no such thing as patriotism, in our sense of the word, or as civic morality, in China. For instance, if the Postal Service were to be turned over to the Chinese Government, within three months the man occupying his position would have every place under him filled with his relatives, his friends, and the friends of his relatives, totally regardless of their capacity.

From what he tells me, I believe that the Japanese are more hated in their spheres of influence than the Europeans, because their working classes emigrate and come into direct competition with the working Chinese, which is not the case with Europeans.

The country becomes gradually less intensively cultivated and still mountainous. The Koreans are larger and stronger looking than the Japs, but the women I do not think as good looking. Nellie disagrees.

The hotel at Shingishu is at the station and is not very convenient—bath room on a different floor, etc. We passed the time in part on the train by playing bridge. Diner good. Passed what was said to be a beet factory.

SHINGISHU, KOREA, FRIDAY, November 21, 1919.

The train was late so we did not get away until nearly 11 a. m. I had heard

of the Manchurian plains and of the soil being very fertile. The railroad however, passes through a very narrow valley, between high hills, some wooded, but many bare and rocky. The country was mostly under snow and the scenery beautiful, on that account, perhaps. The land is cultivated up the slopes but not terraced, and consequently the rains have gullied it extensively, similarly to our California barrancas. As no work is going on in the fields the population seems very sparse, and this is confirmed by the absence of the villages that dot the Korean, and still more the Japanese, landscape. The railroad station towns are fairly populous and animated. Millet replaces rice as the cereal crop. There is a good deal of rather small timber at the stations, and as there are no branch lines this must be hauled by wagon from a distance.

The native population has changed again in appearance and dress from the Japs and Koreans, and has assumed a distinctly Chinese character. I picked up a slight cold—I cannot imagine where—and so I try to be extremely careful, but it is so difficult to get rid of a cold on the cars that I expect to carry it to Peking. It was nearly eight o'clock when we arrived an hour late at Mukden, where again the hotel is in the railroad compound. The hotel is quite pretentious and we were given a sumptuous room, about 40 feet by 20 feet, with a bath; but as the hot water pipes have burst and our toilet does not work, we are not as luxurious as might be supposed. Our guide, R. Tominaga, was somewhat crestfallen as he had been bragging to Nellie about the accommodations here. He was met here by the Chinese guide, Lin Fu, under whose guidance we are to be until we reach Nanking, where he is to be succeeded in turn by a South China man. We are going to start tomorrow at 10:40 for a continuous trip to Peking, as we are told the Chinese sleepers are all right. I had massage here and the blind rubber charged me 3 yen (\$1.50) instead of 50c and 75c in Japan.

CHAPTER III.

Manchuria and China

MUKDEN, MANCHURIA, SATURDAY, November 22, 1919.

Our train was late and we did not get started before 11:30 a. m. on our 24-hour journey. The Wilsons and ourselves each have a very narrow little compartment, with the berths running across the car, like the European sleepers. The upper is perched up near the roof, but otherwise it is bearable at night except as regards ventilation, which is very inadequate. To sit in during the day this cubby hole would be very bad, but fortunately passengers are permitted to occupy the tables in the diner, between meals. So we had a nice table to play cards on, and when it was time to eat, the table was set for us without our moving, if we so desired. As everybody does the same, this diner is crowded and, with incessant smoking, becomes stuffy. Also, the travelling public in Japan and China seems to be very much afflicted with colds, with consequent hawking and spitting, that got on the nerves of the ladies. The food was not bad. At every station, soon after Mukden, Chinese soldiers formed a line in front of the cars, rifles in hand—so that all of Manchuria is not under Japanese control. I cannot learn from our guide the exact status on this point.

The country has now opened up into a flat plain, still sprinkled with snow, which gets less as we go South, and there are no villages except at the railway stations. As there are no unharvested crops on the ground there is little to see out of the windows, so we concentrate on bridge. The sanitary arrangements are in terrible condition and, at night, the floor of the narrow corridor, in front of the compartments, is filled with sleeping men that you must step over to circulate. This is the train de luxe between Seoul and Peking, so what the inferior ones must be beggars the imagination. However, I had a very fair night's sleep. Our little Japanese maid, Saku, in the second class, had no bed and, as the Chinamen around her spent the night eating and talking, she never closed an eye.

PEKING, SUNDAY, November 23, 1919.

We were due at 10:20 but it was noon before we got in. Most of our trains have been late, although they run on very slow schedule. Not far from the city we struck and killed an old Chinese woman. Almost instantaneously some people started a little fire of papers on the road, before which they kneeled and prostrated themselves. In a little while other fires were started, which blazed up for a few minutes, while the poor old thing lay on the ground alongside the track, untouched, in a pool of blood.

The "Hotel des Wagons-Lits", considered the best in Peking, is just outside of the station and we walked from the train. The manager pretended that Cook's had not told him we had advanced our time of arrival by one day and had no rooms ready before late afternoon. However, he gave us a temporary room. It was Sunday and Mr. Baker, Cook's agent, who lives in the hotel, soon came along and, after considerable negotiating, Nellie and I got two rooms with baths in which we are very comfortable, and the Wilsons one similar room which suits them very well. Meanwhile we had gone into lunch and found the table excellent. Although I suffer no discomfort whatever from my cold, yet it is a cold, and as everyone says Peking is a bad place for a cold, we decided that I should remain indoors. The others went out and had a most interesting afternoon, partly in shops and partly on the streets. They met a most barbaric and grand funeral; also a wedding party, the bride in a closed rickshaw and the wedding presents carried in procession by boys—among them two marriage trees. They found the prices asked in the shops very high, partly because our dollar, owing to the high price of silver, is only worth 87c here.

I am to go tomorrow morning to Cook's to arrange our schedule from here on. The weather is bright and cold, but there is no snow. I thought at first the manager of the Hotel was a German, but he is a Swiss.

Mountford gave me a book, "The new map of Asia" by H. A. Gibbons, that has interested me greatly. It is depressing in its exposure of European and Japanese rapacity and trickery, in the partition of China into spheres of influence, which are unblushingly used to rob and oppress the native population. It is also very pessimistic as to any good coming from the league of nations as projected. It excuses the Japanese to the extent that, as the grabbing cannot be stopped, their own protection demands that they get as much as possible.

We had hoped to get mail here, but found nothing except the file of Chronicles to October 23rd, that should have come by the preceding steamer.

N. S. O.

PEKING, MONDAY, November 24, 1919.

The Wilsons and I went shopping and as Bob's cold is not entirely over we advised him to stay indoors today. We went into the Forbidden City also, but not into the Palace, which is within this. It is barbaric and splendid; beautiful balustrades of carved marble, carved marble steps and very large court yard. In the distance, our guide pointed out a pagoda and said at the left of that, behind a small hill, was the palace of the young son of the late Emperor. He is being educated and trained by tutors to speak all the foreign languages, and when he is the proper age they hope he will be able to take his place at the head of the government. The government of China under the present system is so corrupt and unsatisfactory to a large majority of the people that they long for a change.

We also visited the observatory which is situated on the wall of the Tartar City. The wall is about forty feet wide, with a moat all around it of about sixty feet, and this separates the city from the surrounding country. Peking is a city composed of cities. First the Tartar City; then the Chinese City; then the Forbidden City; then the Legation City—each one has a wall with gates, and the effect is certainly most picturesque. There is no comparison in the interest of this charming and delightful city with any place we have yet visited. The people are a better, larger, more healthy looking race than the Japanese or Koreans, and the city looks so substantial and solid, compared with the Japanese cities.

One of the features of the funeral procession that we saw today was the carrying of figures, life size, made of very light material, perhaps papier mache, dressed in Chinese costumes. They looked so stiff that they gave me a start at first as I thought they might be corpses; there were artificial flowers made in great wreaths and in bunches, very gaudy in color; and banners of bright red material heavily embroidered in gold, and the catafalque was draped in the same kind of embroidered cloth. There was nothing suggestive of death in the whole procession, in the way of decoration. One carriage was devoted to carrying a painting of the deceased. The chief mourner was a young man dressed in white and supported by two other men holding tall lanterns. There was also a band of musicians, all dressed in red, playing foreign music.

PEKING, TUESDAY, November 25, 1919.

My cold continues bad; I stayed indoors today and, as Nellie seemed to have caught the cold from me, she likewise kept indoors. The Wilsons went to

call on Mrs. Bertram Lenox Simpson (Marie Louise Parrot) and found her charmingly situated and most cordial and attractive. Her husband is an Englishman, born in China but educated in England. He is one of the foreign advisers of the Chinese Government, and his work is to read all the news published, mostly foreign, and make a report or digest of it in resume'. This is mailed to all the higher officials, many of whom do not understand any of the foreign languages. He is also a literary man, writing under the non de plume of "Putnam Weale". His latest book, "The Difference Between China and Japan", had interested the Wilsons very much on the trip and they wanted to bring it to me, but lent it to a fellow passenger that did not return it. My cold is getting better and Nellie's worse.

PEKING, WEDNESDAY, November 26, 1919.

Nellie's cold gave her considerable temperature, so we called in this morning Doctor Reed, the American Navy Doctor here. He diagnosed a very mild case of influenza that required staying indoors, preferably in bed, until 48 hours after her temperature subsided, whenever that might be. He had twenty-five similar cases in the last ten days. As Nellie suffered no pain, he prescribed no medication except to keep down the temperature by an ice bag to her head, and alcohol rubs. He said there was absolutely no danger unless her symptoms changed. It was an infection caught probably in the sleeping car. Even though we are not alarmed, this is a regular bomb shell dropped in our midst. Nellie has looked forward to Peking as the bright spot in the trip thus far. We have only a few days here and to pass an indefinite number of them in the hotel is very hard to bear. After the doctor had gone, Mountford and I started off in the motor with the guide and went first to Cook's, to see about our Pullmans for the South on Tuesday of next week. For a comparatively small sum one can get a private car from Tientsin to Nankin to spend the night in, and that is what we are trying to get.

After Cook's, we went to the American Embassy and presented my circular letter from Lansing, and that from Tumulty as Secretary to the President. Doctor Reinsch, the Minister, has resigned and gone, so my letter to him from George T. Marye is useless. We sent the letters to Dr. Tenny, the charge' d'affaires and got back word that he was engaged in an important conference and asked us to see the first Secretary, Mr. Willing Spencer of Philadelphia. We found him a gentleman of excellent manners and he readily agreed to get some permits we needed. He must have means outside of his salary, as he keeps house, though a bachelor, has polo ponies, etc.

We had all been invited to lunch at the house of Commander Hutchings, Naval attache', whom the Wilsons met through the Simpsons and for whom I had a letter from Admiral Gove. Spencer was also invited and said he would see us there.

The two Admirals for whom Gove had given me letters are not here, but we may meet them both at Shanghai.

From the Embassy we called on Leon Tsine Jen, former Chinese Ambassador to Petrograd, and presented a letter from Mr. G. T. Marye, our Ex-Embassador to Russia, his former colleague. We were most agreeably received and he is to call, to arrange to take us on a sight-seeing trip. He has just been appointed Ambassador to Tokyo and leaves very shortly for his post. Naturally he is a Republican and, although admitting that a constitutional Emperor might have been a better solution, he thinks China, having started otherwise, should resolutely follow the Republican path. To his credit be it said, he does not

seem to have gotten rich out of politics. His house in a back alley is extremely modest and execrably furnished in the foreign style. American chromos of familiar type desecrate the walls of his reception room, and the rest of the furniture is little better. He is dressed in foreign costume.

On returning for lunch I found Nellie fairly comfortable, so at her request I accompanied the Wilsons to lunch at the Simpsons. They gave us a charming reception and a very good meal. He is a very well informed man and, like the other foreigners I have met in the Orient, strongly anti-Japanese. These people cannot see that sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander and are horrified that Japan should presume to do to China, what the British, French, Russians and Germans, have always done in the past. As a practical matter I readily concede that the British, anyhow, administer their stolen spheres of influence with more regard to the welfare of the natives, but from the point of ethics I can see no difference.

After lunch, in our motor and theirs, we visited the Temple of Confucius and the Lama Temple, under Mr. Simpson's guidance. I can only say that, while interesting, the Chinese temples I have seen so far do not compare favorably with the best Japanese temples.

On getting back to the hotel I found that Nellie's temperature had gone up to 101 degrees, and she had sent for the Doctor again. He did not come till after seven, and did not change his diagnosis. As long as she had no pain except a slight headache, she should take no medicine, but simply try to control her temperature and make herself more comfortable by ice to the head and alcohol rubs.

Mrs. Chisholm has arrived here. She has had a difference and parted with her companion and trained nurse, Miss Farr, so I got Miss Farr to come and spend the night with Nellie as it might be a comfort to her. Miss Farr pronounced it a case of severe cold but not influenza.

PEKING, THANKSGIVING DAY, THURSDAY, November 27, 1919.

Nellie's temperature was lower this morning and she insisted that I go sight-seeing with the Wilsons. We went to the Yellow Temple (Lama religion), very much out of repair but interesting. The Japanese, during the Boxer war, destroyed considerable of the carving of the White Pagoda (marble) but the figures have been repaired. Otherwise everything is falling rapidly into decay, as the Government evidently has not the necessary funds to keep things up, and the faithful evidently do not step into the gap. The keepers of these temples look like hoboes. The guide pointed out one whose salary was \$2.00 per month, plus the meager tips of foreign visitors.

On our way back we visited the Temple of the Universe. The dominant feature of this is a series of alcoves on the inside facade of the building, surrounding a square court. In each alcove at the back sits one, or sometimes two, painted wooden figures of heroic size representing seventy-two judges administering justice, which means punishment, to evil doers, who, with their accusers, are represented by life sized figures standing by each side of the alcove. You will see a decapitated figure, holding his head by the long hair in one hand, and with the other hand dragging his murderer toward the judge. The executioners of justice can be seen cutting out the tongue, gouging out the eye, or pulling out the entrails of the transgressor, who is thus made to realize that his way is hard. A gruesome sight—and I was not astonished that the place was deserted except by our party and the ragged local custodian.

On the way home we met a squadron of cavalry on little Manchurian

ponies, stout little beasts 13 to 14 hands high. Also a couple of funerals and a wedding. The former are so frequent as to be no longer a novelty, but it was my first wedding. The central figures were three sedan chairs with their porters; the first one, with a lady occupant, was open in front but closed on the sides; the other two were completely closed by drawn curtains. The lady in the first was probably the groom's mother, who was going to fetch the bride for her son waiting at home. The other two chairs were for the bride and some female relative going along to see fair play. The wedding presents were carried in the procession by hand or on hand carts. We passed too quickly for me to make an inventory but I saw a couple of family trees; boxes containing the bride's clothes, etc. I was told in Japan that every newly married couple receives the same kind of articles for presents, be they of high or low degree. The only difference is in the quality and quantity. This saves a lot of time and trouble. I don't know how it is in China.

Our guide, Lin Fu, who is a Catholic, tells me that he never saw his bride until he met her in church to be married. He relied on his mother's assurance that she was a good girl, of good appearance and would make him a good wife. They parted at the church and it was only two days later that the home coming, as described above, took place. He was twenty and she eighteen. They have had six children, five still living. His oldest daughter is married, with two children.

On getting back to the hotel I found that while Nellie still had fever, she was more comfortable and not at all alarmed about herself. She was so insistent that I go with the Wilsons to the Thanksgiving lunch at Commander Hutching's house, that I consented. They were very charming and cordial and we had a grand lunch, including turkey. There were fourteen at the table, all American or English except a young French *attache* returning to France from Tokyo. He gave me his card: Henri Bardac, 1 Avenue Montaigne, Paris, and pressed me to let him know when we reached Paris next summer. His wife, like Nellie, was indisposed.

The Simpsons were there and have invited us to a large Thanksgiving tea of fifty people this afternoon. The Wilsons are going but I declined.

On getting back to the hotel, Nellie's temperature had dropped considerably, so Mountford and I went out while Flora stayed with her. We went to see the Temple of Heaven and Altar of Heaven, the latter a large raised marble platform where sacrificial (animal) ceremonies were performed up to the fall of the Empire. The enclosure of the temple grounds is very large and the several buildings are roofed with blue tile.

The doctor came in again tonight and told me that Nellie was decidedly better and would certainly be well in three or four days. But think what the loss of that time means to her in Peking. We are going to postpone our departure from here to Thursday of next week instead of Tuesday, and cut that time out of Shanghai.

PEKING, FRIDAY, November 28, 1919.

Nellie's temperature was normal and pulse also. Doctor Reed says we need have no further apprehension. Peking is full of this class of colds, most of them more severe than hers, but with ordinary care they are not dangerous. The two American girls travelling alone, the Tylers of whom I wrote at Fusan, were both taken down with them, and went to the French hospital under Doctor Reed's care. One developed a temperature of 104 degrees but is now much better.

This forenoon the Wilsons and I went to the Imperial museum and saw the most wonderful collection of Chinese art treasures in the world. Even I was impressed and I have every hope that Nellie will be able to see it before she leaves, as she will enjoy it tenfold more than I.

In the afternoon Flora went out with Mrs. Simpson, while Mountford and I visited the 5-pagoda tower and the Bell Temple, both of minor interest.

Mailed at Peking,
November 28, 1919.

Received at San Francisco,
December 30, 1919.

PEKING, SATURDAY, November 29, 1919.

Nellie being still confined to her room, we decided, the rest of us, to go to the Great Wall, which is a hard, all-day trip, and one that she must reluctantly give up all idea of taking. So the Wilsons and I started at eight o'clock for the railroad station, which was in an uproar, as a train full of soldiers had insisted on taking the right of way, outside of their turn, thus throwing the entire time-table out of gear. We lost over an hour and as a consequence missed our return connection and arrived back at the hotel at 7:00 instead of 4:30. Nellie was naturally very anxious and upset in her weakened condition.

From the terminus of the railroad, there is a stiff climb of twenty minutes to half an hour, to the point in the hills where we struck the wall. This Flora and I and Mrs. Chisholm did in chairs, which were more comfortable than those at Miyanoshita. The rest of the party walked and we all walked back, except Mrs. Chisholm. There was a fierce, cold wind blowing and I was thankful that Nellie was not there. I will not attempt to describe the wall, except to say it is over 1500 miles long, about 25 to 50 feet high, 25 feet thick at the base and 15 feet at the top. It is imposing as you see it from the railroad, crawling like a snake up hill and down dale, but when you get on it you wonder it could have stopped a determined army. As a matter of fact it did not, as it was forced several times at weaker points than where we inspected it; but it did protect against smaller armies and marauding parties. Watch towers or block houses form part of it at irregular intervals, from which danger could be signalled back and forth in very short time.

We waited in the cheerless station one and a half hours for our return train, which took nearly three hours to come back twenty-five miles.

PEKING, SUNDAY, November 30, 1919.

We all, including Nellie, took a motor and went to see the Drum Tower, Bell Tower, Coal Hill and an extensive view of the Winter Palace. This took up the forenoon and as Nellie did not want to overdo, and the rest were tired from the Great Wall trip, we loafed and played bridge in the afternoon. Saturday night the Wilsons had invited the Simpsons to dinner, and they danced in the hotel afterward till one o'clock, so they were doubly ready to rest.

We have not yet heard from the Railroad Administration about getting a private car from Tientsin to Nanking, but we are using all our new friends to help Cook's in the matter. Mr. Marye's friend, Leon Tsine Jen, called again and arranged for his nephew to take us on Tuesday the 2nd to several points of interest that require special permits.

PEKING, MONDAY, December 1, 1919.

All started about ten for the Imperial Summer Palace, about seven miles outside of the city limits, but nearly an hour by motor from the hotel, which

is on the opposite edge of the city. The Summer Palace is composed of a number of palaces, temples, kiosks and other buildings, where the Imperial family used to spend the warm months of the year, and where you are shown the actual living apartments of the Dowager Empress, by looking through the glass entrance doors. You can see the portrait of the Dowager painted by Miss Carl, an American, who still lives in Peking and whom Flora met; also Nellie, later. Needless to say that during the Imperial regime no visitors ever got inside the gate. The buildings face a large lake, now frozen, and are grouped on a rather steep hillside, tier upon tier, some three hundred steps to the top. They are tiled with yellow, blue and green tiles, and the day being a glorious one, the view looking up was one of the finest imaginable; quite the most beautiful thing I have seen so far in Peking. The grounds must cover several hundred acres, and one of the sights is the marble boat, alongside the bank of the lake. The hull is of marble and the top cabins of wood. Of course it does not float, but rests either on the bottom or on some support. The view from the top of the hill is very extensive and beautiful. Nellie did not attempt the steps as the long walk in the grounds to the different sights was quite enough after her sickness.

At least half a dozen of the ladies that we keep meeting, going along the same "trail" as ourselves, have been taken down with the influenza here. They have all been harder hit than Nellie and several of them are at the French Hospital, among them Dorothy Dix, the writer. They all have Dr. Thurlow W. Reed, our doctor, who is a Commander in the U. S. Navy. He has been very attentive and gives no unnecessary medicine.

The Chinese are queer in many ways. The Republican government gives a very large pension to the little ex-Emperor, (age variously stated from 13 to 15) out of which he supports countless retainers. There was a revolution some time ago and the Empire was restored for about a month, and then collapsed again. Yet the big pension is still continued. I was told by Mr. Cheng, nephew of Minister Leon Tsine Jen, that outside of the cities the mass of the people have no political opinions and do not really understand representative government. The President has a certain popularity because he is not a military man, but he is in the hands of the military oligarchy that controls the government. He nominally appoints the viceroys, or whatever they are called, of the different provinces, but in reality his nominations are forced upon him. The budget for the army and navy swallows up everything and education and improvements are neglected. Everything looks down at heel.

In the evening we all dined at the Simpsons. There was a very intelligent retired Chinese admiral, but I had little chance to talk to him. After the ladies retired I spoke with the Portuguese charge' d'affaires, who has been all over the world, including Washington. His name is Nacemento. He was born in Madeira. He shares my opinion that the Japs have not behaved any worse toward China than the European powers. When he was administrator of Lorenzo Marques, the Portuguese colony in Africa, Sir Roger Casement was British representative there and was his intimate friend. Casement was one of the most honest, upright men he ever knew and at that time was a great upholder of British policy through thick and thin.

PEKING, TUESDAY, December 2, 1919.

This morning Mr. Cheng called by appointment on behalf of his uncle, who is about leaving for Tokyo, to take us sightseeing. He is a graduate Bachelor of Science of some English University and is a professor of Chemistry at the University here. As a guide he was not a success and balled up everything so,

in conducting us over the Winter Palace, that we were very glad to say we had seen everything else and part company. The Winter Palace, lake and grounds are in the city and not so extensive as the Summer Palace. It is fairly interesting and has one wonderfully fine feature—a porcelain wall about one hundred feet long, fifteen feet high and two feet thick, covered on both sides with ornamentation, the most beautiful in design and color. We also visited Coal Hill, in the city, for the view—and a Lama temple. We are thoroughly tired tonight and thank our stars that we did not accept an invitation to dine at the Italian embassy, where Flora and Mountford have gone.

Yesterday we were delighted to get Marie's No. 2, with its budget of enclosures; and only the day before we got Herrod's letter of October 15th, seven weeks on the way.

N.S.O.

PEKING, December 7, 1919.

Our excursion to the Winter Palace on Tuesday the 2nd was too much for Bob; he got over heated and tired; and after long waiting around at the Lama Temple for the chanting of some priests (which by the way was a failure) he caught an extra cold which resulted in temperature, etc. We were all packed and our trunks sent ahead to Shanghai when he told me he felt feverish, so I immediately got the doctor, who said it was out of the question to leave on the morning of the 4th. We were all awfully disappointed, and the Wilsons very much more so, as they only had a short time in Shanghai before sailing for Japan. Bob had not an ache or pain, his lungs were absolutely free from any filling up, but his temperature kept up and would not go down—yesterday it fell a little and last night dropped to normal, with profuse perspiration. We have succeeded in getting a private car, in which we are very fortunate, and after a talk with the doctor this morning we have decided to leave for Shanghai in the morning. At our urgent request the Wilsons left yesterday morning for Shanghai;—there was absolutely no danger to Bob, he had not a single bad symptom and the only thing for him to do was to avoid getting any extra cold, so we persuaded the Wilsons to go. We may possibly see them for a day in Shanghai but they had to make their connections by steamer for Japan which are very difficult as there is so much travel.

Although I think this is a very attractive place, I am overjoyed to get away as there is so much sickness. Every hour of the day one hears of some one being taken ill. I met Mrs. Coleman of Santa Barbara, who told me she had been very ill with influenza—was in her room eighteen days and has been out ten days now but feels very shaky. Bob and I feel that we are very fortunate as we had such light attacks. The proprietor of the hotel told me at noon today that he had been miserable for two days and knew he had influenza. Apparently it is those new to the climate who get these colds, and they certainly get them in shoals—there does not seem to be any epidemic among the regular residents of Peking.

This is a very sociable place and we have met a number of charming people and if we had cared to we could have gone out a great deal. The wife of Major Horton of the Marine Corps, quarter-master general of the Legation here, is a cousin of the Breckinridges and consequently of the children of Mrs. Sharon; she and Mrs. Simpson and Mrs. Hutchings have been most attentive and sympathetic.

While Bob was laid up I did a little sight-seeing and visited the Imperial Museum—he has spoken of this before but I want to add that I have never visited any museum in Europe with the beautiful, priceless treasures that this contains.

It is useless to go into details but it is one of the greatest treats I have ever had to look on these gems of Chinese art.

We were delighted to learn from Cook's that they have secured our cabins on the "Kashgar" (9000 tons) of the P. & O. line, sailing from Hong Kong for Singapore on December 20th. She is one of the intermediate size of the P. & O. steamers, a comparatively new boat, running from Hong Kong to England.

The only large boats are the French, but we are glad to be on an English steamer.

PEKING, MONDAY, December 8, 1919.

Started this morning at 8:30 for Shanghai via Tientsin and Nanking. By private car overnight to Nanking, or rather to Pukow, on the north side of the Yantze Kiang River, whence we ferry across to Nanking. There we take the regular train, arriving at Shanghai at 9:30 P. M. of the 9th. The car was self heated by a Baker heater of insufficient capacity. The main saloon was all right, but the sleeping compartment at the other end was so cold that Nellie and I slept in the saloon, on the sofa and an improvised bed. At that we nearly froze during the night. The toilet was filthy and there was one little towel as the sole equipment of the car. When we demanded more the porter brought us two wet and used towels—and there were no more. The waiter who brought our meals from the diner was the only efficient person on board, and through him we got towels from the regular train cars. The extra cost of this car we were first told would be \$113.00, but actually the bill was \$214.50, and this was much exceeded, owing to extras. We wrote back to Cook's for redress, but in vain. As an example of how trains are run, I will cite that our car was at the end of the train and was so private that the train crew was not allowed to go through it; so between stations no one knew if our signal lights were in order or not. The distance between Peking and Shanghai is about nine hundred miles and we covered it in 37 hours, which is not so bad.

Our route ran through some of the most fertile parts of China, but as there are no crops at this season, I would not have known it. The land is clayey and all the village buildings are made of adobe. The Chinese must always have a wall around their cities, villages or huts—it may be of adobe bricks, or plain mud, or even corn stalks, but always a wall. There were evidences of greater prosperity than north of Peking. More cattle, pigs and goats. The climate also gradually grows milder.

Dotted along the landscape continuously one sees conical mounds of earth, from two feet to twenty feet in base diameter, marking graves, generally in groups of five to ten; sometimes single and sometimes numbering up to fifty or a hundred. Occasionally, where there is an important group, the land may be planted to trees, but generally the graves are right in the middle of the fields and agricultural work has to go around them. This makes impossible any work except by hand or with the old forked stick plow, drawn by one or two oxen or cows. Rice is the staple crop and of course irrigated, though I did not see how this is done. The land is in much larger tracts and not so minutely handled as in Japan.

I saw that the rainfall was 70 inches in Canton, representing South China; 30 inches in Shanghai, or middle China; and 16 inches in Tientsin, or northern China. We found Shanghai mild and rainy, somewhat like San Francisco at this same season, instead of cold and dry like Peking.

We had telegraphed the Wilsons that we were coming and it was lucky that we did. They had been given a wretched little room for two days and we would have had the same but for their insistent efforts. We cannot trust Cook's to get us good hotel accommodations since we parted with the Japanese guide, Tominaga, and even he failed us some times, although he was very good on the whole. The principle of an "inclusive trip" i.e., everything paid for, while it saves trouble, is wrong because it is against Cook's interest to get the expensive rooms. We must ponder this problem before making new arrangements with Cook's at Hong Kong. As it was, the Wilsons met us at the station and conducted us to a very good room where our baggage was already placed, having gone ahead with theirs.

SHANGHAI, WEDNESDAY, December 10, 1919.

This morning I cabled: "Absco," San Francisco. "Happy returns to Ben. Both well. Sailing 14th" and I hope it will reach destination promptly and show our dear brother that we thought especially of him today. We got some mail here; a letter from Sallie of November 2nd; from Marie (No. 3) of 7th, and one from Herrord of October 26th. No papers. Needless to say they were appreciated but we wish the rest of the family would brace up.

Mr. Lover of Cook's is most courteous and seems anxious to please, but he has given us the most inefficient thing in the way of a guide that should be allowed out of a feeble minded home. He claims there are no better.

It now seems as if the "Empress of Russia", our steamer, and the same one that we crossed in to Japan on her previous trip, might not leave before the 16th. This will give us very little time in Manila, unless our connection there for Hong Kong, the "Ecuador", is also delayed, as seems likely. In this case our connection with the "Kashgar" for Singapore may be jeopardized, but she too is not likely to leave Hong Kong before January 1st. She was in port here and we had planned to go aboard and inspect our future cabin, but she sailed away before we could manage it.

Mountford and I called and presented my letter from Mr. MacDonald of Scotia, to Gordon Mackie, and he gave us cards for the Shanghai Club and invited us to lunch at his house tomorrow. Mrs. Mackie will call on the ladies. The Wilsons had got in touch with Mrs. Chandler Howard, and we are to take tea at her daughter's house. Her son-in-law, Mr. Atkinson, sent cards for the American Club. Mountford and I dropped into both places. The bar of the Shanghai Club is 110 feet, 3 inches long, the longest in the world, and they say that at twelve o'clock it cannot accommodate the thirsty who stand three or four deep—we were there in the afternoon.

Mrs. Chisholm is here and her conductor, Mr. Kelly, is trying to induce her to give up going around the world and return from Hong Kong home via Honolulu.

SHANGHAI, THURSDAY, December 11, 1919.

There is very little to do in the sight-seeing line in Shanghai. It is a big commercial emporium, doing the bulk of the foreign trade of China, and its charm is the charm of its foreign population. We had a delicious lunch at the Mackie's, and she asked us to the Country Club for tea this afternoon, and for dinner and bridge on Saturday. Later we had tea at the Atkinson's, where Mrs. Howard lives. She is suffering from a broken collar bone, the result of a fall. Her other daughter, who went to school with Ruth at Santa Barbara, is also married and has two children. They live in Japan, where most of Mrs. Howard's interests are.

Nellie and Flora went yesterday to the Convent to see about Sallie's curtains, but the prices were out of sight. I figured that they would cost Sallie at least \$80.00 per pair and Nellie gave it up. She bought however a filet lace tablecloth for Ruth's Christmas present and Flora is taking it home for her.

This is our last day with the Wilsons and we are feeling extremely sad about it. They go aboard the "Chickugo Maru" tonight, sailing at six tomorrow morning for Nagasaki, and leave Yokohama on the 28th for Seattle.

SHANGHAI, FRIDAY, December 12, 1919.

We are alone again and taking it very easily. I left Charlie Gove's letters for Admirals Rogers and Gleaves at the Consulate with my cards, to be delivered to them when they come into port (Admiral Gleaves in a few days). I also went to the Consul of the Netherlands, Mr. J. A. Schuurman, and found him to be a young man who had arrived in San Francisco on the day the Exposition closed, and stayed two years working under Mr. Torchiana. He read over the introductions given me in Dutch by the latter and said they were to the very best people and would open everything to us. We also went to the P. & O. office and learned that the "Kashgar" would not sail from Hong Kong before January 3rd. This gives us ample time and our stay in Manila will only be measured by the time between the arrival of the "Empress of Russia" and the departure for Hong Kong of the "Ecuador". This is still uncertain.

I am continuing regularly with my massage and with most beneficial effects, as the muscles of my left shoulder and hand have lost much of their stiffness. The comparative progress is slower than at first, as is natural, but I am more than satisfied. I only hope that I may find it possible to continue these treatments as we proceed, but it will undoubtedly be more difficult, as Japan is the home of massage.

Since landing in Yokohama, just two months ago, (and it seems much longer) I have had twelve different masseurs, all Japanese, but of both sexes and of every age and appearance. The price has run from 1 yen (50 cents) to \$2.00, the latter in Peking. They all differ somewhat in treatment, and greatly in efficiency. I have just now the best, or perhaps the second best, at \$1.50 per. Most of them have known a few words of English.

The prices of everything in China are simply outrageous. This can be accounted for by the rise in world's values and by the price of silver in many cases, but the latter feature should on the contrary tend to make imported articles cheaper here, which they are not. Then when it is a case of merely personal service one would think that the ample labor of China would make such things cheaper than with us, but such is not the case. As an example, I had my hair cut and beard trimmed in this hotel and they charged me \$1.20 Mexican or \$1.44 U. S. Money. This is nearly double the price in a San Francisco hotel, and yet the Chinese barber here surely does not get one-half the wages of the American barber. It must be a question of "squeezing" the tourist. On the other hand some things are very reasonable. For instance, Nellie has had a dress copied in charmeuse for \$37.00, and in pongee for \$28.00. These are for the Tropics. I am going to wait till I get to Hong Kong for my outfit.

Nellie has given up the idea of buying curtains for herself here as the prices are too high and she thinks she can do better in Italy.

I was interviewed last night by the reporter of the China Press. the American paper here, on the subject of sugar prices but it is not of sufficient interest to insert here.

This afternoon we motored to the Shanghai (English) Country Club to take tea with Mrs. Gordon Mackie, who showed us over the club. It is spacious and comfortable. The grounds must be charming in warm weather, but were brown and leafless now. I compared the climate of Shanghai to San Francisco, a while back, but this does not apply at all to the vegetation.

Mailed from Shanghai,

December 13th, 1919.

Received at San Francisco,

January 16th, 1920.

SHANGHAI, SATURDAY, December 13, 1919.

Had massage at 8:00 a. m. as the woman could not come in the afternoon or evening. Took things quietly in the forenoon. After lunch we started for a motor drive and happening to meet Miss Farr, we took her along. We went along the Bund, or waterfront, of the International, French and Chinese cities; quite interesting, with the bustling activity of this great seaport, carried on through thousands of junks, whose masts look like a forest from the shore as they lie moored to each other, dozens deep, out from the dock. We went several miles out of the city and saw the Loong-wha-sz Pagoda, and the statue and temple dedicated to Li Hung Chang.

In the evening we dined at the Gordon Mackies; the other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Beeth (Scotch banker), Mr. Trueman, who as a bachelor spent some time in California and was much smitten with Inez Dibblee, and a Mrs. Massey. Very good dinner with bridge afterwards. I won \$15.00 and Nellie \$21.00—playing for 1/2c and 1c respectively. These people have certainly put themselves out to be polite to us and we appreciate it very much.

In the lobby of the hotel during the afternoon Consul General Cunningham and wife asked us to sit down for a cup of tea. They were at table with Mrs. Harold Dollar, one of our fellow passengers on the "Russia". As a result we all accepted an invitation to lunch at the Dollars' tomorrow (Sunday).

Our dear little maid Saku was quite anxious to meet here some people whose children she took care of in Yokohama over twenty years ago. We understood the name was Lord, and could not locate them either by that name or that of the children, Robert and Daisy—those were the only clues. Today she found them through a Japanese guide that she knew and who has a party under his charge at the hotel. It turns out that the name is Roth; mother American, father French (probably Jewish). She is overjoyed and they will take her to their home tomorrow.

SHANGHAI, SUNDAY, December 14, 1919.

A day of rest except for the luncheon at the Dollars'. She was in the party with Mr. Stetson, when he visited Japan some years ago, and sang his praises. The Cunninghams were the only other guests. Afterwards Cunningham and Harold Dollar had to go for a few minutes to present themselves at the funeral of a prominent Chinese Christian. In the meantime Mrs. Dollar showed us some wonderful table and bed linen that she has had made at the convents here. We got back to the hotel by four o'clock. At Mrs. Dollar's suggestion we have arranged with Dr. Ransome, American health officer of Shanghai, who is her doctor and the Cunninghams, to be vaccinated, and also probably take the typhoid serum, before we leave. How it is that we did not think of this before leaving home, and how it is that our Doctors did not think of it for us, I cannot imagine. It seems an elementary precaution. Mrs. Melville Dollar was here two years ago, refused to be vaccinated, contracted smallpox and died.

While I was being massaged, cards came up from Mr. Stewart Parker Elliott, whose name we did not know. Nellie went down and he proved to be a friend of Mrs. Sayre near Fresno, California, whom we had met at the Schwerins,' and who had written to him to look us up. He is a man of thirty-five to forty, tall and good looking, born in Santa Barbara, and the managing director here of Grace and Company. He was in Petrograd when Freeman got sick there and came home, leaving the finishing up of the beet seed business for the American Beet Sugar Co. in the hands of Grace and Company. He got out of Russia and shipped to New York all the seed that came via Archangel. He invited us to lunch tomorrow.

SHANGHAI, MONDAY, December 15, 1919.

Miss Farr, the trained nurse, was paid in part by Mrs. Chisholm with an American check for \$485.00. This I cashed for her.

Mr. Elliott called for us at 12:30 and took us to the apartment on the Bund where he keeps house with a friend, an American oculist. It is quite a luxurious apartment, six flights up, with a magnificent view of the river or harbor. House-keeping is made easy for them by confining their dealings to one man, their "No. 1 boy", so called, who hires and fires all servants, buys everything and runs everything. This, more or less, is the Oriental custom everywhere. Mr. Elliott further gave me a general letter of recommendation to all the Grace houses or agencies, of which there are nearly a hundred, all over the world, that may prove very useful.

In the afternoon we went to Dr. Ransome's office and were vaccinated. We decided not to take the typhoid serum at the same time. The doctor says vaccination is most necessary, as the Oriental smallpox is much more virulent than the same disease at home.

During the day Nellie and Saku packed up and I settled with Saku, giving her a good bonus, which she richly deserves. We feel as if we were parting with an old and trusted servant of long standing.

SHANGHAI, TUESDAY, December 16, 1919.

Our trunks left at 8:30 a. m. and at 9:30 we went by motor with Cook's man to the custom house wharf, where we boarded a tender that at ten o'clock left for the "Empress of Russia", anchored in the stream about ten miles down the river. We have a cabin with bath on the upper deck and supposed to be superior to the one from Vancouver, but it is less roomy,—has no sofa—and we would have preferred the old one. We have to sleep in upper and lower, instead of using the sofa as a bed and raising the upper. However, it is only for three nights. We had expected to sail at noon and arrive in Manila Friday morning, but the unloading of the cargo was delayed until we missed the tide, and consequently only started at 2:00 a. m. Wednesday. This will bring us into Manila Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Chisholm is on the steamer with us and we also found again some Vancouver passengers of the last trip. Notably a Mrs. Baker of New York, but formerly of Baltimore, who knows Mary Schwerin very well. She also knew Mrs. St. Cyr. She has four grown up children with her and after a stay of some weeks in Manila, she will return to Yokohama and, when she can get proper accommodations, will sail direct from Yokohama to Europe.

WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, December 17 and 18, 1919.

At sea: weather getting milder; sea calm; all quiet except a company of movie actors who are taking pictures—abduction of heroine by villain and all

the rest of it. Mrs. Chisholm and Nellie spend a great deal of time together.

I am drawing money against my sterling credit and I can see that English exchange is dropping steadily. The parity of the Pound Sterling in the United States must be about \$3.75 and must cause a very serious situation. Meanwhile I see that our Senate still holds up the ratification of the peace treaty while stable institutions all over the world seem crumbling to pieces. It seems most short sighted and selfish to me.

I have talked with several people, among them our friend McGregor, regarding the Japanese menace as regards the Pacific Coast. They all think that, if it ever existed, it has completely disappeared. The Japanese fully realize that it would be madness to attempt aggressive measures against us and particularly against the Continental United States.

I am going to give this letter now to the Purser to be kept on the ship, as this promises to be the quickest way to get it home.

Mailed at sea, December 18, 1919 (Shanghai to Manila).

Received at San Francisco, January 19, 1920.

AT SEA, FRIDAY, December 19, 1919.

Yesterday the steamer sailed south along the outer or eastern shore of Formosa, whose high mountain peaks made an imposing sky line. This morning we are skirting the western shore of the Island of Luzon, on which Manila is situated. This also is mountainous. We had been told that we would arrive at Manila in the early afternoon but the "Russia" has been making poor time and now it is a question if we will reach port before six o'clock. The alternative would be spending the night in quarantine. We finally did just make it but almost to our regret as we landed on the dock in the dark, and only got our hand baggage passed by the Custom House. On reaching the hotel we found a pretty good room engaged by Cook's, but too small for our large amount of baggage. I had a letter of introduction to the Manager, Mr. Butz, from Mr. Hannam, who spent several weeks here last winter. He is a very amiable individual, though not a very thorough hotel keeper, and he promised us two rooms tomorrow, when the "Russia" sails away again. I may state here that he kept his word, and we may consider ourselves very fortunate as the passengers arriving two days later on the "Ecuador", (many of whom are our travelling acquaintances along the "trail") could, many of them, get no hotel accommodations anywhere, and were forced to remain on the ship during their stay here, in the greatest discomfort.

The Manila Hotel is a fine building, only a short distance from the docks and fronting the harbor. Its lobby, brilliantly illuminated, and filled with men and women in white or light colored clothes, looked very attractive and prepossessed us immediately in favor of the place, toward which my love for things Spanish also leaned.

CHAPTER IV.

The Philippines

MANILA, SATURDAY, December 20, 1919.

We have now reached the end of our "inclusive" trip, as Cook's only allows \$100.00 for hotel and sightseeing in Manila, which is only a white chip in Oriental travelling.

After going to the docks to pass our large trunks, I went to Cook's and arranged to take a motor tomorrow morning and go to Baguio, the "summer capital", about 180 miles north and 5,000 feet up in the mountains. Mrs. Chisholm is also going in her motor.

Before this however, and while we were at breakfast, the telephone rang and it was Mrs. Frances Burton Harrison, wife of the Governor General. They had heard we were coming through Henry Scott, and she wanted to know our plans with a view to doing something to entertain us. She regretted that the palace was under repair and they could not ask us to stay with them. When she heard we were going to Baguio the next morning she said they were going themselves on the following day, to stay over the holidays, and wanted us to wait over and motor up together. The upshot was that owing to their engagements and ours, that very night was the only one when we could dine with them and it was so arranged. She asked if we knew anyone there that we would like to meet but we did not, and she said she would have the Fairchilds, he being about the most prominent sugar man here. I knew of him as Welch's partner in the San Carlos plantation, and I found later that I had met him in Washington during the hearing on Cuban reciprocity. It developed that the Fairchilds had another dinner engagement which they broke, as apparently an invitation from the Governor is considered as a command that takes precedence over any other engagement.

To close the incident, we dined at eight in the palatial quarters that once were the home of the Spanish Captain General. There were eighteen at table and we had the places of honor. It would be impossible to get a more hearty and cordial reception than was given us. Mrs. Harrison is not over twenty and a beautiful woman in face and figure, as well as charming in manner. Virginia Harrison, Adeline's friend, had gone to one of the army posts, and they were going to pick her up on their way to Baguio; so we did not see her, which I regretted. The Governor says that she constantly refers to Adeline as her best friend. I will cite, as an example of how amiable Harrison wanted to be, that he told Nellie he was going to cable the Governor General of the Dutch East Indies that I was going to Java as a representative of the United States sugar industry. I was surprised beyond expression at all these attentions.

After dinner, about ten thirty, they started to play bridge, but, as we had to get up early to start for Baguio, we went home, accompanied by General Jones (of the Constabulary), the Governor's Aide de Camp, who had also called for us to take us to dinner in an official motor.

While I was at the Custom House dock in the morning, Mr. Fairchild sent up his card and Nellie went down to see him. He took her in his motor, came down to the dock to meet me and when I had finished with the trunks he drove us all over the city, showing us the sights, including the North Cemetery, which is in part a beautiful park. Then we went down south along the Bay Shore to a bathing resort called Pasay, where he expected to meet Mrs. Fairchild and give us lunch, but we had to refuse as Nellie had several things to do to get ready for the Governor's dinner. Near Pasay he showed us about ten acres of land on the beach shore that he has recently bought for a home. There is a bungalow on it that he is renovating, as the cost and the difficulty of bulding are

just now prohibitive. The grounds are old and very attractive and he is improving these also. We motored back to the city, partly along the beach.

After lunch I presented letters from Hannam to some of the officers of the Pacific Commercial Company, who are the agents for the Calamba Sugar Company, about forty miles north, and for the Del Carmen Sugar Company, in Pampango Province, about one hundred miles away. The Calamba Company the stock of which is quoted in San Francisco, is owned principally by Ehrman, Fleishacker, Sutro, etc., and this company also owns one-half the stock of the Pampango plantation, the other half being owned by the Spreckels Brothers. Hannam seems to have charge of the San Francisco end. They courteously arranged to take me to Calamba, the only one my time permitted me to see, next Tuesday.

In addition to the San Carlos plantation, Mr. Fairchild (Welch, Fairchild & Co., Inc.) manages the Mindoro Island plantation for Horace Havemeyer, and in fact is apparently interested in several others. Mindoro was started some nine years ago and went through all the vicissitudes of a pioneer enterprise. It owns 55,000 acres of land and was nearly wrecked by starting to plant its cane in the stiff clay soils, adapted only to rice. This is being gradually corrected and this year they expect to make \$1,000,000. Havemeyer turned it over to Fairchild to see if anything could be worked out of an apparently hopeless proposition. Of course under present conditions sugar producers cannot help making big money.

I will anticipate and finish here the sugar subject by saying that I left for Calamba on Tuesday at 11 a. m. with a Mr. Young, who had been sent to take charge of me. Mr. H. B. Pond, the Vice-President (who tried to entertain us at dinner) and Mr. A. D. Cooper, Manager of the Sugar Department of the Pacific Commercial Company, were both busy with Mr. Loewenstein, President of the Company, who had just arrived on the "Ecuador" for a visit of inspection. He lives now in New York, formerly in San Francisco, and is the brother-in-law of Oscar Sutro. This Pacific Commercial Company has a vast importing and exporting business covering almost all lines and seems one of the most prominent enterprises of the Philippines.

We reached Calamba in an hour and a half in a Buick, running almost too fast for the condition of the road, only part of which was good. We were received by Mr. Dumont, the Manager, from Napoleonville, Louisiana, and Mr. Weinzheimer, formerly of Pioneer Mill, Hawaii, who seemed to me a very able sugar man, principally from the agricultural side, and who has a roving commission to try and improve that end of the enterprise in particular and the whole of it in general—rather a delicate position in connection with the local manager I should think. After lunch I went through the mill, a Honolulu Iron Works plant, with a crusher and twelve 84-inch rolls; mill extraction 95%; everything very strong for 1,500 tons per day—have done 1,900;—now working only at half capacity as they only started a few days ago. Now using wood fuel, but when working to capacity the bagasse is sufficient. Expect to grind 150,000 tons cane of which they buy one-half, on basis of one half the sugar. This seems the usual price. Extraction of sugar 10—11% of the cane; purity just now in the high seventies, but averages generally 85%. Make one grade, as close as possible to 96 test, boiling back the syrups. Molasses worth for distilling \$20.00 a ton and rising; expect it to go to \$40.00 a ton.

Their plantation cane yield is very poor this year, owing to poor distribution of rainfall; probably not over 12½ tons per acre. I went out on the plantation railroad and the land is rolling and that near the mill mostly shallow

with a very stiff clay subsoil. They have Fowler and "oil pull" engines for plowing, and made the mistake at first of plowing up too much subsoil. Farther out from the mill I saw some better land but I came away with the impression that the mill is badly located agriculturally. The Pampango mill is just starting on its first campaign and they say the lands are better than at Calamba. The rainfall in these Islands runs up to 80 inches or more, but the distribution is very bad (over half of it in three months); so the sugar men here, mostly of Hawaiian experience, are all talking irrigation, but Calamba looks very rolling for this, though Weinzheimer says not. The native cane does not ratoon well, not over once or twice, and sometimes not at all; but a new variety, Hawaiian 109, promises much better in this respect. As they harvest entirely with portable track in the fields, the yields mentioned above would make the cost prohibitive if they did not have very cheap labor—50 cts. and 60 cts. per day U. S. gold, and rations of rice and fish. Women 75% and 80% of this.

I saw in the hotel, Bell, who was on Adeline for the Honolulu Iron Works and he wanted to be remembered to Ben and Ben Sprague. He is at the head of an independent company of his own now and has contracts for several new mills on different Islands.

Summing up the sugar industry of the Philippines, I should say that it has the three elements of soil, climate and especially labor, that are bound to make it very large and very prosperous. The native muscovado industry has always maintained itself well, and when the new comers who are putting up the large modern mills get over the usual initial mistakes of location and management, the new industry is bound to grow very rapidly. Already some new mills are going up for native sugar people. The entire Philippine Islands (3,000 in number) cover an area of only 120,000 square miles, as against California's 150,000, and they have a population of 10,000,000 that is growing rapidly. We saw a young mother on the roadside to Baguio, when we had a puncture, that could not have been over eleven or twelve years old, so they get an early start. It is merely a question of keeping the children alive, and the government is putting down artesian wells and giving them good water, with the result that in some villages the mortality has already been cut down fifty percent.

The Filipinos seem to be a gentle, docile, amiable people; not very large or strong. This may be somewhat related to the child mother problem. They are not gluttons for work and their wants are so simple and few that they are inclined, when they are paid off, to wait until they are hungry before going to work again; but this will change as contact with more energetic races teaches them to have more wants and to work to gratify them. This may not make them any happier but it will make more sugar!

Their diet is almost exclusively rice, and they do not seem to utilize the plantain or sweet potato as the Cubans do, although both grow here.

Our vaccinations have taken strongly, Nellie's particularly so. I had the hotel doctor dress my arm, and I also got from him the address of an aurist, as my cold has affected one of my ears. Subsequently this aurist gave me three treatments, mostly consistly of blowing air into the eustachian tube, and incidentally soaked me the ungodly price of \$30.00 U. S. gold; but he did me a great deal of good. The hotel doctor also dressed Nellie's arm and told us to keep the dressings wet with water slightly impregnated with bichloride of mercury. This has stopped the itching and been a great comfort.

MANILA, SUNDAY, December 21. 1919.

Started for Baguio at 7:20 a. m. in two Hudsons. Nellie and I leading and

Mrs. Chisholm, her conductor Mr. Kelley and her maid Jessie, a very nice Scotchwoman, following. We pay 100 pesos or \$50 gold per day for each car, but I hear that gasoline costs 90 cents per gallon. The road to Baguio is level for over two-thirds of the way and then rises sharply to 5,000 feet elevation. On the flat land the road is lined with native huts, made of thatch or matting on a slender wooden frame, and stuck up on posts to keep them from ten to fifteen feet above ground. This no doubt on account of the dampness. They seem to consist of one or at most two rooms—occasionally a more pretentious house is seen of stone, but not often. Also occasionally, stone churches, mostly in ruins, but still apparently used as churches. Also now and then country stores, differing from the houses only in being on the ground instead of being elevated. These little huts crystallize occasionally into hamlets, and still more occasionally into towns, with more permanent looking buildings—everything open to the air—no glass windows but the openings presumably closed at night by hanging frames, covered with matting and hinged over these openings.

Being Sunday and Christmas week, no work is being done but the people are walking the roads, the women in holiday dress with their big starched sleeves and scarfs of flimsy stuff draping their bare shoulders, many of them carrying baskets or other loads, skillfully poised on their heads without any help from the arms. The men, very many of them, carrying their favorite roosters in their hands, taking them to the nearest village for battle. It appears that the Filipinos, like the Cubans, but even more so, have a passion for gambling, and cock fighting as in Cuba is the favorite outlet and means to gratify this passion. The cocks seem to be of many breeds and not confined to the game cock strain proper, as is generally the case in Cuba.

There are three different beasts of burden seen constantly on the road; the carabao or water buffalo, the much smaller but more active bullock, crossed with the Indian hump backed bull, and the little Filipino pony, twelve to thirteen hands high. These are ridden, or draw carts and little chaises (the latter for the ponies) but most of the people circulate afoot. Some years ago the rinderpest nearly exterminated the carabao and then the bullocks were imported as they are more resistant to this disease. But for working in the soft rice fields, over knee deep in water, and drawing the peculiar harrow that is used to prepare the ground, no animal can be used but the slow moving, ungainly looking, carabao. Not being at work today they could be seen bathing in all the mud holes and pools along the road, often in groups of a half dozen, with nothing but their heads sticking out of the muddy water.

I want to send a message to Mr. Barry. The Filipino peasants seem to have a good many pigs but it nearly made me cry to see such degenerate specimens of this noble animal. Had he been with me I don't think anything could have prevented us from mingling our tears. The sows are about the size of a three months old gilt, very much sway backed; every rib and every bone in the spine can be counted and the only thing that looks large is the stomach, flabby and trailing on the ground. They seem to have one or two little runty pigs for a litter and it is evident that they are not fed at all, but are allowed to roam around and scratch for a living on the roads.

I may mention that the huts are often in fenced lots with a few banana or other trees for use and shade. When the elevated country began the first coconut palm trees appeared and after that some villages appeared to be built in the palm groves. The native trees were not very abundant in the landscape but hedges and thickets of bamboo furnished shade on some stretches along the road.

We crossed small streams from time to time, and the bridges across these were government toll bridges with a charge of 30c to 60c for our motor. Finally we reached the Benquet road that zigzags up the rocky valley of a deep cut river for the last ten miles of the road to Baguio, and here we had to pay a toll of 10 pesos both going and returning. A good deal of work was being done on this road by gangs of Igorrote laborers, and in places we could see where expensive repairs and changes had been made, owing to slides, etc.

We had brought a cold lunch from the hotel and this we ate on the roadside in front of an admiring native audience, composed mostly of children, who were later on much interested in the division of the remains of the lunch among them, although there was no scrambling or quarreling. We arrived at the hotel about five o'clock after a most interesting and delightful day's journey. It was rather warm when we stopped but for motoring the temperature was ideal. I am referring to the plains for up at Baguio it was quite cool. The hotel accommodation was only fair but we had two rooms and a bath.

BAGUIO, MONDAY, December 22, 1919.

It had been our original intention to stay a full day here and return on Tuesday, but as Mrs. Chisholm was not tired and felt equal to it, we decided to go back today and have one more day in Manila. So we motored around for a couple of hours, visiting Camp John Hay, a delightful military post; also the Dominican convent, on an elevation that would have commanded a view of the Pacific but for a fog in that direction, and the town of Baguio. There we saw the market where on Sundays the Igorrotes bring in dogs to be sold to intending customers for culinary purposes. We saw a few dogs but very thin and not yet fitted for market, and we saw the Igorrotes who are the common people of this province. We saw them thoroughly, as they wear only a light blouse and a breech clout so scanty as to leave little to the imagination. I refer to the men, for the women wear rather a picturesque and a more modest costume.

About eleven o'clock we started back for Manila, arriving at the hotel at seven for dinner. Except the latter part, when it began to get dark, the trip back was also very interesting.

I noticed on the trip that our chauffeur did not speak Spanish to the natives, and I found on enquiry that these often only speak their own dialect and always prefer it. Tagalog was the plains language and some other dialect, that of the Igorrotes in the hills. However the children of school age are all taught English, and if the government does not change, this will become the universal language.

The government of the Philippines, outside of the customs and foreign relations, is now in the hands of the Filipinos. Both the legislature, and now recently the senate, are elective and that means entirely composed of Filipinos. The Governor General has the veto power and I believe, though I am not sure, that it cannot be overridden without the approval of the President of the United States. The office holders are almost all Filipinos. This change has come gradually through the fact that the salaries are too small for the Americans to live on. The Governor's cabinet is mostly Filipino. The lower courts are all native and the higher courts mostly so, but there is an appeal in certain cases to the United States courts. This state of affairs has caused a certain feeling of doubt as to the stability of the future in the minds of foreign and American investors, but I do not think that anything has so far actually occurred to jeopardize vested interests. The land laws do not permit foreigners to own land except as their governments reciprocate. This is aimed at the Japanese, who are cordially hated. A corporation cannot own over one thousand hectares

of land and an individual over one hundred hectares. This undoubtedly applies to the present public domain, which is sixty percent of the soil of the Islands. It was meant to apply to all land, but some contend that it cannot apply to land in private ownership when the act was passed. This will cause confusion until the courts have decided the point. The law was not retroactive so the Mindoro sugar estate owns 55,000 acres of land, the Calamba estate 15,000 acres, etc. I myself am in general sympathy with land laws that preserve the soil for settlement in small tracts by the mass of the citizens of a country. Particularly for a people still under tutelage.

MANILA, TUESDAY, December 23, 1919.

We had kept our rooms at the hotel so we had no trouble. If we had done otherwise I don't know what would have happened to us. Manila is so full that not only is there lack of hotel accommodation but it is difficult to get either a carriage, a Ford or a real motor. You are compelled to take them by the hour even if you only want to go to one place. A one-horse chaise or caretella is 1½ pesos per hour, a Ford, 3 pesos and other motors on an ascending scale up to 6 pesos (a peso is 50 cents gold). We had to take a six-passenger Willys Knight in order to get to the shopping district. Nellie had some little purchases to make and in the meantime I took a hasty look at the Aquarium, which she had already seen with Mrs. Fairchild. Then we went together to my aurist. The rest of my day was taken up with my trip to the Calamba sugar plantation, and Nellie went around with Mrs. Chisholm and Mrs. Fairchild. This lady is a Hawaiian, I think a half-white, and she has been as amiable and polite to Nellie as her husband has to me. Among other things she has kept us supplied with mangoes, which are not in season here but which she gets from a southern island. They are perfectly delicious, far superior to those of Cuba or Hawaii; in fact one of the most delicious things I ever tasted.

MANILA, WEDNESDAY, December 24, 1919.

The Chamber of Commerce of the Philippines gave a lunch and Lowenstein, myself and one or two others were invited as foreign guests. I would have dodged but both Fairchild and the Governor advised me to accept, so I went and made a little speech which I will hand down to posterity through the medium of this diary. None of the audience knew that I spoke Spanish, so Nellie and I thought it would make a hit if I spoke partly in Spanish, and it did. The members had been bored to death by a long prosy speech, full of statistics, read from notes by Lowenstein for three-quarters of an hour, to busy men on a business day. So when it came my turn they paid scant attention I am afraid to my speech until I made my few closing remarks in Spanish. Their faces immediately brightened up and I received quite an avalanche of congratulations. This is what I said, speaking without notes:—

"Mr. President and Members of the Chamber of Commerce of
the Philippine Islands:

"I had always heard of the proverbial hospitality of the Filipinos and it certainly is most gratifying to experience such a delightful illustration of it as this most enjoyable luncheon.

"The sugar business in all its different branches has been the occupation of my entire life. Therefore it is what first attracts my attention in visiting a new country. It was most interesting to me to observe that in the Philippine Islands this industry is developing along the most advanced lines and that you have sugar mills second to none anywhere. This new development has not yet reached large proportions but you have the soil, the climate and the population

to rival any and all competitors. Besides, it is not an unmixed blessing for any country, that one industry should overshadow all others and these Islands are fortunate in having many other, equally important, industries to absorb the future energy of its inhabitants.

The example of France, among others, has shown what a powerful force, making for conservatism and prosperity, is the ownership of land in small tracts by large numbers of its citizens. I have therefore noted with satisfaction that your government is endeavoring by wise laws to preserve the land of the Philippines in small tracts for its rightful owners, the Filipinos.

"When the world war burst upon us in all its horror, I give you my word that I was at first sorry to have lived to see its beginning. Next, it became my ardent hope and wish that I might live to see it end in the triumph of right. This is still my ardent hope and wish, for although the fighting may be said to have ended, yet the settlements that must follow the fighting are far from having reached a satisfactory conclusion. Still I am sufficient of an optimist to believe that the political and territorial questions will, on the whole, be settled along lines of substantial equity.

"This will clear the ground for the consideration of the most vital question that faces humanity today, and a question upon the right solution of which hangs the fate and future direction of our civilization, namely, the equitable distribution of the products of human endeavor, or human labor. Labor of the hands, labor of the brain, and that other form of labor that we call capital. For please observe that in the last analysis, capital is but a form into which the surplus energies of labor are converted, and stored to be drawn upon for future use; just the same as the surplus energy of electricity is stored in the electric storage battery, also for future use.

"A thing is never settled until it is settled right and therefore there will be unrest in the world, until an equitable adjustment is found between these three forms of human endeavor that will give to each its proper share. Toward this happy solution each one of us, high or low, should give unselfish thought and effort.

"Y para concluir, senores y amigos, quiero decirles que cuando joven de 20 anos vivi unos cuantos anos en la Isla de Cuba. Desde aquel tiempo he tenido un lugar preferido en mi corazon para los habitantes de las antiguas colonias españolas, sean Cubanos o Filipinos. Quedo encantado de su hermoso pais y tengo deseo ardiente, y firme intencion, de hacerles otra visita mas larga, si es que Dios me de algunos años mas de vida.

"Levanto mi vaso para beber a la prosperidad y la gloria de las Islas Filipinas y de sus tan simpaticos habitantes todos."

In the afternoon we went with Mrs. Chisholm to Bilibid prison to see and hear the daily afternoon "retreat". Visitors go over an elevated foot bridge to a central stand from which the buildings and courtyards of the prison radiate like the spokes of a wheel. The exercises consist of music by a prison band; drill by a company of selected recruit prisoners in military uniforms with dummy guns; and a general drill by groups of all prisoners, men and women, in prison garb, which consists of setting up exercises and a march past the kettles, where their tin plates are filled for supper. It was exceedingly well done and most interesting. Bilibid prison, I am told, is an advanced experiment in penology, where the inmates are taught trades, and their products, mostly furniture as far as I could see, sold for their own benefit.

In the evening (Christmas Eve) we dined at the same table as Mrs. Chisholm

and Mr. Kelley, and I opened a bottle of Pommery to drink to the health and happiness of all our loved ones at home. Never was more heartfelt toast drunk. We hope our Christmas cards, mailed from Yokohama by Tominaga, will arrive approximately on time.

The "Ecuador" has advanced her sailing time to 3:00 p. m. tomorrow which will give us only a broken day, principally filled with packing and waiting around. I get an ear treatment in the morning.

MANILA, THURSDAY, December 25, 1919.

I forgot to say yesterday that in the afternoon the telephone rang and who should it be but the ever present "Pritchard", whom we had left starving and freezing in Nikko—Pritchard actually prosperous, having had a wonderful sale of his pictures at Tokyo, realizing 19,000 yen for some thirty odd pictures, and after all expenses paid, finding himself with \$5000 in bank—Pritchard actually drawing out a check book on the Anglo & London Paris Bank, and giving me a check for \$76.00 for some barbed wire that I had sent him to Bishop some years ago and wanting to pay interest also, if I would have let him. He had the bill for the barbed wire in his pocket, (\$126.00) and said he had paid \$50.00 on account, which is undoubtedly true, though I had forgotten the entire transaction. It was a pleasure to see his pleasure in paying up.

He has an awful cold and has come down here to thaw out and paint some pictures for the Tokyo market, that has so providentially opened up. He is figuring already beyond this, on a grand success in Paris later on. He will need some military permits, to be allowed to go down under water for his painting, without being taken for a spy. As he knows nobody here he was up against it, so I gave him a letter of introduction to Fairchild, who can undoubtedly help him out. He lunched with us and then went to the "Ecuador" to say goodbye. As the ship pulled out he was standing on the dock with a young man, whose name he shouted but I could not catch it. They had dined together at Sallie's house, so he has found a friend in Manila. The ship sailed at 3:15.

S. S. ECUADOR, AT SEA, December 26 and 27, 1919.

Our cabin, though without a bath, is roomy, with two lower berths and we are quite comfortable. The ship is very light and yesterday bobbed about like a cork, so that many ladies were sea sick and Mr. Kelley had "lumbago"? and stayed in his cabin. This had no effect on hardened mariners like Nellie and myself. I have spent a great deal of my time in writing up this diary, which I could not touch in Manila.

Our stay there was entirely too short—I wish it had been a month. I love the Tropics and particularly the Spanish Tropics. Also, much as I enjoyed the trip to Baguio, it was a mistake to devote two days to it that we might have had in Manila. As I read Cook's book about the city I realize that I have hardly seen any of the sights, which I very much regret. In my Spanish speech I told them I was coming back to make them a longer visit and I almost meant it.

Although the ship only travels twelve miles per hour we are due in Hong Kong about nine o'clock and I understand we must go ashore. This is a nuisance—I would much prefer waiting until tomorrow morning.

LATER: After being kept on the anxious seat until nearly eleven o'clock, the police authorities did not come aboard and we spent another night on the ship.

Mailed December 28th. 1919 from Hong Kong.
Received at San Francisco January 29th, 1920.

CHAPTER V.

Hongkong to Singapore

HONG KONG, SUNDAY, December 28, 1919.

We have received mail, partly in Manila and partly in Hong Kong, as follows:

M. D. O. No. 4, November 21st, with enclosures of letters to her from various members of the family, and from Julie Toulze. The latter we will look up if our journey brings us near her home. She mentions something good as happening to the Moran Company, but what it is I do not know, though I suppose that eventually I shall hear from Harry. We sympathize with her and the Sprague girls regarding the raise in board at the Fairmont. I also received the memory books that I had asked her to look up.

S. S. W. November 16th and 23rd, telling of all the grand balls and how Ruth and Marie Louise got out of sick beds to dance. Also poor little Bud's operation and Billy Newhall's eyes. The latter is one of those tragic events that almost haunt you. I don't know of anybody, who by temperament would feel such a cross so deeply and our deepest sympathy goes out to him and to his family. I shall write to him, though it is hard to know what to say in such a case. I appreciate her asking all my people for Thanksgiving. We are out of International Paper and the stock market generally.

Adele, October 22nd and **Lillie Harding**, November 13th.

Tom Oxnard of Tucson, November 13th. A sad case and I fear he will never be strong again.

Ruth, November 10th. A nice newsy letter, much appreciated.

Herrod, November 13th and 22nd, with interesting items about the business that I am very glad to have.

H. T. O., November — which I have already answered.

J. G. Hamilton, November 3rd. I want to ask Harry Stetson to get out of my safe deposit box the shares and notes of the Pierce Patents Company and through Miss Slusher turn them over to Mr. Hamilton, to do with them as he does with his own. (Seventeen shares and a few hundred dollars of notes).

Miss Slusher, November 15th, 17th and 24th. I have written her separately about the business matters that she brings up except the accident insurance, regarding which I shall make no change, i.e., leave as it is. I hope that she will get the new mailing list from Stokes promptly to the family, for letters are so precious to us that we do not want the flow interrupted. I shall write to Mrs. Drifill and Emma.

We were waked up at 6:30 on the steamer and hurried to the dining room for the police inspection. Then came breakfast and a long delay for no ascertainable cause. It was 8:30 before we went aboard a launch to go ashore. The discipline was poor and passengers were going down the companion ladder while Chinese coolies were pushing up, amid great confusion. The first launch next to the ship, on which we were, became considerably overloaded with passengers and baggage. Then occurred what might have been a terrible tragedy. The gunwale of the launch got caught under the companion ladder and, as the launch started to steam off, she heeled over until I thought she was going to upset. Fortunately something on the ladder parted and the launch righted herself. Two people on the ladder were thrown into the water but rescued. If the launch had been upset, about a hundred people and a lot of baggage would have been dumped into the water in a heap and nothing could have prevented a terrible loss of life.

Through the intervention of Mr. Bonnar, the partner of our friend Mackie

of Shanghai, who had telegraphed for us, we had a very good room and bath reserved at the Hongkong Hotel, the best in the city. Many of our passengers had to scurry around and finally find refuge in inferior hotels. Through her conductor Kelley, who knows his business, Mrs. Chisholm had, as usual, first-class accommodations. We took a room and breakfast at \$18.00 per day and decided to eat the other two meals *à la carte* in the grill. George Delong had recommended our doing this and many others are doing the same. You cannot haggle about hotel prices these days; you are glad to take whatever you can get at the price asked.

Hongkong is a rocky island, rising steeply out of the sea to a high elevation, or "Peak" as it is called, and with only a limited amount of flat land from the shore to the beginning of the rise, which is ascended by a funicular railway to a height of nearly 1500 feet. The city itself is called Victoria, and all the business part, the Chinese part, and most of the European residence part, is on the flat; but some of the European residences, boarding houses, hotels and barracks are on the slope of the hill, along streets that follow the contour of the hills at different elevations. In this respect it reminds me of some of the Riviera cities. After lunch we joined forces with Mrs. Chisholm and went up to the top of the peak, from which there is a glorious view of Hongkong—or rather Victoria—and its harbor on one side, and the water and other smaller islands on the other. The English concession extends to Kowloon, on the mainland opposite Hongkong, where the ocean steamers dock.

Being Sunday, the foreign shops were closed but not so the Chinese. Besides this, as in other parts of the Orient, native tailors come up to the rooms, with samples and offers of services. Nellie got into action at once, with two sets of natives, for tropical clothes, and I followed suit the next day. The experience was very trying, for these people take your clothes as patterns and try to copy them, but have to fit and alter a dozen times, running back and forth, until you are worn out. However I think Nellie has about what she wants, but I only have three suits of wash clothes, where I should have had ten, according to everyone we meet. We are going to spend several weeks, practically on the equator, and only the very lightest clothes can be worn and these must be changed and washed frequently. I shall have to get along as best I can with what I have. My pongee suit cost \$22.00 and my two white linen ones \$10.00 apiece. I have also got two white serge dinner jackets, with silk facings, unlined, for \$21.00 apiece. These are worn for dinner with black trousers and a black silk belt—no waistcoat.

HONGKONG, Week Ending January 3, 1920.

There is very little sightseeing to do in Hongkong and our time was considerably taken up with getting clothes, so I will write up the week in a lump.

On Monday we received through Cook's the cable wishing us a Merry Christmas from Winslows, Oxnard, Spragues and Louie, and asking for our itinerary after leaving here. On looking back I see that it was only on December 13th, from Shanghai, that I mailed the diary telling about having secured passage for Singapore on the "Kashgar", so the family was entirely in the dark as to our movements. We cabled reply through Cook's in San Francisco as follows: "Oxnard thanks love both well—leaving for Singapore fourth practically original itinerary". I hope that you will understand that we mean to follow practically the original itinerary that you all have copy of. Some little changes will occur but our mail schedule will not be altered.

I had a letter from Walter Gibson for the agents here of the Java line from

Europe to the Orient. Through them we secured accommodations from Batavia, January 31st, via Singapore to Colombo, Ceylon, which we prefer to the uncertainty of accommodations from Penang to Colombo, as per original schedule, but it will bring us to Colombo just about on time and make no difference about mail from home. We also tried through the same channel to get a cabin by the Dutch steamer from Colombo to Genoa, but were unsuccessful. We did this because Cook's has not yet got accommodations from Bombay to Suez.

We had expected, from what Stokes said in San Francisco, that Cook's office here could route us through the balance of our trip the same as up to date, but Cook's has no agent in Singapore or Java and we are thrown on our own resources, except as to getting the Bombay steamer. We have therefore, at Mrs. Chisholm's suggestion, decided to travel together as long as may be mutually agreeable and employ her conductor to act for us in the same capacity. We think this will work to our advantage and it is a great relief to Mrs. Chisholm, who dreaded going any further with only a conductor and maid. It will save me a lot of trouble and anxiety if it works all right, and if it doesn't we can part company at any time.

On Monday, Nellie and I took a motor drive almost around Hongkong that we enjoyed immensely. The roads are ideal and the marine views remind one of the Riviera.

On the night of the 30th, we, with Mrs. Chisholm and party, took the night boat for Canton. The cabin was very comfortable and we arrived at 6:30 a. m. We went to the hotel which was damp, cold and poor, and engaged rooms intending to spend the night, but later decided to return to Hongkong by the afternoon boat, as we saw everything in the one day.

We took chairs with three coolies each and in the forenoon did the slums and one or two temples. It was cold and I was glad to have a rug to cover my legs.

We had heard so much about the dirt and smells of Canton, that we were surprised to find it about the same as the slums of the other Oriental cities that we had visited in Japan and China. In the afternoon, we visited the shopping districts but the prices of the jade, lacquer, silk, embroideries, etc., were so outrageously high that the ladies bought practically nothing. There is no such thing as getting bargains in China any more. Everything is on the basis of silver and, as this has gone up three fold in the last generation as compared with gold, the silver countries are more expensive to live in than those on a gold basis. How different from the days when Bryan said on this subject: "They shall not press upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns, they shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold".

We went to the boat about 4:30 and from then till dark we watched the river life—the hundreds of junks of all sizes upon which people are born, live and die, hardly ever going ashore—propelled mostly by sculling, in which men, women and children take part, the women, often with babies strapped on their backs, seemingly doing the major share.

We got back to the Hongkong Hotel at midnight. On the trip a young Chinese woman jumped overboard and was drowned, driven to despair by accusations of unfaithfulness made by her husband. Human nature is not very different east or west, only the superficial form of civilization varies.

Nellie has bought a set of Canton ware table China that is most attractive and which, when ready, will be shipped by the American Express Company.

I called upon Mr. Ross Thompson and presented his wife's letter of intro-

duction. I was anxious to visit the sugar refinery of his firm, Butterfield, Swire & Company. He received me very courteously but regretted that it was against the rules of the Company to allow anyone to visit the refinery.

On Saturday I called up Sir Paul Chater to know if I could call to present Schwerin's letter and see his wonderful collection of porcelains. He and Lady Chater were going off on a picnic that afternoon, but they stopped in at the hotel to see us and try to arrange some other meeting. As our steamer leaves in the morning this was impossible. He courteously reproached us for having waited until our last day to present our letter, as Schwerin had written him about us and he wanted us very much to see his collection. We also are sorry that we waited so long as they seem unusually nice people.

We called in Doctor Marriott, one of the best physicians here, and consulted him about taking the typhoid serum. He impressed us very favorably and we were glad to follow his advice which was against taking the serum, as one becomes much less susceptible to typhoid after a certain age. This was practically what Dr. Ransome of Shanghai had told us. So now that is off our minds.

The "Kashgar" sails at noon tomorrow, January 4th, from Kowloon on the mainland, but the hotel launch leaves at ten.

I shall mail this diary and it will be the last installment to go via the Pacific. From Singapore onward, the mails will go to America via Europe.

Our heartfelt wishes for a Happy New Year go to all who may read this.

Mailed at Hongkong, January 4, 1920.

Received at San Francisco, California, February 2, 1920.

HONGKONG, SUNDAY, January 4, 1920.

The "Kashgar" steamed off at 12:30 p. m., and the view of the city and the surrounding islands and channels was very enjoyable. We have a very fair cabin, upper and lower berth, with room for two steamer trunks and our smaller baggage. This second steamer trunk we bought in Hongkong to take care of the new clothes we had made here. It is a very good light fiber trunk, cost \$45.00, far superior to the one we bought in Vancouver for \$18.00. It is a question how long this latter will hold out. We had to have the tray all put together again here. This makes an awful lot of baggage but we must carry clothes for both hot and cold weather.

We are told that in the hotels in Java, the beds are made up, unless by special request, with only the lower sheet, and one sleeps on top of this without any covering but with a long bolster, called a Dutch housewife, not for the head but for placing between the knees to keep cool. That is the custom in Singapore also.

Speaking again of Canton, a man who speaks Chinese told me that he once came across a vendor there who had exposed on his table for sale a dead cat. He asked—"What in the world would any one buy a dead cat for?"—"Sir", replied the Chinaman, "I do not know, and that side of the question does not interest me. I am selling the cat, not buying him".

We have a strong north wind following us and this, while making the ship roll considerably, is driving her ahead at a great rate. We had been fearful that we would not make connection with the Dutch packet leaving Singapore on Friday for Batavia, which would probably have left us in Singapore until the following Friday. But now if this weather holds we will reach Singapore Thursday. The ship logs about 350 miles per day in ordinary weather.

The Steward's department is manned by Portuguese Malays, and the crew is composed of Lascars. The room service is willing but inefficient, while the dining room stewards are particularly poor. They make mistakes both of omission and commission all through the meal, which is served in courses, without any option of running ahead of schedule—regular European table d'hôte style. The cooking is very mediocre and there is no chance of getting back any of the weight we lost during the 'flu' in Peking. Nellie does not regret this.

S. S. KASHGAR, AT SEA, January 5, 6 and 7, 1920.

Weather continues favorable and the trip proceeds without incident. The first two days were rather cool, but on Wednesday the 7th it became muggy and sticky, with the thermometer 76 to 78 degrees in the cabin.

Mrs. Chisholm is very particular about all her surroundings and is not at all satisfied with her cabin or the service. She is most charming and courteous toward us. Her maid, Jessie Archibald, lived seven years in Paris with an American lady and knows the Riviera well. She has also travelled quite extensively with Mrs. Chisholm in the years that she has been with her. Mrs. C's travelling rug is of the Chisholm plaid, her husband's father having come from near Inverness.

We have scraped up a poor but very welcome fourth at bridge. Mrs. Wayne Campbell, an English lady, travelling from Vancouver to England, her home, with her second husband, a Canadian. She has lived in India for years, and has grown up children by her first marriage in England. Her son served as an English officer in France. There is also on board a New York Surgeon, Doctor Fuller, with wife, two sons and a daughter (grown ups). He is a specialist of some note as a genito-urinary surgeon. Professor at Columbia but now retired and travelling around the world. A very agreeable man. One of the sons is a surgeon and while in Nikko had to operate on his own brother for appendicitis.

The first day we ordered a cocktail and it was made without ice. In answer to our complaint the barkeeper said it was too cold in Hongkong to use ice. We have finally taught him to make a sort of Bronx, with rum instead of gin, that quite suits us.

Nellie has put in part of her time in pasting photographs into our book. They are colored and uncolored; some very artistic, from Japan, down to postal cards and my own efforts with a camera. These latter are very small and on the whole not as satisfactory as the purchased ones.

After leaving Singapore, this ship takes six weeks to get to England and I am afraid there will be a long interval between the receipt in San Francisco of this letter and of the last one from Hongkong. I am also afraid that we will have a long wait for letters from home, that are routed via Europe.

S. S. KASHGAR, AT SEA, THURSDAY, January 8, 1920.

The weather has been overcast all through the trip but the sun is trying to break out today. We expect to reach Singapore shortly after lunch, so I will get this letter ready for mailing by the first opportunity. We are both well and looking forward to Java. Mr. Kelley advises that if we can get steamer accommodations we should follow our original plan and go back to Singapore, then to Rangoon, Burmah, and from there to Calcutta. This would mean seeing India before Ceylon. The advantages are that the weather in March is more agreeable in Ceylon than on the Continent of India. Also that the greatest congestion for steamship passage to Europe is at Bombay, which we could always reach in about two days from Colombo, if it happens that Cook's get our book-

ing from there. As he has been to India a dozen times we will probably follow his advice and have our Colombo mail forwarded to us according to our itinerary as it develops.

Mailed from Singapore, January 8, 1920.

Received at San Francisco, California, February 16, 1920.

SINGAPORE, THURSDAY, January 8, 1920.

We landed after lunch and went to Raffles Hotel, to which Kelley had cabled for accommodations. The room assigned to us was said to have just been vacated, but the dust and dirt proclaimed it, to the expert eye of Mrs. O, as not having been occupied for some time. This was confirmed by the fact that it was dismantled, i.e., no sheets on beds and no mosquito nets, and dust on all the furniture. I went to the management and was confronted with the statement that they could have rented this room twenty times if they had not reserved it for us and that it was all they had absolutely. This bluffed me right out but not so Mrs. O. She went and gave the manager a "piece of her mind" with the result that we soon had three coolies washing the floor, dusting the furniture, putting up the mosquito nets and making the beds. The latter with only the under sheet, the pillows and the Dutch housewife already described. By special request we each secured a second sheet to spread over us.

We were delayed in landing by a hard tropical shower of rain, and it rains in Singapore (70 miles from the Equator) according to the guide book, 220 days out of the 365. The sky was cloudy all the time we were there and consequently we did not suffer from the heat. It is very attractive, well kept and prosperous looking. Except politically, the Chinese are the dominant element in the population. They not only do most of the hard work but there are many millionaires among them. There was a wild boom in the rubber planting industry, not only here but in the Dutch East Indies, a few years back, when it was discovered that the Brazilian Para rubber tree lent itself admirably to commercial planting, and this entirely displaced the native rubber tree. I believe that this resulted in over-production and a flattening out of the boom at that time, but since then the war and the development of the automobile have sent prices skyward again and planting is once more going on actively.

We took two automobile drives Thursday afternoon and Friday morning. We went all over the town; along the shore; to the Governor's residence gardens; the botanical garden; the fashionable out of town residence district, in which many places belong to Chinese; and a plantation belonging to a Chinaman, where we saw the process of gathering the rubber sap by tapping the trees, and the subsequent treatment to put it in merchantable shape. The owner had also gathered there as a matter of curiosity, the trees and bushes that bear such tropical products as indigo, pepper, cinnamon, clove, hemp, etc., and fruits like rambutan (which looks on the outside like a red chestnut burr), mangosteen (delicious), etc.

We went to the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank to ask for mail and to draw some money. There was no mail and I drew some local money and some Dutch guilders.

We have so far since the day we started from home handled the American dollar, the Canadian dollar, Japanese yen, Korean yen (a slight discount), North China dollar, Shanghai dollar, Philippine peso, Hongkong dollar, Straits Settlement dollar and Dutch or Javanese guilder—ten different kinds of money.

We have passed out of the region of the bath tub as known at home. In Singapore and Java a bath means a big tub of water and a dipper. You stand

on the floor and after soaping yourself you splash water over your body and let it go at that; no soaking.

SINGAPORE, FRIDAY, January 9, 1920.

In the morning we took the drive described above and then went to the packet office to take up our tickets by the S. S. "Melchior Treub". To get these we had to present a permit from the Dutch Immigration Bureau, that has an office here for that purpose, and the visa of the Singapore police on our passports. I must mention here that our passports are in such constant request and so plastered with visas and permits, that it is hard to find room to put on any more. This is a relic of the war regulations.

Among the things that we saw this morning was a Chinese Buddhist temple, that was interesting even to our jaded temple appetite. The painted carvings on Monolith columns of stone were very fine and there were a number of Buddhas of heroic size, made in Italy from Carrara marble; also some lanterns of carved wood, gilded, with glass sides painted with Chinese designs, that interested Nellie very much. The temple was built twenty years ago at a cost of \$10,000,000 U. S. money, contributed by the wealthy Chinese of the Malay peninsula.

After lunch, having some time at our disposal before going to the boat, Nellie and I took rickshaws and went into the native and poorer Chinese quarters, where we witnessed part of a Chinese entertainment in the open air theatre. Then we went down to the boat, which sailed shortly after five on its 40-hour journey to Batavia. Our cabin is rather small and pretty well filled up with our baggage. However the berths are two lowers at right angles to each other. They have the Dutch wife bolster but I don't think there will be room for both of us in the narrow bed—either my Dutch wife or I will have to sleep on the floor.

The steamer looks more like a river boat than an ocean going craft, as the passage from Singapore to Java is under the lee of Sumatra and in fact much of it in a narrow strait between Sumatra and Banka, where the shore can be seen on either side. The crowd is heterogeneous but the atmosphere is Dutch, and beer flows freely in the main saloon. I was disappointed in the quality but not to the point of refusing to drink it. The table is distinctly better than on the P. & O. liner "Kashgar". The same routine table d'hôte service and the Malay waiters blissfully ignorant of English. These same Malays do all the service and when not engaged, squat around on the deck, or sleep in the hallways in front of the cabins. The bath is of the local variety but I found it quite refreshing.

We acquired in Hongkong two steamer chairs and now, when I check up, I have to count twelve pieces of baggage, large and small.

S. S. MELCHIOR TREUB, AT SEA, SATURDAY, January 10, 1920.

The sea is as calm as a mill pond and we will get to Tandjong Priok, the port of Batavia, in the early morning of tomorrow. We have a small table for four, at which Mrs. Chisholm and Mr. Kelly sit with us. The time passes quickly, reading guide books and talking and playing bridge. The weather is delightful and I feel perfectly comfortable in my white drill suit, consisting of trousers and a jacket, buttoned up to the neck, and worn without a shirt. Nellie has on a cotton voile with blue polka dots on a white ground, with white bands on neck and wrist and with little frills in white, made of the voile. The above description has been dictated to me by Mrs. Chisholm, who is sitting alongside of me and wants me to add that Nellie looks very well in the dress. It was made by a Chinaman in Hongkong and cost \$16.00.

CHAPTER VI.

Java and Sumatra



BATAVIA, JAVA, SUNDAY, January 11, 1920.

Called at 5:20 a. m. and as usual wasted a lot of time, not getting off the boat at Tandjong Priok before 8:30. While Kelley, the maid and the native guide wrestled with the baggage and custom house, Mrs. Chisholm, Nellie and I went by motor about nine miles to Batavia to see about hotel accommodations, as the Hotel des Indes had disappointed us. We got crowded accommodations at the Hotel Nederland but Mrs. Chisholm was so dissatisfied that finally Kelley got her into the Indes about five o'clock. This left us with plenty of room, but we are in a kind of cottage two or three hundred yards from the dining room. As it rained hard most of the day we had to walk to meals along a covered alley back of the rooms,—dirty, smelly and filled with the private native servants of the guests, doing washing, serving meals, etc. Kelley is trying to get us into the Indes, but unless he succeeds soon it will not be worth while to move, as we do not expect to stay long in Batavia, where there is little to interest the tourist.

BATAVIA, MONDAY, January 12, 1920.

Raining hard most of the forenoon. When it let up we motored to the bank to draw money and get mail—none of the latter. Then I presented some letters and got our passports extended by the American Consul. This has to be done every six months and our passports are dated July 24, 1919. We drove around the city and I bought a cork helmet hat. We saw Mr. Kelley, who reports Mrs. Chisholm confined to her bed and talking of giving up trying to get to Europe.

BATAVIA, TUESDAY, January 13, 1920.

Raining intermittently all day. Sometimes hard, sometimes only a drizzle. It is the Dutch custom to close up business for lunch, then take a siesta and only reopen at varying hours according to the business, from two to five. A stranger cannot tell, except by enquiring, the business hours of any particular firm or shop. An enquiry from the very wooden management of the Nederland Hotel generally brings misinformation. We went twice to see the museum on their information, once at two and again at five, to find it closed at those hours on Tuesday. So we must wait for our return to see it. Between showers, I presented some letters of Will Taylor but did not connect with his man, who is away. I got our passports viséd for Ceylon and got from the touring bureau an itinerary for our trip through Java, until our departure by the "Grotius" for Colombo, January 31st.

We found that the cabin reserved for us through Walter Gibson's friend in Hongkong was an excellent one, but they had not been able to do well for Mrs. Chisholm and so she is not going to take it, but will go back to Singapore and get to India that way. In fact, the other day when she felt sick, she thought of giving up India and returning home by Japan. At all events we have dispensed with Mr. Kelley's services and now we have to paddle our own canoe.

This being the rainy season everything in the way of clothes, shoes, etc., gets mouldy on the slightest provocation. The storage room of the hotel was so damp that we arranged to have most of our trunks stored elsewhere until our return. We will only take a steamer trunk and two valises for our inland trip.

There is, here in Batavia, a Bureau, centrally located, kept open for the travelling public and presided over by a Mr. Wymenga, one of the most efficient, as well as obliging and amiable men that I have met. He arranged our travelling schedule, gave us valuable information and letters, and went so far as to store, without charge, all of our big baggage in the large main office of his Bureau,

as he could not recommend any other storage place where dampness might not injure our belongings. He was kindness itself, and I am glad to put down here my appreciation of his treatment.

We will arrive back in Batavia January 29th p. m., and sail at noon of the 31st, but even for that short time we have arranged to go to the Hotel des Indes.

BATAVIA, WEDNESDAY, AND BUITENZORG, THURSDAY,
January 14-15, 1920.

Raining hard off and on and very hot between showers. It is only the last two days that we have realized we were in the tropics. We are anxious to get out of Batavia into the higher country.

We took the 2:17 p. m. train and arrived at Buitenzorg (elevation 800 to 900 feet) about 3:30, going straight to the Bellevue Hotel. We had rooms opening onto a back piazza with a most gorgeous view of Mt. Salak, across green fields with many coconut groves, between which flows the Yisadane River, one of the very finest views that I have seen. A touch of local color is given by the native women, who crowd the banks of the river to wash their clothes, which they do standing knee deep in the water and pounding the clothes on the stones of the banks. There is hardly a minute of the day when this is not going on. Also crowds of naked children bathe and play in the swift running current. The river is only waist deep in the center.

Buitenzorg is the official residence of the Governor General of the Dutch East Indies, and many of the official departments are located there. It is consequently a small city inhabited mostly by Europeans (about 25,000). Its principal title to fame is the Botanical Gardens of 150 acres, said to be the finest in the world. We walked through them for an hour, but very superficially, on Thursday morning. Admired the Victoria Regia water lily, now in bloom, etc.

We were met here by a native guide called Siman, highly recommended, who will accompany us on our trip. He was guide to Governor Harrison during his recent stay here, partly as the guest of the Governor General. By the way, Harrison had been as good as his word and had cabled that I was coming. So the Secretary of the Colonies told me, but although the Governor desired to see me it could not be arranged for Thursday, our only day, and so it was understood that I should notify him when I returned from our trip. This I shall not do and so the incident ends without our hobnobbing with his excellency.

The weather here is delightfully cool compared with Batavia and there are light woolen blankets at the foot of the bed. This morning at half past six the view of the mountain and valley was a glory. Unfortunately it rains a good deal and we were caught both in the carriage and the motor drive that we took.

This is a small hotel, but very neatly and well kept. The cook is a Frenchman and the food is well seasoned.

In Java they make a very strong coffee, almost like an essence, and serve it cold, to be used with hot milk. I don't mind it in the morning, but Nellie does not like hot milk instead of cream. For after dinner coffee, I get it stone cold.

We are leaving tomorrow (Friday) at 7 a. m. for Garoet (elevation over 2,000 feet), which we will reach at 2 p. m. We expect to spend four days there, as it is said to be the beauty spot of Java. If we did not have so much ground to cover, I would not object to staying a day or two longer here, in front of that beautiful view. The Botanical Gardens would also repay a longer inspection.

I hope that either at Batavia on our return, or at Singapore, where we touch on our way to Ceylon, I will find the duplicating letter heads that I asked Miss Slusher to send me, as I am using my last book and I would be disappointed not to be able to keep a copy of this diary, to which I devote considerable time.

Mailed at Buitenzorg, January 15, 1920.

Received at San Francisco, March 2, 1920.

BITENZORG, FRIDAY, January 16, 1920.

Took the 7:12 a. m. train under the guidance of Siman and had the first-class compartment to ourselves. The road runs along the ridges of the hills and the views are very fine, but the roadbed is rough and we are so shaken up at times that it is impossible to read. We changed cars once on the way. Had lunch in the diner, which was very fair, including some canned apricots of the Del Monte brand.

The Island of Java is only about 650 miles long and 80 miles broad, and the railroads are only run during the day time. The express trains generally start in the early morning and arrive at destination in the early afternoon to avoid the hottest hours. It consequently takes two days to go from Batavia in the West to Surabaya in the East, the two principal cities of Java. The fare is about 4½ cents per mile first-class, 3 cents second and 1½ cents third.

We pay Siman 3 florins or guilders (\$1.20) per day, plus one florin for his food and the third-class railroad fare. He speaks very indifferent English, but is an experienced guide (27 years) and not above doing the work of a servant, like sending out the laundry, etc. He even washed some of our clothes himself.

We find everything cheaper in Java than we have been accustomed to elsewhere on the trip, except automobiles.

We are stopping at the Hotel Papandajan (j pronounced like y) and have two rooms with a porch, very comfortable, for 20 florins per day (\$8.00) for both, including meals of excellent quality, which is very cheap. It is the best hotel that we have found in Java, so far, being most efficiently run—prepare for a shock—by a German. It has regular bath tubs with hot and cold water, but in the bath rooms are also the tank and dipper for those whom habit has taught to prefer that system. We found no private baths in most of the hotels of Java.

Garoet is a small and primitive town, a mountain resort and the center for excursions to various points of interest in the way of lakes, springs, volcanoes, etc. The roads are excellently kept up by the government and the views as you travel along them are a great part of the enjoyment.

The Dutch government, whatever may have been its severity toward the natives in the past, resulting in several bad insurrections, is now trying to develop the country along lines equitable to them, in the way of education, both literary and technical; land and agricultural credit banks; official pawn shops, etc. It has done away with forced labor, except in some of the less developed islands, where life is so easy for the natives that they will not work even for pay. Consequently their labor is commandeered for building and keeping up roads and for emergency work.

In the course of the development of the country the Government has itself gone into the production or manufacture of different agricultural products, such as sugar, coffee, etc., by compulsory farming on the part of the natives; but as fast as practicable it has withdrawn in favor of private enterprise. Though the natives undoubtedly suffered from this high handed policy, it is also a fact that

but for this, the country would never have been developed, and the natives would never have learned to work. The industry of coffee growing is the only one in which the government is still interested, side by side with private undertakings.

Sugar is the most important export product of the Dutch East Indies, but of course the main product by far is rice, the chief food of the natives. Along the railroad we saw practically nothing but rice fields, terraced right up along the slopes of the hills, as well as in the valleys, all under irrigation and in a beautiful state of cultivation, every weed being taken out by hand labor, largely of women. Indian corn is also largely cultivated as a secondary native food.

To show what a tropical agricultural paradise these Dutch East Indies are, it is only necessary to give a list of their products, actually grown and capable of indefinite expansion. Sugar, coffee, tea, tobacco, quinine, rubber, coconuts, rice, corn, plantains and bananas, tapioca, sago, peanuts, indigo, pepper, etc., etc. Also a wide range of tropical fruits.

As also showing how much and how hard it rains here, the native huts that line the right of way of the railroad, surrounded by coconut palms, bananas and other trees, are made of a bamboo matting on a frame of poles, but are largely roofed with red tiles, instead of thatch, as in Japan, China and the Philippines.

In fact it rains so much and so hard here that it interferes a great deal with our enjoyment of the trips that we take, outside of the fact that it keeps all our clothes feeling damp and clammy.

We found Mrs. Chisholm and party here and she was overjoyed to see us. She deeply regrets that we cannot continue to travel in company for she gets very lonesome. But she is a sick woman and really ought to start right back home.

GAROET, SATURDAY, January 17, 1920.

We visited by motor this morning two beautiful little lakes within a few miles of the hotel; also some hot springs. We were pestered by beggar children, carrying flowers that they forced upon us. Along the road were a great many fish ponds, where the natives grow fish for sale. I believe there are several varieties but we only saw a species of sucker that seems to be able to live a long time in very little water and that not renewed. We also visited a native market place that was in full activity, that being the special day of the week for that particular village. These free market places are a feature of the land and a very good one. They consist of a row of sheds, well built and well kept, under which on one or more days of the week, according to the size of the place, the native products are brought by the sellers, and the buyers lay in their supplies for the day or the week. We saw exposed for sale everything from agricultural implements, dry goods, all kinds of food products including live goats, down to flower petals, herbs and roots for perfuming clothes. The younger portion of the population do not need the latter as they largely wear no clothes at all, and some of their elders get along with very little. The native women generally wear a sort of loose combing sack and a dress made of batik or native cloth. This is calico, covered with a pattern put on with colors mixed with hot wax, and fixed by some native process. The production of batik cloth is quite a large native industry. Some of it is very attractive and quite expensive.

GAROET, SUNDAY, January 18, 1920.

We decided not to visit any of the volcanoes, all of which necessitate a hard trip on horse back or in a sedan chair, but confine our further excursions to an automobile trip of several hours that carries us along the base of the moun-

tains, encircling the valley in which Garoet stands. We started at 7:00 a. m. taking a cold lunch from the hotel, and did not get back until after 3:00. The roads were in splendid order and the scenery is considered the finest in Java. It well repaid us but we saw nothing to compare with the grandeur of some of our California mountain trips. We were caught by a hard tropical shower but by putting up the curtains we kept perfectly dry. The car was a very comfortable Hupmobile and the charge \$50.00 for the day's excursion.

GAROET, MONDAY, January 19, 1920.

We had already decided to rest up today and take no long or hard trips. It was just as well for it rained all last night and most of today. When in the afternoon we went out for a short trip we had to turn back on account of rain. In Java, November, December, January and February are the wettest months—and May, June, July and August the driest. Hence we are here at the wrong time for tourists. In addition to that it rains more in this mountainous section than in the plains.

We went to the Government pawn shop, but in accordance with our expectation, though contrary to the guide book, there was nothing attractive to be seen there. The auction of unredeemed pledges takes place tomorrow. There was quite a crowd there to borrow and redeem. The pawn shop is quite an institution in native life. Our guide told us quite naturally, to show the good quality of a batik sarong or dress, that he owns one which he had pawned at times for 13 guilders (\$5.20). By the way, on many of the Malay Islands, the men wear a dress instead of trousers, but their coats differ from the women's—when they wear a coat. The laboring men are generally stripped to the waist, but the women cover their busts with a combing sack—which however is not infrequently left open.

The first day we arrived we found the Dr. Fuller party here, but they left the next day; Mrs. Chisholm went this morning—both parties for Djokja-Karta, whither we go in the morning.

GAROET, TUESDAY, January 20, 1920.

Started at 6:12 a. m. for Djokja-Karta, which is in the plains and is more than half way from Batavia to Surabaya. Arrived at 1:30 p. m. at the Grand Hotel, where we have what they call a pavilion—a kind of cottage consisting of a porch, two bed rooms and a private toilet room, the bath being of the tin dipper variety with only cold water.

We were so shaken that it gave Nellie a pain in her spine, and she was so worn out that she could take no lunch, except a cup of tea. Part of the discomfort of the train is owing to the leather covered seats being very slippery and with no way of bracing one's feet to keep from sliding.

We did not do anything this afternoon except to telephone to Mr. P. W. M. Trap, Manager of the Bantoel Sugar Factory about ten miles from here, to whom Mr. Wymenga has given me an introduction. I arranged to go out there tomorrow morning, leaving the hotel at seven—rather late for the tropics.

The hotel here is more citified but not as well kept, nor the table as good, as at Garoet.

We continue to be well pleased with our guide Siman. His baggage consists of a very small grip, a moderate sized roll and an umbrella (native paper kind). The roll holds his sleeping outfit and he spreads it out on our porch and sleeps there. He calls us with great exactitude in the morning. His appearance is comical in the extreme. He wears glasses and looks like a colored preacher,

with poor teeth; clad in a blue serge coat, a sarong or dress for his nether limbs, and a pair of leather sandals—no stockings or collar.

In Garoet I had myself made every evening before dinner (at 8:00 to 8:15) a sort of punch of Jamaica rum, limes and sugar, very cold, to which we had become quite attached. Nellie took no cocktail tonight but I had a vile concoction of vermouth, heavily charged with Angostura bitters. There is no rum in this hotel but I shall try tomorrow to make a whiskey punch.

DJOKJA-KARTA, WEDNESDAY, January 21, 1921.

A short auto drive took me in a half hour to Bantoel plantation where I was courteously received by Mr. Trap, a Dutch Engineer-Chemist, who after graduation spent a year in a beet factory in Holland and came here seventeen years ago. He has been manager for seven years, of all departments. His English is slow and measured but accurate. I spent about four hours with him in office, factory and field, and was much interested. Later in the day, through him, I called and spent an hour or two here with Mr. C. E. van der Zyl, of the branch sugar agricultural experiment station for this and the adjoining province, where about one-fourth of the sugar factories of Java are located. The rest are still further to the east and north, with Samarang and Surabaya as the commercial centers. The main sugar agricultural station is at Pasoeran near Surabaya, and the technical control laboratory is at Samarang on the north coast. These are part of the activities of the Association of Sugar Manufacturers of Java, to which almost all of the sugar companies belong. Their work is thoroughly and ably conducted, and all data and statistics are published and furnished to all members and to outsiders if properly vouched for. I expect to get their reports and will give them in return the Oxnard extraction statement that I have received lately.

I append some notes that I have made of my interviews as above, as they will interest some of our circle of readers, and the rest know how to skip. I hope the statements are accurate. They are as I understand them. I will ask Miss Slusher to write these notes so that they can be easily eliminated from the rest of the diary, and to send a copy of the sugar notes only to Messrs. Howe, Zitkowski, Noble and Barry.

Mailed from Djokja-Karta,
January 22, 1920.

Received at San Francisco,
March 16, 1920.

DJOKJA-KARTA, JAVA, January 21, 1920.

NOTES ON JAVA SUGAR INDUSTRY.

In Java no land can be owned by any one except natives. This applies to Dutch as well as other foreigners; also to half breeds. Fixity of tenure for permanent improvements by foreigners is provided by leases, non-revocable, with rentals revised every ten years.

In this province and the adjoining one the land all belongs to the native ruler, who rules, assisted nominally but controlled really, by the representative of the Dutch Government, called the Resident. The ruler leases an estate, (the average is about 4000 to 5000 acres) to a sugar company on varying terms. One of the obligations undertaken by the sugar company is that it must turn over for the term of the lease to the head men of the village or villages situated on the leasehold, one-fifth of the area leased for the use of the population; of the remainder, each villager receives a small piece that he is obliged to plant,

one-half in rice for his own or community account, and one-half in sugar cane, in alternate years. For his work in making the sugar crop under the orders and direction of the factory, the native is paid on an agreed scale based upon prevailing wages, which are about 14 cents U. S. gold per day, of about seven hours. The cane is taken standing and is cut and hauled by a factory gang. So the native has no interest in the size of his crop but is held strictly to proper performance of the work. Some estates are so thickly populated that there are five laborers to an acre; in others, less than one laborer per acre; yet they can with difficulty be made to migrate if they can scrape a living at home.

In the other provinces of Java, the land belongs to individual natives and has to be leased in the usual way, except that the Government intervenes to fix a minimum rent below which it cannot be leased, and also to set apart for rice and other cultures a proper proportion of the land for the maintenance of the population. Even so, Java is an importer of rice and just at present the Government is selling rice to the natives at a controlled price, below the market price.

The desirable lands for rice and sugar, with proper irrigation rights, are pretty well occupied, and the government is not issuing at present any more permits to erect sugar factories. The territory around here is oversupplied with factories and attempts have recently been made to buy up and dismantle certain factories, and divide the cane up among the others, but owing to the great profits being made just now, they have failed.

The land is rotated between rice and sugar each year. No ratoons are made. In the first place, with the cheap labor, it would not pay; and in the next place, it is an insurance against plant disease. About a generation ago, the Java sugar industry was nearly destroyed by a cane disease called "sereh", and to guard against recurrence of anything similar the following system has been evolved: The growing of seed cane, and commercial cane, are separate industries.

In the mountainous districts, where no cane diseases are known, seed cane is produced and sold to the sugar factories. An acre of this cane plants about ten acres of sugar factory nursery cane. This nursery cane is planted out of season and is about six months old when it is cut for seed, and plants about fifteen acres for one. It then ratoons for cutting the following year, but the thing goes no further. Mountain seed comes in every year.

One would think from all the above that no expansion of sugar production was possible in Java. Such is not the case. New and improved varieties of cane are being evolved with great success. One variety, D-28, only came out of the experimental fields five years ago, and already it occupies 28 percent of the factory cane fields, and, in two localities especially adapted to it, much more. It yields 15 percent more sugar per acre than the variety that was standard a few years ago.

In the culture of rice, the natives use to a great extent the water buffalo and Indian bulls (and also the cows), for plowing under water the thoroughly flooded and soaked fields with a plow, patterned after a forked stick; and to harrow the muddy clods with an implement like a big rake. Only one or two animals are used as the checked fields are small. The rice is sprouted in seed beds and planted out by hand, a couple of spears every ten or twelve inches each way; also kept absolutely free from weeds by hand.

But in cane culture everything is done by hand. First a small trench about a foot deep and 18 inches wide is dug by hand every $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and up to every five feet (according to each manager's views), right across the fields, the dirt

being thrown out on each side. Into the thoroughly loosened earth at the bottom a section of cane with two eyes is planted, and as it grows the earth is thrown back to it by hand gradually, until the usual ridge and furrow appearance of cane is produced. All weeding by hand implements.

Drainage, where cane fields alternate with rice fields that are flooded, is not an easy problem, but they have worked it out and their ditch system is excellent.

The average cost of making sugar in all the factories of Java, for the five years preceeding 1914, was about 1.75 cents per lb.

Mr. Trap told me he expected to make sugar this coming year for 2:36 cents. This is white granulated but not at all of our standard—coarse grained and off color. The selling price today is about 9½ cents for the next crop.

BANTOEL FACTORY.

Has a lease for 700 bowes—1225 acres of cane yearly, which produce on an average about 70,000 long tons cane; capacity of mill about 800 tons, or a campaign of three months; would like to work four months if cane available; has four mills and the top roller of the first one is grooved somewhat like a crusher; they had a Krajewski crusher but replaced it with the present installation; use the washings of the filter presses for maceration of bagasse.

Mill extraction from year to year—92% to 93%, and factory extraction 85% to 88%, making a total sugar extraction of 80%; which gives him 10% to 11% sugar in the bag. From a general table, I saw that the purity of Java juices runs by plantations from 87 down to 77; and purity of juices at Bantoel last year, from first mill to fourth mill, also from 87 to 77, average 85 degrees. The greatest factor in producing low purity juices is cane lying down; also, if they exceed about 450 pounds of sulphate ammonia per acre, it affects the purity.

Harvest entirely with portable track in fields, and the longest haul is three miles.

Have almost enough fuel with bagasse, but supplement with a little wood.

Use about 1¼ percent lime to cane in two carbonations, followed by a sulfitation; plate and frame presses for carbonations, but no filtration after sulfitation. Vertical lime kiln, and get 53 percent lime from rock. 2% to 2½% rise in purity from treatment of juices. Standard evaporators; one small single effect to regulate density of thick juice and to seed the strike pans as described later. Pans placed low on account of liability to earthquakes; discharge into crystallizers which, for the high goods, only serve as storage. Magma pumps from crystallizers to mixers; part of the centrifugals water driven; only object to them because water pumps make more exhaust than they can readily utilize; boil with exhaust, except two lower coils of pans; wash in centrifugals with water first, and then superheated steam. Sugar (coarse grained) dries without granulators.

Make three grades of sugar—A, B and C. A from thick juice; B grain with thick juice, then A machine syrups; C grain with thick juice, then B machine syrups of 60 degrees purity, then as long as possible (18 to 24 hours) in crystallizers. This is a very fine grain, but is washed to a white and used as seed for A and B pans. If any excess, remelt it. Molasses 31 to 32 purity.

Another feature of this work is that they pass all their sugars through the centrifugals twice. The first time without washing; and then make a new magma with some appropriate product, machine again and wash. They say

they do this to avoid excessive washing and dilution. Has only 26 centrifugal machines but is putting in more as according to Java standards he should have 36. Uses ultramarine.

Has 300 men on factory pay roll; men cheaper than labor-saving machinery. Lowest grade labor 14 cents American gold per day. I saw a machinist's helper working on some brasses; he got 32 cents per day. Only six Europeans on factory pay roll.

This is an old factory, first started in 1860. I don't know how much of the old machinery is left. The manager seems to get good results for what he has to work with.

The Java technical association dividies the sugar mills into four classes. "A", crusher and four mills; "B", crusher and three mills; "C", four mills without crusher; "D", three mills without crusher. A standard is worked out for each class and a percentage rating given to each factory according to its class. This puts all the managers on an equality, whatever tools they may have to work with.

The Bantoel factory made over $5\frac{1}{2}$ tons sugar per acre last year, and expects over six this year. The average of Java is over four tons from cane cut every year, while Hawaii, on an average, hardly cuts its cane under eighteen months old.

Mailed from Djokja-Karta, Java,
January 22, 1920.

Received at San Francisco,
March 16, 1920.

DJOKJA-KARTA, THURSDAY, January 22, 1920.

Nellie's birthday was the 20th but I did not remember it until the next day, an omission, as I told her, of the head and not of the heart. We little expected on her last birthday that the following one would be celebrated in Djokja-Karta, Java.

Travelling steadily and fast is hard work, or at least we sometimes feel it so, but it is intensely interesting and after we get back home I am sure that the memory of the discomforts will fade away, and leave only the pleasurable incidents to look back upon. One great thing is that we are both keeping perfectly well.

I will finish up the subject of sugar production by describing a visit that I made from here to Samarang, on the north coast, right across the Island, about one hundred miles, starting at 6:35 a. m. Friday, January 23, and arriving a little after ten. Nellie remained in Djokja. I was back in the hotel at 6:30 p. m.

I went with letters to Mr. F. W. Bolk, Director of the Technical (Engineering) Department of the Association of Java Sugar Factories, and to Mr. Ruben Koning, the lawyer who represents the association of industrial companies that rent land in the two provinces of Djokja-Karta and Sura-Karta, where the two native princes own all the land, as distinct from the other provinces of Java.

In a general way my interviews showed that while the information I had previously obtained might not be one hundred percent correct, it was practically so. For example, there are slight exceptions to the statements that all seed cane is grown outside of the plantations and that there is no ratooning in Java.

The "Association of Sugar Manufacturers of Java", in its industrial and agricultural experiment stations and other activities, spends about a million

florins per year, and although this only amounts to about 25 cents to 30 cents American gold per ton of sugar, and the benefits are very great, there is some criticism on the score of extravagance. However, almost all factories are members, even though some few will not take the trouble to make the proper checks and measurements to get the full benefit of the central control, and some few also refuse to publish figures. Still the reports I was given cover 143 factories out of about 160. These reports are published in English also, for exchange with other individuals and organizations.

In Samarang, in a suburb just outside of the city, the Association has large grounds, with two large, adjoining stone buildings of one story, for the Technical (Engineering) and the Chemical controls. The Technical employs eight engineers, twenty other white clerks and nearly one hundred natives. The Chemical not so many unskilled employees. Adjoining the Technical at the back, they are building a factory for experimenting on a large scale; with three mills of 36 x 30 inch rolls, a vacuum pan (apparently 8 feet), etc., etc. All the employees, including natives, are suitably housed on the grounds.

The control exercised by the Engineering Department ends after the mill work, when the mixed thin juice is controlled to the end by the chemists. This necessarily cannot apply to the machinery proper and the Engineering Department has furnished Bantoel factory with the drawings, after its own plans, for the enlargement and rebuilding of the boiler house that I saw going on. The Director of the Chemical Department was out so I could not meet him.

The Station recommends carbonation for making whites, although the figures of purification, yields and final molasses test do not show any advantage. The quality of the sugar does. They also strongly uphold the universal practice of two centrifugalings; the first without washing, as a better way of separating the green and wash syrups than by change of gutters as we do, and worth the expense for the effect on quality of sugar.

Their mill extraction to weight of cane is inferior to Hawaii, for two reasons: First, their cane on an average contains more fibre; and second, they dare not screw down their mills too tight for fear of breakage, owing to the difficulty of replacing, as their machinery all comes from Europe. This has been a compelling reason since the war.

Owing to this greater fibre content, the bagasse is practically sufficient for fuel. Wood, the other fuel used when necessary, only costs for the Java factories as a whole, about 35 cents per ton of sugar.

Mr. Ruben Koning told me that after next campaign, the system of land leases was to be changed in the two "native prince" provinces, in that the natives would no longer be compelled to grow cane on the leased land. This would mean a rise in wages. But these provinces would still offer to the factories the advantage of long leases, as against a yearly renewal of leases compelled by law in other parts of Java, where the land is generally owned in small parcels and in a combination of individual ownership, with village community control.

I have stated to technicians here, my surprise that the cost of making sugar, under their conditions, was as high as 1¾ cents per pound in pre-war times. The only explanation offered was that planting afresh every year was expensive. The people I have met have not been authorized to give me their figures of cost, but I am going to try to get these in exchange for the figures of our costs, as we publish these in our annual statements in any case.

Speaking again of future increase in production, I was told that the amount of irrigation water available for sugar cane was the limiting factor and that the government was working toward a stricter and more scientific control of irrigation, to make the water go further.

I found no great optimism as to the future of the industry when prices return to normal. I was surprised at this as conditions appear to me ideal. They say that in the years previous to the war profits were not large, and there is great hostility among the natives to the sugar industry, which they hold responsible for the scarcity of rice. This is ridiculous for the Island taken as a whole. There are less than 400,000 acres of cane raised yearly, as against 6,000,000 to 7,000,000 acres of rice. But the tendency is strongly in the direction of giving the natives the management of their own local affairs and this animosity is disquieting.

As to expansion in other Islands than Java the outlook is poor. Sumatra is where conditions would seem most favorable but for the fact that, being exactly on the equator, the two seasonal trade winds or monsoons are absent. These seasonal winds are what make for a marked difference between the wet and the dry seasons, necessary to successful sugar production.

The sugar campaign in Java, coincides with the dry season, May to August.

I shall not attempt to visit any more plantations. The Java mills in general are not as modern as those I have seen in Hawaii, Cuba and the Philippines. It is more the agriculture and the general outlook that interests me. As railroad travel is very uncomfortable, we will not go further east to Surabaya but will retrace our steps by way of Garoet and Buitenzorg to Batavia, whence we sail on the 31st. This is against our original plan of returning by steamer from Surabaya to Batavia.

As I read these notes over I am reminded to add that, while Java has developed largely along the line of white sugar production, this is not because of the good quality of her product, but must be because her normal markets—India, China, Japan, etc., are not particular as to quality. It would require at least $\frac{1}{4}$ cent allowance to sell her sugar for direct consumption in the United States. Consequently Java is no criterion of what Cuba should or will do.

The final molasses is sold here partly for alcohol; partly to the natives for consumption; and partly for export to China, in almost solid form.

The famous D-28 variety of cane, by the way, is not a product of the experimental station here but was bred from a seedling, by a private individual.

N. S. O.

There is not much in Djokja proper to interest the sightseer. We drove around the walls that surround the palace of the Prince, but could not gain admission. The town is rather pretty and prosperous looking, and there are a number of new residences of the cottage style in the suburbs.

The Fuller party was here for a day or two and we went together one night to a tent theatre to see a native play. The performance was crude and not particularly interesting.

We started at seven o'clock, Thursday, 22d, from the hotel in Djokja by automobile to visit the Buddhist temple of Boroboedoer, which means "shrine of many Buddhas", at a distance of about twenty-five miles. It is a very picturesque ruin

built about a thousand years ago. It stands on an elevation, overlooking a beautiful valley where thousands of coconuts grow, and is a little over one hundred feet high. From a distance it looks squatty as the area covered by the base is much larger than the height; but it rises in galleries becoming smaller and smaller and is crowned on the top by a bell shaped tower. The wall of each gallery has bas-reliefs carved in the stone that the whole temple is built of and in the lower tiers there are niches for sitting forms of Buddhas. Many have been removed, others with heads and arms gone—but still there are many in good condition. We bought photographs and took some of this temple, which will be better understood than any written description.

From this temple we visited two others on the way back to Djokja—much smaller but very interesting.

In driving to and from the temples we passed several high mountains—one an active volcano; it is quite high and rising to a point at the top, with white smoke pouring out; the ideal formation of a volcano.

Djokja is the hottest place we have been to in the tropics and during the middle of the day it is almost impossible to go out, but the late afternoon is fairly cool and the nights are comfortable. Travelling in the trains is so uncomfortable that we did not go to Tosari or Surabaya; so on Saturday morning (January 24th) at half past eleven, in the hottest possible weather we left on the train for Garoet, arriving there at a little after seven in the evening. We had a nice welcome from the proprietor and his bookkeeper, a woman born in Singapore and who speaks perfect English. She handed us our mail which had been sent from Batavia. We had had no mail for four weeks and I can tell you it was welcome. We had a very nice letter from Al, Minnie Chase, Ben, Edward Howe, Miss Slusber, the Argonaut and three Chronicles. I think we will get more mail when we reach Singapore on our way to Ceylon.

GAROET, SUNDAY, January 25, 1920.

We have the same rooms as before, which are quite satisfactory, and although not private, the bath arrangements are so good—foreign bath tubs with hot and cold water, exquisite cleanliness and several bath rooms—that we are well pleased with them. The German proprietor, A. Hacks, is certainly a hard worker and has to be a martinet to keep everything up so well in a slipshod, tropical country. He gets up at 4:30 a. m. and himself punches a time card at six o'clock for each one of his one hundred native employees. He is deservedly successful and has recently enlarged his hotel by acquiring one that stood next to his first venture. The British housekeeper-bookkeeper, Mrs. Gush, also is very efficient. Everything was ready for me to make my rum punch on arrival!

What is very expensive in this country is the automobile, and as we patronize them liberally, they cost us more than the board and lodging, which, both here and at Djokja, was only \$8.00 per day American plan for both of us. We did no sight seeing today, outside of a walk through the town. Of course it rained part of the day, but nothing like the deluge we encountered on our first visit. There is a Dutch barber who trimmed me up vry well. We put in considerable time, re-reading our letters and the papers received. I was intensely interested in, and very much pleased with, the statements and details of Savannah and can only hope that Ben can continue to steer his ship as successfully through the shoals of such an abnormal sugar situation as confronts him. I hope he will write frequently.

GAROET, MONDAY, January 26, 1920.

This morning after breakfast we went to Hotel Villa Pauline, about a

thousand feet higher, where one must leave the motor and take horses or chairs for the ascent to the crater of the volcano, if so minded—which we were not. The views of the valley were superb. On the way back we visited a very fine hotel and sanitarium, situated outside of the town and commanding a grand prospect,—much better in that respect than our hotel.

There is a trial going on in the town of the leaders in a riot last July, when the people resisted the taking over by the government of part of their rice crop at a fixed price; four natives were killed, including the head man of a village near here. There are soldiers in town, but everything is quiet.

I have had no massage since leaving Hongkong and because of this, and perhaps the dampness, the fingers of my left hand have resumed some of their stiffness. The improvement in the nervous tremor still holds, so I feel that it is a matter that can be readily controlled when I stop travelling so fast.

I wrote to Billy Newhall today. From the papers we saw that Mrs. Newhall was in San Francisco, so he must be back also. We are leaving tomorrow morning by motor for Buitenzorg.

The native women almost all chew a combination of betel nut, betel leaves, lime and a very hot vegetable gum. It makes their lips blood red. In middle Java they also chew tobacco, placing the quid between the gum and the lips, in a way that gradually deforms their mouths. At the best they are not a good looking race, both sexes being small and only a very few of the young girls attractive. The men seldom chew but smoke little cigarettes rolled of palm husks.

A great many peddlers come around our porch to sell batik sarongs or dresses and other articles, mostly trash. Also companies of boys come to play on the native bamboo instruments that by shaking give out a rather pleasing metallic sound, varying in tone according to the diameter of the bamboo. The peddlers are as persistent as flies.

Our guide, Siman, tells me that his little girl began to chew betel nut at four years of age. Bud must see to it that he does not get left behind!

CAROET, TUESDAY, January 27, 1920.

Started in the Hupmobile at 7:50 a. m. for Buitenzorg, via Bandoeng and Soekuboemi, where we had lunch, reaching the Hotel Bellevue about 4:00 p. m. The names of all these towns of course mean nothing to you all and I am putting them down more for our own future reference. They are towns of from ten to forty thousand inhabitants, with from one to five percent of Europeans, and five to ten percent of Chinese. These latter control the retail trade of the Islands and it is hard for the Government to protect the natives financially from this more hard-working, more intelligent and more energetic race, many of whom have been here for several generations. The authorities also dread the progressive influx of the Japanese, as they are more strictly excluded from the American and English possessions.

To anticipate a little, I had an audience in Buitenzorg with the Governor General of the Dutch East Indies, Maister Johan Graaf (Count) von Limburg Stirum, one of the great names of Holland. He is a man of forty-five to fifty, speaks English perfectly with an English accent, and is exceedingly intelligent, well informed and broad minded. He is not popular with the Europeans as favoring the natives too much. His government is just now confronted with a most serious problem. Outside of Java, in the other Islands, the natives do not produce rice in anything like adequate quantity, although it is their principal food. They have been accustomed to import the rice, mostly from Indo-China,

and export their native products. The pre-war price of rice was about 6 guilders per picul, but just at present the price has risen to 36 guilders, which is simply prohibitive. The government is trying to meet the situation by selling imported rice to them in small quantities at a loss and compelling them to mix it with other products like sago, tapioca, etc. This is causing a great deal of unrest and dissatisfaction. The Governor very properly thinks that wages are entirely too low in Java. He criticizes the sugar factories for their lack of interest in the welfare of the native laborers. He views with anxiety the large army and also navy program of Japan. When I told him that Japan had not the facility or means to compete with the United States in navy building, he answered: "I don't doubt your ability to build a large navy but what about manning it? How are you going to compete with the wages paid in industry in your country in getting the personnel of your navy. The cost will be stupendous." He says the English Admiral who visited him lately is quite concerned over the outlook. He was interested in hearing about Governor Harrison, but I had little to say. He wanted me to name a day when we could dine with him and the Countess but I had to tell him we were off next afternoon.

At the Hotel Bellevue we got the only suite of rooms with a private bath (native style) and as our porch looks out upon Mount Salak we are very well satisfied. I am in dire need of cooler clothes and as soon as we got in I sent for a Chinese tailor and ordered four white drill suits (coat and trousers) at \$7.60 each. This was at four thirty, and while we were at dinner he came around to try on the coat. He had promised them for four o'clock the next day and was as good as his word, but some alterations had to be made and I did not finally get them till next morning. They are not a Williams and Berg fit, but they do very well.

BUITENZORG, WEDNESDAY, January 28, 1920.

This was the day on which I called on the Governor General and also again on the Secretary of Agriculture, who has promised me all the figures of cost of making sugar here. I have also received the figures of the Bantoel factory from Mr. Trap. Therefore I will ask Miss Slusher to mail a copy of our last annual report to the following addresses:

J. Sibinga Mulder,

Director of Agricultural Department,
Buitenzorg, Java.

P. W. M. Trap,

Manager Sugar Factory Bantoel,
Djokja-Karta, Java.

As I remember, our annual statement gives our costs in detail, but if not, ask Mr. Howe to furnish you a statement for these people.

We also took a drive around the town in the cool of the evening. There is a strong wind blowing so there are no mosquitoes. Our native lady friends continue to wash themselves and their clothes at the same time in the river—also, indiscriminately, the table crockery.

BUITENZORG, THURSDAY, January 29, 1920.

At 7:45 a. m. we took an hour's walk in the botanical gardens and on the way back dropped into the zoological museum, which houses a very rich collection, almost exclusively of specimens from the Dutch East Indies. The collection

of monkeys, including the orangoutang, is particularly large; as also the snakes and the bats, the latter including the flying fox, which we saw also in the air, frequently. The larger animals, elephant, rhinoceros, wild buffalo, tiger and other cats, tapir, wild boar, etc., are still quite plentiful here and the government is protecting from extinction those that are not dangerous.

In the afternoon we took the train for Batavia, arriving at 6:15, and went to the Hotel des Indes, which is a great improvement on the Nederlanden. The climate however is much less cool and agreeable than that of the mountain country we have just left.

BATAVIA, FRIDAY, January 30, 1920.

Took a taxi and went down to the bank to draw some money and leave our forwarding address. I also stopped in at Francis Peek and Company to thank Mr. Mejia, manager of their sugar department, for some of the letters he had given me. He showed me a Willett and Gray cable of January 6th, quoting Cubas at 11 cents c & f, and one of January 12th, quoting 12 cents. I was just thunderstruck as Ben under date of November 24th, had quoted 8 cents and $8\frac{3}{8}$ cents f. o. b. I am wondering on what basis, if any, Ben has since sold refined against the large amount of long raws shown in his statement. If we were going to be stationary, I would be tempted to cable for this information, it is so full of possibilities.

Mr. Mejia told me that he had a brother in San Francisco who is a lawyer.

I found in a book store some duplicating letter heads similar to what I am using now and I bought two books, so as to be safe if I miss those from San Francisco.

We must repack our trunks and have them ready tonight to leave early in the morning for the port. We have been longer in Java than we really wanted to be and are quite ready to leave. In Ceylon we hope to learn something positive about our Bombay reservations.

Throughout our stay in Java, the mosquitoes were very annoying—or even worse. Strange to say, they were just as bad in the mountain country as in Batavia.

Mailed in Batavia, January 30, 1920.

Received in San Francisco, March 23, 1920.

BATAVIA, SATURDAY, January 31, 1920.

Our guide was off with the big baggage bright and early and we followed by motor at ten o'clock, to be sure of being on board the "Grotius" for her noon sailing. The port is only about eight miles from Batavia. We found our cabin very comfortable except that it is impossible to keep the port hole open, as one must, without one of the beds (two lowers) being in a strong draft. Nellie insisted on taking this, on the plea that she is less liable to take cold than I. This undoubtedly has been true in the past, but I feel that my tonsil operation has made me less subject to colds than I used to be. I get a little bronchial irritation from the sleeping conditions in these parts, and there it seems to stop. I must of course except the grippe cold in Peking, which was a distinct infection.

I go to bed here with only a sheet over me and pretty soon I feel cold, although my night clothes may be damp with perspiration. If I draw a coverlet over me then it gets unbearably hot, so that generally I sleep feeling cold. But I do not actually take cold, which is why I claim an improvement from my operation. Nellie always feels too warm.

I want to correct a statement I made about passenger railroad fares in

Java. They are: First-class, $4\frac{1}{2}$ cents; second class, 3 cents; third class, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cents per kilometer and not per mile. This makes a very high rate. I also notice that their freight box cars are mostly made of galvanized iron sheets, rivetted on a steel frame, with a slightly arched corrugated iron roof. This seems a very practical type for this country.

A universal feature of all the towns we motored through, big or little, is a public square or park called in Malay the "Aloon Aloon" and one side of which was practically always occupied by a Mahomedan mosque, generally of most modest appearance. Most of the natives wear a turban of figured calico (batik work) but many also the fez. Some, one on top of the other. Apparently ninety percent of the country population goes barefoot, not alone the coolies but the people of apparently middle class—they have never had a shoe on in all their lives and as a consequence their toes spread out fan shaped instead of being contracted by shoes.

On the "Grotius", the English speaking passengers were by request seated at table together, so we at once made the acquaintance of:

Mr. G. H. Jones, a young Irish tea taster of Calcutta:

Mr. L. Beling of New York, a native of Ceylon (Jones says a Eurasian) who is buying tea for his firm, members of the New York Coffee Exchange:

L. J. Struebig, wife and little girl of St. Louis (Assistant Chief Engineer of the Fulton Iron Works Company travelling through Java to sell sugar mills; so far unsuccessful but very hopeful of doing business when he gets to headquarters in Amsterdam, whither he is bound. He remembers perfectly the Adeline mill and is very fond of Louisiana:

F. J. Struben, wife and two boys; he is Dutch and after being manager of tobacco plantations near Djokja-Karta for seventeen years, is returning to Holland. He will leave his boys at school there with his mother, and then go straight to California to try to locate in some agricultural business there. They spent a vacation of three months there in 1918; bought a Hudson closed car, and, while making their headquarters in San Francisco (Frisco), toured all over the State and consider it the finest place on earth!

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Heyblom and baby. We have merely played bridge with them a couple of times.

Mr. R. Elzinga, a very pleasant young Dutchman—no particulars.

We also added to our circle (from Singapore) a young English woman, a war widow, by name Gabbertas, whose brother is in business in Singapore. She is going to England, where she will make up her mind finally as regards marrying a rich Singapore man, to whom she is engaged, but evidently with whom she is not much in love. She seems to have no secrets from Nellie and I would not be surprised if the other passengers also had her confidence and confidences.

To come back to our muttons, we parted with regret from our guide Siman, and sailed promptly at noon for a repetition, the reverse way, of our trip Singapore-Batavia. The same smooth sea and refreshing breeze. Sitting on deck, reading, eating (pretty well), playing bridge, sleeping, with a salt water bath once or twice a day for me. Thus passed January 31st and Sunday, February 1st and on—

SINGAPORE, MONDAY, February 2, 1920.

We arrived at Singapore early and docked about eight thirty. Mr. Kelley and David, the native guide, of Mrs. Chisholm's staff, were waiting for us at the dock (by Mrs. Chisholm's instructions) and took us up to Raffle's Hotel, where

we found her very much depressed and inclined to tears. She is suffering from bronchial catarrh, brought on by the sleeping conditions, that I have described above, and two young Singapore physicians want to inoculate her with an auto culture serum. Doctor Fuller has just arrived in Singapore and she is going to consult him before deciding. Kelley says that if he had a magic carpet and could transport her instantaneously back to New York, she would pay him one million dollars—but unfortunately he lacks the magic carpet. Meanwhile she is a pathetic object, travelling alone with Kelley and Jessie. We felt sincerely sorry to leave her under such circumstances. Until our steamer arrived, she had clung to the hope that there might be a cabin on her that she could get and join us again.

We went to the bank for mail and got a couple of letters. Nellie insisted there must be more and after a reluctant search, Marie's were produced. There was nothing from Sallie, and as we have not heard from her for a long time, we have a "feeling" that they may have held out from us one of her letters. What we did get was Marie's letter of December 2d, with all its interesting and welcome enclosures; her Christmas card, and four letters from Herrod of December 3rd, 6th, 13th and 17th, for which many thanks. The information regarding the good rain in Southern California; the supply of beet seed; the price of sugar; the arrival of the things sent through Cook's and the custom house parcel post regulations, are all appreciated. As regards reaching us by mail the only way now, or at least when this reaches home, is to address Care Crédit Lyonnais. We can see now that if no attention had been paid to Cook's, but each one had posted his letters as written, figuring for himself on the dates of the itinerary, and left the rest to the postal departments, it would have been better. We are afraid now that we will get little more mail until we get to Europe.

After making a few purchases and taking another little motor jaunt around Singapore, we boarded the "Grotius" again and were off by one o'clock for Belawan-Deli, the port of Medan, Sumatra.

BELAWAN-DELI, TUESDAY, February 3, 1920.

Anchored about 6:00 p. m. off Belawan-Deli and took on about forty passengers (not all first class) and were off again in an hour.

SABANG, WEDNESDAY, February 4, 1920.

At about four o'clock we swung into the beautiful little harbor of Sabang, on a little Island off the north-westerly tip of Sumatra. This is an important tobacco shipping port and also the coaling station for all steamers passing anywhere near, as the coal is good and cheap (relatively). The little harbor is almost completely land locked by wooded hills and from a little Club House on one of the hills, where some of us walked and had some refreshments, it looks like one of the beautiful Scotch lakes that I have seen. The Clubs in the little towns in these parts are open to the use of all respectable looking foreign tourists.

As soon as the ship was warped to the dock, a multitude of natives, running forward and backward like ants, began to truck bales of tobacco to be loaded into the ship, while another line of ants, with baskets of coal on their backs, coaled ship from the wharf in competition with a rival army coaling from lighters on the other side. The noise, particularly on the wharf side, was deafening and we were glad after dinner to go to the movies. We saw the "Book Agent" with Dutch explanations, translated to us by one of our party. Of all the silly, improbable plays, offered as an insult to the mentality of the public,

this was about the worst I have seen. It was a medium for displaying the athletic activities of a young man named Walsh, in the role of "Smiling Kelly, the book agent". His chief histrionic feats were jumping, with or without reason, over fences and furniture, and scaling walls and houses. The pictures were exceedingly well taken.

We got back to the ship about eleven, and as our cabin is on the outer side, we had a comparatively peaceful night.

In Batavia we bought a quart of rum and a quart of Canadian Club whiskey. After testing the ship cocktails and finding them wanting, we have adopted the plan of getting only lemon juice, sugar, ice and glasses sent down from the bar to the cabin, and making our own toddies. They are some class, though I say it who shouldn't! We have allowed the widow Gabbertas to share them and they "mellow" the memory of the late lamented, and, from the vantage ground of the point where the brook and river meet, they stimulate her reluctant feet to wade in for the second time.

Mailed February 9th, from Colombo.

Received in San Francisco,
Saturday, March 27, 1920.

S. S. "GROTIUS", AT SEA, THURSDAY, February 5, 1920.

Also FRIDAY and SATURDAY.

A salt water bath in the morning (Nellie fresh water); three meals a day, enlivened by animated conversation with the waiters, to try and make them bring us ice, toast, fried eggs turned over, crisp bacon, etc., etc., all of which is contrary to their routine. In addition to this we play bridge once or twice a day, and hold our own or a little better. These are the activities of the day, and the rest of the time we read and sleep in our steamer chairs or gossip with our set. The weather is ideal for an ocean trip. Just enough balmy breeze to make it comfortable. Breakfast, for which we go to the dining room, is my best meal, because I get just what I want, the same every day. Lunch is the next best but the table d'hote dinner, while it reads well on the menu card, has a mediocre sameness that gets very monotonous.

Mr. Heyblom gave me some cigarettes of Java tobacco that I like quite well. They cost 4 florins (\$1.60) per thousand, and I have taken the address for Al in case he should want to desert the "Home runs".

We have broken through our rule and are drinking the plain water of the ship, on the assurance of the Doctor and the Purser. The latter is quite a nice young man who sits next to Nellie. The ship's run varies between 320 and 360 miles, and we have taken tickets in various "hat pools" without success. The Capain and Purser play bridge with the passengers, which reminds me of my early days, but it is contrary to the modern custom on English and American ships.

Nellie caught a cold, probably from sleeping in a draught, and we consulted the ship's doctor, not because it was serious but because she wanted to be rid of it before landing. He made up a draught for her to take (*similia similibus*) but she only took it a few times, preferring the cold.

CHAPTER VII.

Ceylon

COLOMBO, SUNDAY, February 8, 1920.

The "Grotius" anchored about 9:30 a. m. and we left her about 10:30. Cook's runner was not on board, but he had notified the Hotel Galle Face (pronounced Gall face) and their runner took charge of our baggage. The custom house examination was perfunctory. Colombo harbor is protected from the southwest monsoon by a number of breakwaters and covers an area of about one square mile only.

We just managed to get a very good room and bath on the second floor (lift) but the hotel is very full and some people slept temporarily on cots. The roof is just over our room so that it is warmer than the lower floor of the hotel, despite an electric fan that we keep going all the time.

The hotel is beautifully situated on the ocean, about a mile from town and with an open common, called a park, in front. The noise of the waves is constantly in our ears. It is a large hotel of about a hundred and fifty rooms.

Our fellow passenger, Jones, the tea taster employed by James Finlay & Company, a very large Scotch firm with several branches throughout the Orient, and who is on his way home to Belfast, is also stopping at this hotel. We like him, and invited him to lunch with us, as also Mrs. Gabbertas and Mr. Elzinga, who are ashore for the day. After lunch, we took them back to the dock for re-embarking, and then under Jones' guidance, (he spent two years here) we motored to a beach resort called Mount Lavinia for tea and also "took in" all the sights of the town; race course, parks, country clubs, etc. Being Sunday Cook's was closed.

COLOMBO, MONDAY, February 9, 1920.

Went down to Cook's bright and early and found there a lot of mail, mostly re-addressed from Hongkong, but some even from Shanghai. The "roll of honor" is as follows:

M.D.O. November 27th and December 9th and 15th (2), two Christmas cards and a quantity of enclosures; the latest is No. 8.

S.S.W. November 10th and 28th, December 3rd, 9th and 16th and many clippings.

A.S.W. December 3rd; L.V.S., December 17th; F.A.S., December 17th; Nellie Spreckels, November 28th.

Mrs. Lord, December 16th (with letter of introduction to Mrs. Trefusis).

Miss Slusher, December 9th and 20th.

Marie Louise, November 30th.

E. C. Howe, December 9th.

Hache, October 28th.

Emily Condamin, November —

Ruopp, December 1st.

Also various newspapers and circulars, and the duplicating letter books. This was indeed a feast and it took two days, off and on, to read it all thoroughly. Those who read this diary will accept this acknowledgment of our appreciation and thanks, and we will acknowledge separately to the others.

The salient points in the news were the deaths of Mrs. Irwin, Dan Murphy and Margot Labranche; the engagements of Mrs. Tuttle and Alfred Wilcox; the cheerfulness under trial of Billy Newhall; the success of Evelyn Poett; the arrival of our Christmas presents; the big Thanksgiving storm; and the depressing information that Buddy was so naughty as to be ignominiously excluded from his sister's birthday party.

Mr. Smith of Cook's had heard from Bombay that the allotments for the steamer to Port Said sailing March 20th would not be announced until about the middle of February, but that our chances of getting anything were not rosy owing to our having applied so late, and to the further fact that we were only going to Port Said and through passengers had a preference. We were amazed and indignant, as we had cabled an application last July and would gladly have gone through to any Mediterranean port. This places us in an awful dilemma. Already the end of March is very hot in Northern India and if we miss this steamer of March 20th, the congestion out of Bombay in April and May is simply awful. It might necessitate our going to some hill station in India, to await in comparative coolness until, say, June for passage. And going through the Red Sea in June, July or August is a perfect inferno. Smith's advice under the circumstances is to try to get to Europe out of this port as soon as practicable, as there is a better chance this month than later.

In this emergency we called for advice on Lee, Hedges and Company, one of the prominent firms here, agents of Grace and Company, and presented to their Mr. Burns our letter of recommendation from Parker Elliott, managing director of Grace and Company in Shanghai. He confirmed in a general way the report of the situation as described by Smith, but said he would make enquiries and let us know what he could do for us. After a conference with Smith, they both advised us to give up the trip through India and go on the 17th by the S. S. "City of Lahore", that sails via Port Said for New York without touching at any European ports. That is the reason why accommodation by her is available. There is nothing from here in March or early April. We are terribly disappointed, Nellie especially, as seeing India was her heart's desire. We also feel that Cook's Bombay office has not treated us properly. The idea of saying that application last July was so late as to make our chances doubtful is ridiculous. However we will swallow our disappointment and go by the "City of Lahore" on two conditions: First, that before she sails we have not, as requested, received telegraphic notice of an allotment for the Bombay steamer; and Second, that we are sure of being able to land in Egypt.

The government here will not give a visa for Egypt without in each case getting the authority of the Egyptian government. For this, the Colonial Secretary here cabled on the 9th but may not get his answer by the 17th. He has little doubt but that the answer will be favorable. If the answer does not come in time he has very courteously said that he would vise' our passports to land in Port Said, to proceed to Italy, and we will accept this. If we are once in Egypt and can communicate with the American Consul General, the letter of introduction to him from Admiral Grayson ought to get us permission to stay in Cairo, until the weather is warm in Southern Italy.

Already in Hongkong, we had heard so much of the congestion at Bombay that, from Java, I wrote to the Colombo office asking them to secure passage from here late in March. This would have enabled us to go through India and come back here for our steamer. I also wrote to General Macfarlane, enclosing Josephine's letter, and asking if he could help us. I found a letter from him at Cook's, regretting that he could do nothing and that his temporary absence at Nuwara Eliya, the hot weather Capital of Ceylon (elevation 6200 feet) made it impossible to call; asking how long we would be in Ceylon, etc.

COLOMBO, TUESDAY, February 10, 1920.

After a night's reflection we definitely decided to give up the trip through India, as described above, and authorized Smith to go ahead with the new arrange-

ments, subject to the two provisos mentioned.

We then decided to utilize our time in Ceylon by taking an automobile trip that would give us a good idea of the beautiful mountain country in the interior; this, by making a circular tour inland and stopping at Nuwara Eliya and Kandy, the show places of Ceylon. We invited Mr. Jones to go with us in the automobile, as he is a most agreeable travelling companion and knows the country thoroughly. Besides, he enjoys bargaining, so he and Nellie have grand times, matching their wits against the wily Indian, Moorish and Singhalese dealers in jewelry, curios, etc.

COLOMBO, WEDNESDAY, February 11, 1920.

We started at 7:15 a. m. in a six-cylinder Buick touring car that turned out to be a very comfortable one. The tariff was 80 Ceylon cents, or 80/100th rupee, (about 36 cents American) per mile. We took a south westerly direction and arrived about 10:30 at Ratnapura, where we went to the Rest House for breakfast-lunch. These rest houses are owned by the Government and were scattered through the Island originally for Government employees, but can be used by travellers at very moderate lodging rates. The same thing exists in Java. According to locality, they run from primitive buildings merely fitted with plain beds, up to, practically, hotels. At not all can you get meals, which are charged for at current rates. They are generally located with magnificent views of the country. This one not only served us eggs, coffee and toast with good tinned butter, but also alcoholic and other ingredients for making a delicious punch. No ice however. We also sent a coolie out to climb a coconut tree and bring us back a couple of unripe coconuts of which we drank the water, or so-called "milk", of which both Nellie and I are fond.

Ratnapura is at the beginning of the hilly country and from there on we climbed more or less constantly. The roads are lined with thatched cabins and occasional villages, all reminding us greatly of the other tropical countries we have passed through, except that children did not seem quite so numerous. The men often wear their hair long and, as they dress in skirts instead of trousers, it is hard from behind to distinguish the sexes. Whether long or short haired they wear often a comb like the old fashioned school girl's comb, but stuck on top of the head. The countrymen are often, perhaps generally, stripped to the waist, but the women wear a sort of very short sack that leaves a band of flesh exposed between it and the skirt, which is merely a piece of cotton material wound around their bodies from the waist down. The Indian women, as distinguished from the Singhalese, wear gold and silver ornaments attached through their nostrils, as well as ear-rings and bangles for arms and legs.

We here saw for the first time a work elephant going along the road, with its driver sitting on its neck. We later saw several more, but none happened to be drawing any load, so we did not see how they harness them up.

The agricultural features of the low lands are the rice fields, terraced up as in Java, but not nearly so abundant; also tapioca. As the altitude increases you see first coconut groves and rubber plantations, and then tea plantations which continue up to the highest altitude we reached, over 6,000 feet. The tea plants are only six feet apart and are kept pruned low and bushy. The leaf looks like that of a camelia and in fact I was told it belongs to that family.

From Ratnapura we took an easterly, then north easterly and then northerly route, the road continually rising, passing an occasional small town and giving us the most delightful views of mountain scenery imaginable. The Buick was not in first class condition, probably the cylinders needed scraping, and we were

in intermediate a good deal and occasionally in low.

We arrived at Bandarawella Hotel (120 miles—altitude 4,000 feet) about four o'clock, and found very fair rooms that we had telegraphed for ahead. It is never safe nowadays to go anywhere without telegraphing ahead for accommodations. We also found, what seemed equally important to me in my somewhat tired condition, the necessary ingredients for the customary punch. The hotel is rather attractively situated and the place is considered a good summer resort, but I should think there was nothing to do there except rest. One of the guests had a pet mongoose that she carried about in her arms and allowed to crawl over her and lick her face. It is a kind of ferret with the reputation of being fierce, but this was a young one. She gave exhibitions of how it could catch lizards on the walls and it found a frog, which it killed and ate. When after that it licked her face, Auntie was pleased.

BANDARAWELLA, THURSDAY, February 12, 1920.

Started about 9:00 a. m. for Nuwara Eliya, some sixty miles. A steady climb, sometimes very steep, but beautiful scenery. The steepest slopes seem to be none too steep for tea culture, and one wonders how the earth on these slopes, which are kept cleanly cultivated, does not wash and gully badly. Tea pays very well now and the jungle is being cleared and planted quite extensively. The trees are felled and when dry enough burned, and on one occasion we had to pass within a few feet of a brisk fire. We saw gangs of women and children with big baskets fastened on their backs, "plucking" the tender new leaves to wither them, after which they are rolled and allowed to ferment to a certain point before drying, or "firing". Green tea is not fermented.

The whole country seems full of botanical gardens. We visited one on the way at Hakgala, that was very beautiful, rather than interesting, and with a splendid mountain outlook.

About twelve o'clock we arrived at Nuwara Eliya, the summer capital and sanatorium of Ceylon, where we had only a fair room at the Grand Hotel. Lucky to get that for it is race week, and golf and tennis tournaments are in progress.

Nellie received from Mrs. Lord by mail a letter for Mrs. Robert Trefusis. He is the Aide de Camp of the Governor, Sir William Manning, and as the latter is unmarried, she receives at Government House, Colombo, and Queen's Cottage, Nuwara Eliya. Nellie sent her a note with Mrs. Lord's letter and she invited us to lunch tomorrow. I also called on General Macfarlane and as he was out left my card, but up to the time of leaving next day I had not heard from him.

During the afternoon we motored around to see the sights mentioned in the guide book, but saw nothing of commanding interest. Nellie bought a few nick-nacks in the way of hair pins and rings with small rubies, sapphires and moon-stones.

NUWARA ELIYA, FRIDAY, February 13, 1920.

(Pronounced Nuralia). At eleven o'clock we went to Queen's Cottage for early lunch, or as Mrs. Trefusis put it "a French breakfast". Besides His Excellency and the Trefusis, the only others were an English lady....., who is trying desperately to get home, and a Miss Richardson. Her mother, by second marriage, is wife of Captain Wisom, R.N., whose ship is in Indian Waters. He distinguished himself in the Eastern Mediterranean. Miss Richardson asked me if I knew Mrs. Reginald Brooke and it turned out that her mother was one of those to whom Ruth Brooke had written about us, and whom Ruth had asked us

to look up. The mother is stopping at the Galle Face Hotel in Colombo and after we got back from our motor trip Nellie looked her up and she went for an airing in a taxi with us the day before we sailed.

Nellie sat next to the Governor, but found him very hard to talk to. Later we learned that he suffers intensely from shyness, perhaps the result of his unfortunate voyage on the sea of matrimony. He married a woman much younger than himself, who, (not unnaturally, Nellie says) ran away with another man, whom she later married when the Governor divorced her.

The "breakfast" was only fair and we did not stay long after it was over, as we had to motor to Kandy in the afternoon.

We started about 1:30 p. m. and had a continuation of the beautiful mountain scenery of the previous two days. The road runs over the Ramboda Pass, and the steep slopes of the hills on each side are covered with tea "gardens", as they are called. There is a water fall that is worthy of being in the Yosemite, though it would not outrank the great ones there. The roads continue to be in excellent condition, rolling up and down, but mostly down as we descend from Nuwara Eliya (6,200 feet) to Kandy (1,600 feet). It was only when we had reached here and Nellie felt all right again, that she said she had suffered from a pain in her heart all the time we were in the higher altitudes.

I failed to note above that both the Honorable and Mrs. Trefusis were most charming and agreeable. We did not see their little girl who was having her nap.

We arrived at Kandy (30,000 inhabitants) about 4:00 p. m., at the Queen's Hotel, a large and comfortable place where we got a good room with electric fan but no private bath. In Ceylon you generally find bath tubs, but occasionally (in rest houses) only the tin dipper. The electric fan is more important than the private bath.

After settling ourselves we started out again in the motor and, after circling the artificial lake that is a feature of the town, we went to "Lady Horton's Walk". This is an automobile road that zigzags up a large wooded hill in a park consisting entirely of the native jungle. Vistas are opened up in the jungle at varying elevations that give a beautiful view of the mountains that surround the cup shaped depression in which Kandy stands.

We then went to the "Temple of the Tooth" where you are told that there is a tooth of the great Buddha, brought there from India, centuries ago; but it is hidden, except on rare occasions, under seven concentric bell shaped metal caps richly ornamented with jewels; we had to accept it on faith. The tooth is said to be like a piece of discolored ivory two inches long by three quarters of an inch in diameter, more like a crocodile's tooth than a man's. Later on the Portuguese got hold of it and burned it, or what they thought was "it", but the Buddhists deny the authenticity of the destroyed relic and assert that the real tooth was hidden and is the one now at Kandy. This is held in the greatest veneration and pilgrims go to pray before it. There are many treasures and sacred books in the temple, the latter written with a stylus on papyrus made of the leaf of the Talipot palm. A shaven-headed Buddhist priest, in his yellow robe, took a small dried Talipot palm leaf and engraved some religious sentiment on it with a stylus in Sanskrit and Singhalese. Then he smeared ink over it and when rubbed with a cloth, only the lettering remained black as in the sacred writings. Nellie is going to preserve this in her album, to show how the old records were made. The moat of the temple is alive with turtles, fed by the devotees, and I expected terrapin for dinner but was disappointed.

After dinner Nellie and Jones went jewel hunting in the numerous stores of

the gem merchants here, and as the result of protracted negotiations, extending up to the very minute of our departure next morning, Nellie bought a number of small sapphires and rubies, to make two bracelets. She wanted to get emeralds also but Ceylon does not produce emeralds.

KANDY, SATURDAY, February 14, 1920.

Started before eight, amid a babel of voices of gem merchants, hot on our trail, who followed us on the run but whom we finally shook off, "on the high". A few miles out on the road to Colombo we visited the Peradeniya Royal Botanical Gardens, to which we give the palm as the most interesting of the many we have seen. We were fortunate in getting hold of an old native employee as guide, who had been there twenty-eight years, and was not the least of the curiosities. The clumps of giant bamboos were the biggest we have seen. There is a great collection of palms, among them the Palmyrah or sugar palm; some fine specimens of the *Ficus elastica* or native rubber tree, with its enormous buttressed roots meandering over the surface, looking like a lot of gigantic crocodiles lying on the ground in a circle with their heads toward the trunk of the tree. The spice collection, including nutmeg, clove, cinnamon, allspice, vanilla, cardamon, ginger, etc., was very interesting as we received specimens of several of the products. The nutmeg is enclosed in a large, smooth burr, like a horse-chesnut, and around the nut itself is a red film or skin which, when dried and powdered, becomes the spice called mace. The *Amherstia nobilis* is the most beautiful of all flowering trees. The leaves on the end of the branches are of a rose red, producing a gorgeous effect. Orchids, "fly catchers" and other rare plants are shown just as long as you have time to stay.

While in the gardens we saw a unique sight. There was a clump of large trees, the tops of which had been selected by the flying foxes as roosting places. Like other bats, of course, they roost during the day and fly at night. They were there by the thousands, hanging downward from the upper branches, to which they were attached by their claws, and looked like bunches of grapes, packed thickly together.

We blew the horn of our automobile and the tops of the trees seemed to be lifted off, as the vast swarm, disturbed by the noise, rose in the air and circled around, until gradually they returned to their roosts.

The journey to Colombo was much the same as the beginning of our trip, and calls for no additional comment, though most enjoyable. We arrived at one o'clock and went directly to Cook's. No news from Bombay. The "City of Lahore" is to sail Tuesday at twelve o'clock. We will put off the great decision until Monday. The Colonial Secretary has no answer from Cairo.

From Cook's to the hotel just in time to get into lunch. We have had a splendid trip and Jones has been an agreeable addition to the party. If we had more time we would visit the Island south of Colombo, and also take a trip to the north along the line of railroad that we would take to go to Madras and Calcutta. On this line is situated Anuradhapura, a small town of 5,600 inhabitants, built on the site of its predecessor of the same name, the "buried City of Ceylon", that, two thousand years ago, covered 256 square miles. The ruins are said to be very interesting.

However, for the time at our disposal we have seen a good deal in our circular trip through the center of the Island, of which Murray's guide book says; "No excursion could show more of the characteristic features of SINHALESE (this is the way Murray spells it but I have followed the phonetic spelling) scenery and Sinhalese life than this". By motoring we were able to do in four

days what would have taken eight if depending on railroad timetables and connections.

Incidentally, the Guide book says of the Park at Kandy; "Serpents are numerous here, especially the cobra and carawilla. The large black scorpion, as big as a crayfish is also found here". We did not stroll through the jungle.

Anuradhapura is only one of the many "buried cities of Ceylon" that show the Island supported a vast population two thousand years ago. I cannot find in Murray's any estimate of the number. Another evidence is the countless number of "tanks" scattered all over the Island, in the jungle as well as in the cleared places and mostly in ruins. These tanks are reservoirs, artificial or natural, from very small stone basins to large lakes. They are for three purposes, according to size and quality; drinking water, bathing, or irrigation. What the present government is doing is to gradually, but very slowly, restore what existed ages ago. They cannot improve on that, and when they have accomplished it, this land will be rich "beyond the dreams of avarice".

Off the west coast of Ceylon lie the Pearl Fishery banks, at a depth of about forty feet, the scene of the last Pearl Fishery in 1905, when fifty million oysters were fished. Since then they have been allowed to recuperate by the Government, as they were being exhausted. I have been told that swarms of natural enemies, sharks, etc., periodically damage the oyster beds more than man.

Coffee was the principal production of Ceylon until 1870, when a fungus destroyed the trees except at high altitudes, where a very little is still produced. It ruined most of the planters, but with indomitable energy they turned to tea culture, which has again made the community prosperous. Rubber and coconut culture have been added of late years.

Among the people there is just now a good deal of want and dissatisfaction owing to the prohibitive cost of rice, which is largely imported. The papers are full of complaints of the Government of India, which commandeered the Indian rice crop at a fair price, and now, for export to Ceylon, extorts a profit of 50% to 100%. By the way, the rice is harvested here also by hand, with sickles, but the whole straw is cut off instead of the heads only as in Japan, Philippines and Java.

The natives are darker than in Java, many being black as negroes, but with Aryan features instead of flat Ethiopian. The brain of these Eastern races is like the Caucasian as distinct from the negro. So I was informed by the curator of the Buitenzorg museum.

Jones is very much excited by the arrival of an English theatrical troupe from Bombay, with one of the members of which he is more or less in love. We have been introduced to her and while not unattractive, she is not even the leading lady of the troupe. In "Within the Law", she plays the part of the thief. Fortunately for Jones, he would not marry her without his mother's sanction, and he has no illusion that she would ever give her consent. She is a very straight-laced North of Ireland Presbyterian, who has never been to the theatre in her life.

We rested up the balance of the afternoon and that night went to the movies (very poor) with Jones and his inamorata, who though she has been married goes under the stage name of Miss Olive Stevens.

COLOMBO, SUNDAY, February 15, 1920.

Nothing of interest to record. This was the day that we met Mrs. Captain Wisom.

COLOMBO, MONDAY, February 16, 1920.

No news from Bombay and no answer from Cairo yet. We have secured cabin No. 2 on the upper deck of the "City of Lahore", which came in last night. It is one of the best on the ship, which, however, is not a first class passenger ship. We arranged with Cook's not to pay finally for our tickets until tomorrow, in case we should hear of an allotment from Bombay. I however prepared a cable in Cook's code to send home to announce our change of plans. I mislaid the copy but it was something like this: "Unable get steamer accommodations Bombay Have abandoned India voyage Sailing by SS City of Lahore seven-teenth for Port Said Expect reach Naples en March Address mail care Crédit Lyonnais Cables care Cook's Cairo Both well".

It is a great disappointment but we feel it is a wise decision. We hear such terrible tales, on the one hand about the congestion to get to Europe from now on, and on the other hand about the terrible heat in India and the Red Sea after March 15th, that I don't think we should take any chances. We had heard before getting here that sleeping cars in India were very comfortable, but every one that we have met lately, and who has had recent experience, says that they are most primitive, dirty and uncomfortable.

In Bombay, hotel accommodations are so scarce that Cook's have leased one half of a hospital for their customers, where married couples are separated into men's and women's wards. I mention this as an indication of conditions generally. It would not have mattered so much to us, as we need only to have reached Bombay in time to embark.

On returning to the hotel for lunch, we found there to our great astonishment, our "old friends" of many steamers and many hotels, Mr. and Miss Cutten, ashore for the day from the "Lahore", in which they are proceeding to Boston. We like them and had them to lunch. They started right after this with another friend by motor for Kandy. The friend went because he could not get into any hotel in Colombo, and the Cuttens in order to see something of Ceylon before the steamer sails at noon tomorrow. We encouraged them in this, but whereas we, with plenty of time, had a memorably delightful trip, they raced up with an incompetent driver, who kept them in fear of their lives; got to Kandy late; saw nothing there; raced back in the early morning next day to be sure to catch the boat; did not dare to stop for the beautiful botanical gardens; and got back to Colombo disgusted, nervous wrecks, to find the steamer would not sail till 7:00 p. m. (actually 10:00).

I discovered on coming back from our trip that my camera was out of order and my last two reels were blanks. I had it fixed in Colombo.

We must have the trunks ready by 7:30 a. m. tomorrow so we packed them this afternoon and evening. They will go down to the pier and there wait until 9:30, when they will either go on board or not, according to Bombay advices. I learned from Cutten that the "Lahore" will stop at Algiers for coal, so that makes our minds perfectly easy. I have had our passports visé by the French Consul and we will get off there, if we should be debarred from Egypt.

COLOMBO, TUESDAY, February 17, 1920.

We were down at Cook's by nine o'clock and there being no news from the Bombay office, I paid for our tickets to Port Said, 350 rupees each, and ordered the baggage on board. The Colonial Secretary had not heard from Cairo, so he endorsed our passports merely for landing in transit to Italy. I don't imagine however that we will have any difficulty in getting to Cairo, where we want to stay until it is warm enough to go to Southern Italy and Sicily.

We learned that the steamer does not sail till night, which disappoints us as we have given up our room at the hotel and it is doubtless already occupied. We naturally had planned nothing for today and so will have to sit around in the hotel corridor-verandah, which fortunately is cool and pleasant. I forgot to say that we usually took our after dinner coffee on a grass terrace at the side of the hotel, fronting the sea, and spent a delightfully cool hour, bareheaded, under the stars. We went in to dinner about 8:30.

About 6:00 p. m. Miss Stevens, Mr. Jones and ourselves went down to the pier, where Jones had his Company's launch ready to take us on board.

We found our cabin one of the five best, but exceedingly small. Knowing that there were extra cabins, we had asked Cook's to secure one for us, but he said there would be no trouble in arranging this after we got on board. I applied immediately but found that they had been given the day before to other passengers that were doubled up. Score another black mark for Cook's.

We are packed like sardines, but really get along very well,—considering. I take my bath at 7:30 and when I get back, Nellie goes while I dress. Breakfast at the fixed hour of nine o'clock. Lunch one and dinner seven o'clock. Meals not so bad but service wretched. As usual, we have drawn the worst waiter, not only of the ship, but I doubt not of the whole line. He is a respectable looking, old, white haired, colored gentleman, who belies what I have just said about the East Indian brain. Every rule has its exceptions. His thimbleful is completely saturated by the last order he has heard, to the displacement of anything that has gone before—so Nellie and I have to take turns in giving orders unless we make the same selection. By contrast, we have an excellent cabin boy, an Indian Portuguese named Fernandez. They dress for dinner, so I am utilizing my white dinner coat with black silk belt and black trousers.

More than half the passengers are missionaries returning home on vacations or duty. They are a prolific lot—no fear of the seed dying out, and as the deck room is limited, the children make a fearful racket all day long. It is not their fault, poor things, and I do not find it in my heart to complain. It is the parents' and the Captain's fault. They are generally thin, pale and delicate looking children. The tropics are not a white man's country and once the white man has taught the brown or black man, the latter will inevitably drive him out.

One of the odd features of Colombo is that, outside of a few privately owned horses, there are no public horse-drawn vehicles. Their place is taken by little spring carts called "hackeries", drawn by little trotting bullocks.

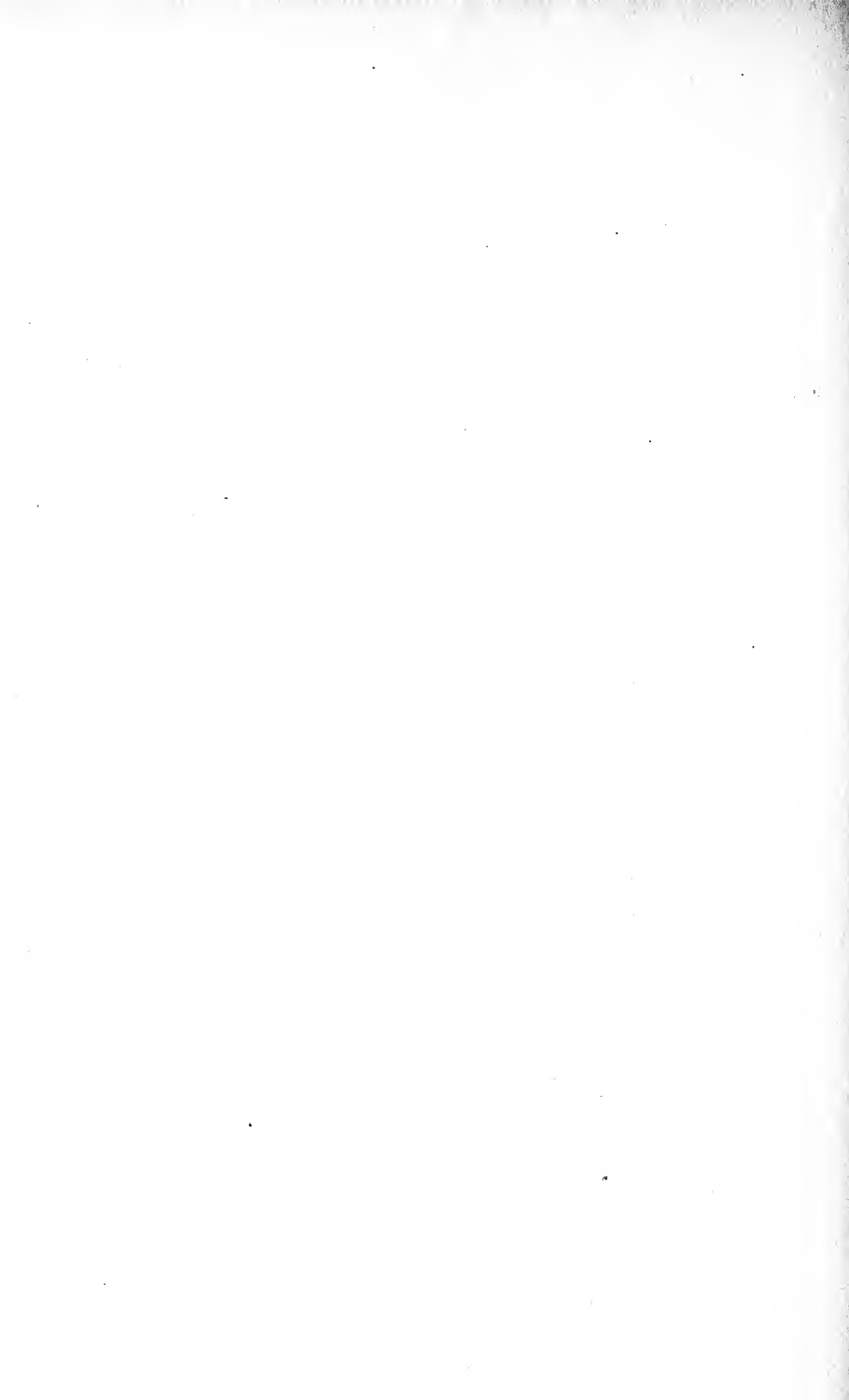
The main light house is located on the top of the clock tower in the town, and its flash is seen at a distance of eighteen miles.

The small sail boats all have outriggers to balance them, and when we were having tea at Mt. Lavinia, it was curious at sundown to see the fishing boats come in under full sail, slap through the surf onto the beach, to be hauled up above high tide for the night, and unloaded.

At the Temple of the Tooth, the faithful offer in large quantities to the several altars, blossoms of the Frangipani, that are sold for that purpose, and in some rooms the scent is almost oppressive.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Red Sea, Suez Canal and Egypt



AT SEA, S.S. CITY OF LAHORE, WEDNESDAY, February 18, 1920.

We do not expect to reach Port Said until Monday, March 1st, and with the exception of a stop for coal at Perim, near Aden, at the south end of the Red Sea, the ship will not stop until she reaches Suez and enters the Canal. I will therefore not follow the strict sequence of dates until then. We have not heard by wireless from the Colonial Secretary of Ceylon (25th) and so will not know positively if we can stop in Egypt until we get there. But as there are several other passengers who are going there confidently, our minds are quite easy. When we get to Cairo, we may cable to enquire as to what we may expect about Sallie, Marie Louise and Adeline meeting us, and where and when. Owing to our failure to reach India, we could advance our schedule for reaching Europe somewhat, and we are planning to spend the greater part of March in Egypt, partly to give time to our future fellow travellers to meet us in Southern Italy if so minded. Time flies quickly and passport and steamer arrangements take time, particularly from San Francisco. We hope that both of the young ladies will come, as they will be company for each other, in an otherwise rather elderly party.

So far we have been mostly in silver using countries, where the exchange has been against us, particularly in China, but when we get to Europe it will be the other way, and our dollar will be worth in France and Italy, more than double the pre-war rate. The last New York parity that I heard of the Pound Sterling was \$3.22, about one-third discount from the normal.

We sit opposite the CUTTENS at a long table, and at our end are also:

MR. HARRINGTON, a friend of Jones in the tea business at Calcutta.

MR. RIPLEY, a young American with the Standard Oil Company, going home on a six month's vacation. He has confided to Nellie that he will bring back a wife with him. He has not yet decided upon whom to confer the honor, but as to the fact, his mind is irrevocably made up. He considers himself half married, having already got his own consent.

MR. ASHWORTH, an Englishman, travelling to sell cotton goods at a salary of \$20,000 per year. He has covered more of the Earth's surface than the Wandering Jew. He retired from business ten years ago at forty-one, but found that he was not so happy as an idler and got into harness again. He is bound (if he can get there) for Salonika, Constantinople, etc. He has sold \$4,000,000 of goods on this trip so far (not under oath). He is well informed and tries to make himself agreeable.

EX-ADMIRAL BORRESON, of the Norwegian Navy—retired two years ago and travelling for pleasure (naturally without his wife). He married an American, and does not know if she will meet him in Boston or not. He is interested in a company making nitrate of lime for fertilizer by hydro-electric power and has made a great deal of money. The pre-war price was \$40 per ton but it is now treble that. Germany is offering 2000 marks per ton but at present exchange this is too low. Under normal circumstances, the business cannot stand more than \$8.00 per horse power per year for power, so there is no future for it except in Norway, and not there for any but the early pioneers, who secured the best water rights.

At the other end of the table sits the Captain, who really gets my vote as the most amiable man I ever sailed with. He puts himself out to please everybody and make them comfortable and happy. He often goes down and sits with the children at their dinner, and he laid in a dozen and a half large bottles of candy that he dispenses to young and old. If he hears anyone express a wish,

he runs like an errand boy to gratify it. His ship was torpedoed and sunk twice in the Mediterranean, both times with a large passenger list but without losing a passenger, though a few of the crew perished. The second time he was carried down with the wreck (he estimates about forty feet) but his rubber air-cushion vest brought him up, safe and sound. He arrived in New York two years ago to take command of the "City of Lahore" the day after she was sunk at her dock in New York harbor, to put out a fire that had started in her inflammable cargo, and it took five months to get her in commission again.

With such a mixer for a Captain it was inevitable that tournaments should be gotten up of those incongruous amusements which are a phenomenon of long sea voyages and which are accepted as among the wonders of the deep. The sports were mostly those peculiar to ocean life, including shuffle board, deck tennis, deck quoits, bucket quoits, (in which I participated ingloriously), putting the eye in the pig (Nellie made an attempt lacking in accuracy, both as to latitude and longitude), thread the needle, egg races, etc., etc. There was also given a bridge tournament extending over three evenings, in which the prizes were won by Admiral Borreson and Mrs. Quimby of New York. Her husband is in the hemp business. The two best players, one of each sex, were unplaced.

There was also an evening of music, vocal and instrumental, and declamation, with positively not a redeeming number in it. They speak in the Orient of "rocking" a road as "metalling" and the intentions of the artists must have metalled the roads in the dominion of Satan, so that they rival the highways of California.

We have started a little bridge contest of our own and the score to date (25th) is, in points (1/4c):

Admiral	Miss Cutten	Mr. Cutten	Mrs. O.	R. O.
+2300	—4300	+400	+2000	—400

We are coaling today at Perim from a barge alongside and a procession of black ants is proceeding steadily from the barge up a gang plank into the ship, with loaded baskets on their backs, and returning down another plank with empty baskets to be filled up by the shovellers at the bottom. The insects on the planks and the insects in the bottom of the barge never cease to give forth, as they work, what may be a chant, but what sounds like the hoarse barking of a large pack of coyotes in the distance. The moment the dismal sounds cease you may be certain they have stopped work.

There is a very interesting missionary on board, a Canadian, Miss A. Isabel Hatch, of Ramachandrapuram, Godavari district, India. She is at the head of a mission for lepers, who number in India 150,000 according to statistics, which admittedly do not include more than fifty percent of the afflicted. (It is estimated there are 1,500,000 lepers in the world). Owing to local sentiment it is impossible to segregate them by law and so the contagion spreads, practically unchecked. She has about a hundred under her care, in the three homes containing leper men, leper women and the untainted children of both. The grounds and buildings have been given by private parties for whom the three homes are named. The maintenance comes partly or mostly from an Association in Dublin, Ireland, that helps all leper homes in need, the world over. The rest is contributed largely from Canada and partly locally. She cannot begin to take all who apply, for lack of funds. It is non-sectarian though frankly Christian in its propaganda. I have looked with great interest over her bound book of annual reports, and it is refreshing and touching to note how pitifully small is the expense in salaries for Management. Her own position is entirely

honorary. There are no menial servants, the able bodied lepers working for the others. The wife of the Doctor (both natives) gratuitously looks after the untainted children, with the help of one matron.

She knows of no cure for the disease but in less advanced cases the ulcers can be healed, at least temporarily. She has tried two or three alleged cures, only to be disappointed, therefore she is very guarded in her expression of opinion regarding a new remedy, Sodium Morrhuate and Sodium Hydnocarpate, taken separately or together, by muscular or intra-venous injection.

However, one of the passengers, Doctor Cross, theological instructor at Rochester, N. Y. University, (Baptist) who is taking his sabbatical year by making a trip of inspection through the Orient, says that local physicians are extremely optimistic regarding this new cure.

I asked Miss Hatch if the Indian Government helped her and she answered that she could probably get a grant, at the sacrifice of some of her independence of control, but she preferred to go it alone as a strictly private institution. She evidently has executive capacity and firmness and she enforces strict discipline. We are going to give her a contribution.

(Given to Harry Cutten, to be mailed from Boston about March 20th).

R. O.

Posted at Guelph, Ontario, March 29, 1920.

Received at San Francisco, April 5, 1920.

S.S. "CITY OF LAHORE", IN THE RED SEA,
SATURDAY, February 28, 1920.

This ship logs about 300 miles per day in good weather, and will take twelve days to cross the Atlantic.

We are having wonderful weather for the Red Sea, as it is even cooler than before we got into it. There is a fresh breeze that makes it comfortable to sit on the lee side. We have to go into the smoking room to play bridge, instead of on the deck as before. We continued to have good luck, and to anticipate a little, the final settlement for the whole trip showed me 2800 points ahead and Nellie 6300 points, at 1/4 cent per point. The principal loser was Miss Cutten, with 4200 points.

Here are some figures regarding wages in India, according to the Census of 1911:

Unskilled agriculturists	4c to 8c per day
Unskilled city workers	5c to 10c per day
Masons	12c to 16c per day
Carpenters, up to	32c per day
1913-Average of eight industries	17c per day

Sunday night the 29th at 7:00 p. m. we cast anchor in the Bay of Suez. The wind had increased making it rather rough for little boats, so that the doctor did not board us that night nor until noon the next day (March 1st). Vessels generally go through the canal in convoys to facilitate and save time at passing points, and it was not until mid-afternoon that we entered the Canal. One cause of delay was a steamer of the Blue Funnel line, that had run aground in such a way as to obstruct the channel and had to be towed into position so that we could pass her. Large ships never pass each other except at certain widened and prepared stations. The Canal itself seems wide enough to permit this, but the deep buoyed channel does not. The Blue Funnel boat damaged her propeller and will have to be towed to Port Said for repairs.

The tonnage dues of our ship to pass through were 1,600 Pounds Sterling.

There was a good deal of fighting between the English and Turks along the line of the Canal and we could see trenches and barbed wire as an evidence. The Turks got over in small parties several times and they shelled the shipping from some hills to the East.

At the entrance was the sunken wreck of an Italian destroyer, blown up by some Bolshevik members of her own crew. An Italian vessel was salvaging her.

The Bay of Suez is quite pretty, and the City is not seen well from it. The town at the entrance of the Canal is called Tewfik.

It was very interesting steaming slowly (six miles per hour) along the Canal through the desert. As it grew dark a powerful searchlight in the bow of the ship made the water look sapphire blue and the sand bank on each side white, a very pretty effect.

The length of the Canal from Suez to Port Said is 88 miles, exclusive of the bitter lakes, and we anchored there in the early morning but did not land until after breakfast, about nine o'clock. (March 2nd). The police held up our passports for half to three-quarters of an hour but finally gave them to us without explanation. We went to Cook's to change some money and wandered around the town, which presents no features of attraction for a tourist. Apparently a large proportion of the adult male population sits on the sidewalk or in the street, at a little table with a money changer's sign in front. Where the customers come from for such a multitude passes my understanding. I have often made the same reflection regarding the number of spiders' webs to the supply of flies. The fate of the victims is approximately the same in either case.

We visited a mosque of no interest in company with the Cuttens and parted from these friends at the station, when we took the train for Cairo at 12:30. I gave Mr. Cutten the previous installment of the diary to post in Boston on arrival, as being probably the quickest service. They expect to land about March 21st.

The compartments are largely occupied by English officers, who are much in evidence in Egypt. They minimize any danger of trouble and were going to play polo or golf, or otherwise bent on peaceful pursuits. Contrary to our expectation, there seems to be plenty of civilian travellers in Egypt and Sheppard's Hotel, where we arrived at 5:30, was crowded. The room we had telegraphed for was too small for our baggage and it was just a chance that we got two single rooms with connecting bath, for 3 pounds Egyptian, European plan (\$11.00).

After settling ourselves we went to the Grill Room and ordered Welsh Rarebits, which were the poorest we ever tasted and we will try the restaurant in future, which is said to be very good. By the way the Welsh Rarebits on the "City of Lahore" were so good that I got the recipe and as it is different from any I have ever seen, I copy it here for any one that wishes to try it:

INGREDIENTS: Mashed cheese, butter, mustard and red pepper.

METHOD: Two stewpans are used. In the first, place the cheese, well mashed, adding the other ingredients in quantities according to strength required. The second pan should be one-third full of boiling water. Into this place the other, allowing to remain for one hour at least, and longer if necessary, until a cream like finish is had.

(The advantage of this method is that the cheese does not get stringy. R. O.).

There came to Cairo with us from the ship a Mr. Ross, member of the

Canadian Senate, and his daughter Barbara (19) and his widowed sister Mrs. Flagg. Barbara had reminded us somewhat of Marie Louise, more in manner than in face, and Mrs. Flagg lived for many years in Southern California,—Los Angeles and San Diego. Nellie has taken quite a fancy to Barbara. She accompanied us on a trip to the tombs and pyramids at Memphis on the 5th. We went by train part of the way and then took camels. Mr. Ross had arranged the excursion, although he and his sister backed out, and we trailed along without much enquiry as to the relative length of train and camel conveyance. When we had swallowed bait, hook and sinker, and were well on our way, we found that we had ten miles by camel to Memphis, and then ten miles more across the desert to the big Gizeh pyramids and sphinx, whence we could come back to Cairo by train or taxi. It would have been about as bad to turn back and yet it was manifestly impossible for Nellie to stand such a trip. Fortunately we got a sand cart, a kind of chaise with very wide wheels and one horse, and Nellie made half the journey in this. I drove in it a couple of miles and then gave my seat to Miss Ross and rode a donkey, which was comparatively much easier than the camel.

CAIRO, EGYPT, WEDNESDAY, March 3, 1920.

We went to Cook's this morning to see about getting across to Italy. The choice of good boats is rather limited and is between a steamer to Brindisi on the 18th and one to Syracuse, Sicily, (near Taormina) on the 14th. We would have liked something later but there is nothing else in March. So we decided to sail from Alexandria on the 14th for Syracuse by the S. S. "Sicilia", a very good boat. We will reach Syracuse early on the 18th and then in three or four hours, Taormina. We have not decided how long we will stay in Sicily before proceeding to Naples.

I accordingly made up a code cable addressed to Cook's, San Francisco, as usual, as follows:

"A B C Code. No advices to hand since December 16th.

"Will leave in about ten days for Sicily. Sallie, Louisa, Adeline.

"When will you meet us. Cable."

We hope to get some answer before leaving but will have it relayed if, owing to cable delays, we leave before it comes. When we know about what time to expect you, we will let you know where we expect to be.

We find a change in Cairo as regards the native life on the streets. On our last visit, from the verandah of Shephard's we could see frequently native processions; weddings, funerals and pilgrims returning from Mecca, escorted by admiring relatives and friends. Little or nothing of that kind seems to be going on now. Except for the strange races and costumes it might be a street in any other city. One national characteristic however remains as prominent as ever and that is the incessant demand for backsheesh, from everyone that thinks he has established the merest shadow of a claim upon you for services rendered, even when entirely unsought. "He also serves who only stands and waits"—is a principle thoroughly ingrained in the Arab mind.

CAIRO, THURSDAY, March 4, 1920.

Started at 9:00 a. m. by motor for the Pyramids and Sphinx; we in one car with our dragoman and the Ross party in another with theirs. At the Mena house we took camels and went through the usual tour of inspection, including photographing on camels, of which the results will reach you in due time. We

got back in good time for lunch, having decided that we would get a better one at Shephard's than at the Mena house.

In the afternoon we took a carriage and went to the Citadel and to various mosques. On the way back we went through the bazaars without seeing anything nearly as interesting as the shops in front of Shephard's. I have to confess that this visit to Cairo reminds me of a twice told tale. It does not hold the interest as it did eleven years ago. Whether the difference is in me or in Cairo, the result is the same.

CAIRO, FRIDAY, March 5, 1920.

Last night there was a grand fancy dress and masked ball in the Opera House, for the benefit of the "Lady Cromer dispensaries for native children". General Allenby and the Crown Prince of Roumania attended and, earlier in the day, they both came into Shephard's where we were sitting, for a formal luncheon. Nellie says General Allenby is a superb specimen of the English army officer. I missed him but we both saw the Crown Prince, who is also a fine physical specimen, blond and with rather weak chin. There were any number of men and women in fancy dress at dinner time, in preparation for the ball, and it livened up the lobby wonderfully.

This was the day of our excursion to Memphis already described. It knocked out little Miss Ross, but strange to say neither Nellie nor I felt used up. In my case it was perhaps due to my having massage when I got home. I have hooked on here to the first masseur of my trip that is not a Japanese. He is an Italian and considers himself "something extra". On the strength of this rating he charges 1 £-E (about \$4.00) per treatment, but kindly offers to send one of his pupils, if I desire, for \$2.00. He worked for, or rather "worked" the late Sultan, and is busy from 5:00 a. m. to 8:00 p. m. He says all I need is massage and room exercises and guarantees to cure me if I stay here three months. He studied massage eight years in Germany. He has given me the address in Naples of the "greatest nerve specialist in the world". He (the masseur) is going to retire next year and cultivate a farm that he owns near Florence, his birthplace, at Fiesole.

CAIRO, SATURDAY, March 6, 1920.

We are taking it very easily today as we find the camel trip took more out of us than we at first thought, and we are going to Luxor by tonight's train, which means an uncomfortable night in the small European Wagonlits compartment. The Ross party is going also. They are coming back Tuesday night, but we cannot get a sleeper reservation before Wednesday night.

LUXOR, SUNDAY, March 7, 1920.

We started yesterday at 8:00 p. m. The diner was not bad but the discomfort was quite as bad as we had expected, though nothing like as bad as our experience of the Korean and Chinese sleepers. These latter will always stand out as the very nightmare of railroad travel. We arrived at Luxor about 9:00 a. m.—13 hours for 454 miles, or 35 miles an hour, which is just about the same rate as the "Lark" to Los Angeles. The roadbed is also very fair, so that it is the confinement of the very small compartment that is disagreeable.

Before reaching Luxor in the morning, one sees something of the magnificent crops that are produced by irrigation along the Nile bottom. The combination of water loaded with a fertilizing silt and of abundant labor, gives fields of alfalfa, grain and sugar cane that are a pleasure to see, although the cane is of small barrel and does not average over thirty tons per acre. This is more

than Cuba or the Philippines, but less than Java or Hawaii. Heretofore cotton has been considered more a crop of lower than upper Egypt, but present high prices are spreading it everywhere. So much so that it is threatening the food supply of the country and the Government has passed stringent laws against plowing out food crops to plant cotton. The large returns from cotton have sent purely agricultural land soaring up to prices that I never heard of before, and which do not give any adequate return on the investment. This is because the natives, when they sell their cotton, find themselves with large amounts of paper money in which they have no confidence, so they hasten to buy land at whatever price they have to pay, never figuring on the percentage of return. I was reliably informed of 500 Egyptian pounds (about \$2000.00) being paid for cotton lands currently, and in instances higher, up to a certain transaction at 1000 Pounds (\$4000.00) per acre for land far from any city—purely agricultural. Of course such land has an ample water supply. The Government land tax, which includes right to water, is graded according to the quality but averages about £ 1 per acre.

We got a very good room and bath at the Winter Palace Hotel, fronting on the Nile. As we have only suit cases with us it is quite large enough. The view is magnificent, especially in the morning and after sunset.

On our previous trip we saw Thebes, the tombs of the Kings and of the Queens, and the other sights across on the west side of the river. It is a hard desert trip, somewhat like the one we have just taken to Memphis and so we are not going to repeat it. We are satisfied with Karnak and Luxor (the latter within walking distance of the Hotel), which we visited on:

MONDAY, March 8, 1920.

accompanied by Miss Ross.

Luxor temple is the one, of all I have visited in Egypt, that is most impressive to my mind. Its ruins have been restored quite extensively, so that a good idea can be formed of how it must have looked. The part excavated is quite considerably more extensive than when we were here before, although all work of this kind ceased with the war.

The Hotel is fairly crowded, but a considerable number are military men, as the regular tourists are just commencing to come again to Egypt; greatly to the delight of the hotel men, and of all the army of dragomans and hangers on that depend upon them, to escape the hated alternative of doing an honest day's work.

From the limited opportunity that we have had of getting at the feeling of the natives toward British rule, we have learned that there is the most intense antagonism toward it, and the greatest hatred of the English. It is the old story that people prefer to govern themselves badly rather than to be well governed by foreigners. When the English took hold, the Egyptian Fellah, or agricultural laborer, was little better than a slave. Today he is highly prosperous and the equal of anybody before the law, except perhaps where the English have preserved some native institutions, administered by natives. But that seems to make no difference in his feelings and only the fear of British troops prevents serious outbreaks, and not even that at times. The native press is universally hostile.

LUXOR, TUESDAY, March 9, 1920.

With the Ross party we took a motor launch this morning and went up the river a few miles to the sugar factory at Armant. It is one of the old Daira Sanieh factories that belonged to the Khedive, and were later amalgamated with

the French factories of the Company for which Mahoudeau worked. There are no factories now outside of that Company except small native bull mills. It also owns the only Egyptian refinery near Cairo, that refines thirty thousand tons per annum. As Mahoudeau had told us years ago, but now in much more intensified form, the competition of cotton has throttled the sugar industry, and Egypt, which a generation ago produced over one hundred thousand tons of sugar, now produces only sixty thousand, or barely enough for her own consumption.

I had a letter from the Manager of the hotel for the Superintendent, but when he learned that I was in the sugar business, he told me that in the absence of the General Manager, who was on the train on his way back from Assuan, he could not show me his factory. He was very polite and telegraphed for authority, asking me to wait for the answer, which of course I could not do. So we came back to Luxor, visiting on the way an orange and lemon orchard. This was in miserable condition as to cultivation and pruning, but the fruit, though small, tasted very good. We enjoyed the river trip very much, and took photographs of the "shadufs" by which the Nile water is lifted by hand to the little channels on top of the bank, which carry it off to water the fields.

The shaduf has been used from the earliest times; pictures of it may be seen in the tombs. It's a kind of see-saw palm beam, with a large lump of dried Nile mud as counter weight at one end, and a rod with an earthen pot or bucket attached at the other; is worked by one man, who can lift water eight feet by means of it. According to the height of the bank and the stage of the river, three, four or even five shadufs may be seen, one above the other, lifting the water from level to level.

In some places water wheels dragged round and round by oxen, buffaloes, donkeys or camels may also be seen. Also for short lifting from canals, archimedean screws turned by hand are used to force water up spirally.

When we got back to the hotel I received a telegram from the sugar factory that permission had been granted to visit it. The Rosses returned to Cairo this afternoon.

LUXOR, WEDNESDAY, March 10, 1920.

We did nothing today but sit on our verandah and enjoy the view, or read in the shade in the beautiful garden of the hotel. I am reading Locke's "The Rough Road", which I enjoy as I do almost all of his books. At 6:10 p. m. we took the train for Cairo; as there is no diner on Wednesday we took a basket lunch from the hotel. Our compartment seemed even more cramped and uncomfortable, but we managed to sleep pretty well, arriving at:

CAIRO, March 11, 1920 (THURSDAY), AT 7 A. M.

We were met by the hotel porter and had our same rooms and bath, of which we had kept one to store our baggage without repacking.

The S. S. "Silicia" will not sail until the 17th, and we regret not having known it before as we might have spent a day or two longer at beautiful Luxor. The only advantage is that I get more massage, which I am taking daily and the fingers of my left hand are limbering up again.

I found two letters at Cook's; one from Herrod, dated January 13th, with interesting factory news, for which I am thankful. The other letter was from Cook's, Colombo, dated February 18th and repeating a telegram from their Bombay office reading: "Mr. and Mrs. Oxnard—regret no accommodations available". Accordingly, we are glad that we decided to come here direct from

Colombo but I have no words to express my disgust of Cook's inefficiency. We cabled Bombay last July for the accommodation, with this as a result. I want the office to express my displeasure to Mr. Stokes in the strongest terms.

As there were no family letters, I assume that the family must have written to Cr dit Lyonnais and I have cabled them to forward mail to us at Taormina and afterwards to Naples. We are still without any answer to our cable about time of meeting us in Europe, but hope it will come before we sail.

CAIRO, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, March 12 and 13, 1920.

Nothin of much interest to report. I am going to send this by steamer leaving tomorrow (15th). We are also mailing by the same, to family and friends, some postal cards of Nellie and myself on camels, in front of the Sphinx and the pyramids. There is nothing to make one feel young by contrast like standing in front of the pyramids, built five thousand years ago.

On Sunday I went with Mr. Ross and his sister to the great "barrage" or dams that have been built just north of the city, to facilitate the irrigation of the Delta region. It is not as impressive a work as the great Assuan dam in Upper Egypt that we saw on our last visit, and Nellie, who did not feel like going, did not miss much.

There was as much, or more, red tape to get our passports vis d to get out of Egypt, as to get in, and it took me the better part of two forenoons to accomplish it.

Mailed Sunday, March 14, 1920, from Cairo.

Received April 14, 1920, at San Francisco.

CAIRO, MONDAY, March 15, 1920.

Last Friday night we went to the movies with the Rosses to see Mabel Norman in Mickey. It rivals in silliness and improbability the one we saw at Sabang in Sumatra.

On Saturday we went (Mr. Ross, Barbara and I) to the races at Gezereh race course. There were races both for English and Egyptian thoroughbreds, including a hurdle race at $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles for horses owned and ridden by English officers. The Sultan had an entry in most of the races and General Allenby was present. The weights on the Egyptian ponies were very high, up to 161 pounds in one case, and most races were at a mile or over. The attendance was good.

Financial results—negative.

On Sunday we took a drive around town and Mr. Ross and myself stopped at the Zoological gardens, which were about an average.

On Monday we went again to the bazaars to get myself a pair of slippers but I did not find what I wanted. However, Nellie got one of those cylindrical gold or gilt ornaments that the Egyptian women wear hanging down from the forehead over the nose, in connection with a black (occasionally white) veil over the lower part of the face. This with a black scarf over the head and a long, loose, sleeved garment of black or very dark blue is the universal costume. The Turkish, Armenian and other women omit the gold ornament. The men wear very full white cotton breeches and a dark cotton blouse somewhat like the women's. Many are barefooted but most have red or yellow leather slippers, without heels. Also a brown felt skull cap or a red fez.

The prevailing religion is Mahomedan.

An invariable characteristic of the Oriental races, from Japan onward, is

their utter disregard for time. They care nothing about wasting their own time or yours. You simply have to put up with this with the best grace you can muster, for it you allow it to chafe you it will simply spoil your trip. In this respect the following rhyme is very true to nature:

"Now it is not good for the Christian's health,
To hustle the Aryan brown;
For the Christian riles, and the Aryan smiles,
And he weareth the Christian down.
And the end of the fight is a tombstone white
And the name of the late deceased;
And an epitaph drear, "A fool lies here,
Who tried to hustle the East."

Incidentally, they, as a class, are as sparing of the truth as they are prodigal of time. A member of the House of Commons, in the course of debate, accused his opponent of relying on his memory for his wit and his imagination for his facts. The latter part of this criticism certainly applies to the Orientals.

Eleven years ago and again this time, we found at the head of the bill-of-fare of Shepherd's a well known latin quotation, which when freely translated reads: "Who has drunk the water of the Nile, will return to drink again". I remember that on our previous visit we scouted the truth of this in our case, but here we are to prove the truth of the adage.

CAIRO, TUESDAY, March 16, 1920.

Started at noon for Alexandria, taking lunch on the train, and arriving about 3:30. The room reserved for us at the Majestic was in the annex, on the third floor, and as the lift was out of order we preferred an inferior room in the main building. It was on the fifth floor and there was no bell to call the elevator as guests are expected to walk down. We had to telephone down to the office when we wanted the elevator sent up.

The railroad fares in Egypt are high. A first class ticket to Luxor (454 miles) and return, \$40.00—(with the saving in exchange \$32.00). When we have all our baggage it amounts to one extra fare.

At 4:30 we took an automobile with the Rosses and drove all around the city. Alexandria has over 350,000 inhabitants. The two harbors are beautiful, the eastern one, which was the ancient one, being only used now for small craft. This afternoon and the next morning sufficed to see all we wanted, including Pompey's pillar, the Catacombs, lighthouse, etc.

As usual the hotel was crowded, owing to the departure of the steamer tomorrow. By the way, in Cairo, the Semiramis, the Savoy and the Gezereh Palace Hotels are closed, which accounts for the crowded condition of the others.

ALEXANDRIA, WEDNESDAY, March 17, 1920.

Left the hotel right after lunch to give time for Custom House and police investigations. Our baggage had to be examined before sailing but fortunately only perfunctorily. The only really "mean" Custom House I have encountered is the American. I must make one exception that Sallie will remember well. We had sent most of our baggage "petite vitesse" from Italy to Paris, consigned to Cook's. When it arrived, instead of Cook's clearing it as we had expected, they said we would have to attend to it ourselves and we drove an interminable distance to a bonded warehouse. There a "fiend in human shape" dragged everything out of the trunks and wanted to charge duty on about everything

the two Stetson ladies owned. "After the battle" a cab (it should have been an ambulance) brought us back to the hotel and we all swore an oath never to let our baggage cross the frontiers of Europe again, except accompanied by ourselves. Then everything is lovely.

Our cabin on the Sicilia is on the upper deck and quite large, but there are no drawers, no bureau, and almost no hooks. It is the worst arrangement we have had yet.

We had paid Cook's to take charge of our baggage at the railway station and put it on board, but not a single one of his men touched or even looked at any of our twelve pieces (eleven to be correct, as I have drunk up the package of canned milk) without first joining the band of wolves that surrounded us on the dock, howling for "baksheesh", until paid a further tip.

We had failed to get a colored photograph of Pompey's pillar and Cook's man volunteered to send one of his "fachinos" on whom he could rely to procure one as per written description. Just before the boat started he arrived breathless with a measly uncolored postal card package, claiming that he had scoured the whole city to procure it, in a cab, to the tune of 20 piastres (\$1.00). Another rushed up to say that he had put all of our big baggage in the hold of the steamer, etc.

We left the wharf promptly at four o'clock and the view, looking back at the town and harbor, was beautiful.

Mailed through Mr. Ross from Naples.

Received at San Francisco, April 10, 1920.

AT SEA, THURSDAY AND FRIDAY, March 18-19, 1920.

The "Sicilia" logs only about 300 miles per day, but shakes as if it went much faster. The beds are two "lowers" but as an offset to that advantage they are very uncomfortable,—very narrow and a deep depression in the center of the mattress longitudinally. I slept badly the first night but gradually became hardened to it. This is generally the case with me on the steamers.

The only persons with whom we got at all acquainted on the boat, were a Mrs. Hall of Buffalo, a travelling companion of the Rosses on a previous steamer, and a Mrs. Oliver of Cairo, an English subject but evidently of mixed blood, as she appeared more French or Spanish than English. She sat at our table and we played bridge with her. While speaking of Monte Carlo she offered to show me a system that she esteemed highly, although her husband had lost £ 2000 playing it, which they could ill afford. The reason given was that his available capital gave out. If he could only have continued half an hour longer he would have recouped all his losses and £ 1000 more—I think I will stick to my little system that has put me a little ahead, each of the three times I have been to Monte Carlo.

According to Cook's, we were to arrive at Syracuse on Sunday, but we found that we were to land Saturday morning. We are glad as the trip is monotonous. Those beautiful days between Batavia and Colombo, and between Colombo and Port Said, have spoiled us for ocean travelling elsewhere. We are able to sit out on deck and read most of the day, and bridge uses up the evenings. The single bath room on our deck is miserably run, as is all the service of the ship. There seems to be no purser that we can find and we have to get all our information from the Head Steward, in very broken English.

There is one very cheerful aspect to the situation and that is, we are now in a country where the American dollar is at a great premium. The pre-war

value of the Italian lira was 5.20 to the dollar, while now it is 18 to the dollar. In other words, the lira is only worth 5c to 6c in our money. Of course Italian wages have gone up tremendously—say from two lire to eight, for agricultural labor; but still many things have not caught up with the rate of exchange and Americans get more for their money than ever before.

We feel quite well acquainted with the Ross party. He is quite a man of affairs and has held important posts in Canadian political life. Barbara has become quite confidential with Nellie, particularly with regard to a romance centering around an English officer stationed in India, that she met on a steamer and whom she wants to marry. The aunt, Mrs. Flagg, is sweet and shrinking but well read and well informed. She sometimes reminds me of my sister Fanny.

CHAPTER IX.

Sicily and Italy

SYRACUSE, SICILY, SATURDAY, March 20, 1920.

We did not sight land until after ten o'clock and dropped our anchor in the harbor about 11:30. So we had lunch at 12:00 before landing. To show the inefficiency of the steamer management, we had to hire some Sicilian pirates that had come aboard, to get our big baggage and even our hand baggage to the row boat alongside. Three of them claimed to have participated in the service and when I handed them 5 lire, they laughed in my face and demanded 30 lire, at the same time calling to the boatman who had received our baggage that they had not been paid, whereupon he dropped back, out of reach of the companion ladder. All this in the presence of the Sicilia's officer, who refused to take any part in the affair. I finally had to compromise on 15 lire for a service that on all other lines is performed by the ship's crew. The baggage boatman refused to come up to the ladder, so that we had to take another boat for ourselves, when all proceeded to row to the custom house dock.

There we found a crowd of vociferating and gesticulating individuals, each claiming us as his prey. I picked out a man in a large gold braided cap, bearing the name of the Politi Hotel and placed myself under his protecting wing. Thereupon all the others subsided as if by charm. I explained that we were not stopping at Syracuse but wanted to go by the first train to Taormina and desired him to take charge of us and our baggage to that end. He was a most business like individual (a German I suspect). He paid off the boatmen, got our baggage on a cart and up to the Custom House, where it was passed without opening at all, and then said he would register it for Taormina, get our tickets and meet us at train time, leaving us free to do what we liked between two and three-thirty.

We took a cab and went to the Roman Amphitheatre and to the Caves of Dionysius. I also visited on the way a factory for making citric acid and essential oil of lemons. Also sent a telegram to the Hotel Villa San Pancrazio at Taormina to let them know that we would arrive a day before our cabled advice from Alexandria.

There is an urgent telegraph service in Italy at just three times the regular rates and I used this. The telegram cost 4.80 lire or about 25 cents American.

We had been variously informed by the several individuals consulted that the time from Syracuse to Taormina was from two hours to five hours. We could not understand this until we learned that there are three classes of trains in Italy; first, the accelerated; second, the direct; third, the most direct, which is the fastest. I am stating the actual truth when I say that the No. 1 "accelerato" averages ten miles per hour from point to point.

The distance from Syracuse to Giardini (the station for Taormina, which is on a hill, several hundred feet higher) is about 90 kilometers, or 56 miles. We started a little late at 3:50 p. m. and arrived at 7:20, by the "direct". It took us close to an hour in a one horse cab to reach the Villa San Pancrazio at Taormina. The English landlady, Mrs. Dashwood, had only that day received our cable from Alexandria and did not expect us until the next day, as our urgent service telegram arrived after us. She gave us all she had, which were two single rooms, adjoining but not connecting and without a private bath. They were on the north side, on the ground floor and cold as a barn. The only warm thing was her welcome and she certainly is the most obliging, amiable and attractive woman I have known in the hotel business. But for that we would have gotten out the next morning.

To come back to our railroad trip from Syracuse. This certainly is a

beautiful land. It must have been about Sicily that it was written that—"Every prospect pleases and only man is vile". It is a hilly country with the chalk rock cropping out everywhere, even in the valleys, and forming the apex of the hills in castle shapes. Lemons, olives and almonds are the principal trees; the former loaded with golden fruit, the almonds about half grown, the olives in leaf but the state of fruitage not apparent from the railroad. The balance of the land is in leguminous crops, (the horse bean predominating) in grain and in pasture. On the latter, fair sized flocks and herds of cattle, sheep and goats are seen. The railroad pierces the hills in many tunnels and the roadbed is quite good, contrary to my expectation.

TAORMINA, SUNDAY, March 21, 1920.

Breakfast in our room, consisting of one boiled egg, coffee of our own make, toast, marmalade and honey. Italian bread is still war bread, very dark but not bad. We have stipulated for two eggs apiece in future. Mrs. Dashwood, the landlady, has to cut corners pretty close as her prices are exceedingly moderate. We only pay 15 lire apiece for the two rooms, and 25 lire each of us for three meals. Grand total 80 lire or about \$4.50 American for both. Even this would be cut to 70 lire if by the week. This is ridiculously cheap compared to anything heretofore on our trip.

However there is a Hotel San Domenico, in an old convent, that is much better situated, with a gorgeous view of Mount Etna, which we do not have here. Their price for the same accommodation would be 122 lire and we would gladly pay the difference, but we immediately established such friendly relations with Mrs. Dashwood that we have not the heart to leave her.

Her husband is a physician in London and their only son, at fourteen, through a football accident, developed very serious hip trouble. Experts said his only chance of getting well was to come to a very mild climate, so they chose Taormina. The husband started to practice here but there was not enough work to make a living so, in addition, they invested all they had and all they could borrow in building this Villa hotel. That was twelve years ago. Their boy got well, but they made only a scanty living. Then the war came on, stopping all tourist business and they went back to London. Their boy enlisted in the machine gun corps and rose to a Captaincy but at the cost of some recurrence of his hip trouble, as well as serious heart trouble. Her husband enlisted in the medical service and she herself did war work as manager of a canteen. At one time she was in control of all the Aviation Canteens in London, feeding four thousand men per day. After Doctor Dashwood was demobilized, he invested all his ready money in the purchase of a practice in the East End of London, and is doing very well. She came out and opened up here again, but railroad strikes, etc., have made this a poor season, though she is most hopeful of the future. The boy is also doing well in business in spite of his handicaps. She closes up here and goes home in six weeks, until next December, as there are no tourists in the hot weather.

She told us a wonderful tale about their experience with the Mafia. After she reached here, all went well until Doctor Dashwood put out his shingle to practice his profession. Then at the instigation of the local doctors they came under the ban of this Society, all powerful in Sicily and Southern Italy.

The first effort to drive them out, but which they did not immediately recognize as such, was when the local trades people would not sell them supplies, always giving some excuse, such as that their stock was sold, etc. She had to go to Messina or Catania and buy a week's stock at a time. They had made the

acquaintance of a Sicilian of old and influential family, Barone di Policastello, who had taken a great fancy to them and through his influence the boycott was lifted. Then their servants left and they could get no others, until again the Barone sent them two of his old trusted retainers. Then one evening the Barone came to dinner uninvited, and stayed on until she retired. When her husband came to bed, he told her that the Barone had decided that he wanted to sleep in their house and had installed himself on the drawing room sofa, there being no guest room. He was there in the morning and without any explanation stayed on all that day and night. When the doctor went out, he accompanied him like a shadow, even on his professional calls. To make a long story short, the Barone, who was a widower, stayed with them for two years until presumably the ban was lifted by his influence, and during that time the Doctor never went out unless accompanied by the Barone or one of his trusted servants. Several attempts to enter the house at night, presumably with murderous intent, were made. Mrs. Dashwood and the boy went about unmolested.

All this time the Barone would never give any satisfactory explanation of his conduct. When she told him that she knew they were in danger from the Mafia, he stated that it was ridiculous, that there was no such thing as the Mafia, and he forbade her ever to mention this again to him or anyone else.

She says they are all in it, high and low, and it is the most powerful influence in Sicily and Calabria, in spite of all the opposition of the Catholic church. In a novel by Rex Beach called "The Net", he has woven into the story a substantially correct description of how the Mafia rules the lives of the Sicilians.

About ten o'clock we went up the road a hundred yards, past the Messina or northern gate, into the town proper. A few steps further along the Corso Umberto Primo is the road that branches off to the Greek theatre, our objective. This Corso or Main Street runs horizontally along the hill side, and the side streets run sharply from it, up one side and down on the other. Almost all the important buildings are on the Corso.

The Taormina Greek theatre is one of the most beautiful classical ruins in Italy. The foundations, and consequently the shape, is Greek—viz: a hemisphere, as distinct from the Roman ellipse—but when Roman domination of Sicily supplanted the Greek, the Roman architecture was partly superimposed upon the original structure. From the auditorium, looking through the ruined arches and pillars, we saw one of the most beautiful views in the world, with snow-capped Etna as a background. By the way, Etna just now is smoking all day and glows at night.

The Sicilians as a race are a most complex product. The position of the Island in the center of the Mediterranean, and consequently the center of the ancient civilized world, made it the meeting ground and battle ground of all the dominating races. On the ancient prehistoric race as a foundation, the following civilizations successively left their impress, more or less deep. The Phoenicians, the Greeks, the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Saracens, the Normans, the French, the Spaniards and even for a few years, the English. As a result all types are seen and in Taormina perhaps one in five of the children are fair haired with blue or grey eyes.

After lunch on this Sunday we sauntered through the town, taking a bird's-eye view of its quaint old buildings and churches. Palaces turned into shops or even stables for animals, on the ground floor. We do not pretend to make a study of the architecture, but take the guide book's word for its character and content ourselves with a superficial inspection.

TAORMINA, MONDAY, March 22, 1920.

Our north exposure rooms are really too cold for comfort and even health. The central heating system does not seem to reach them, as it is fed with wood instead of coal, which is not obtainable here at any price. The landlady has given us her coal oil lamp heater, but it is a homeopathic remedy. Some people are leaving tomorrow and we are to be moved to a room on the corner of the upper floor, that has one window on the north west.

We are exploring the curio shops and Nellie is investigating a school started by an Englishwoman, Miss Hill, to teach the native girls embroidery and drawn work, with a view to getting some curtains.

There is really nothing commanding in the way of architecture or art, but we are perfectly satisfied to wander around and admire the natural beauties of the scenery.

We took a walk out a short distance to a house belonging to the author, Robert Hitchins, where he wrote "The Call of the Blood" and other stories. It is very small and he uses it only to work in and lives at the Hotel Timeo.

In the afternoon we started on donkeys to climb up to the ruined Saracen castle (1,300 feet) and, on another hill connected by a high ridge, the village of Mola (2,000 feet). It was too uncomfortable for Nellie and she very soon turned back on foot. I was very glad of this as I subsequently found that she could not have stood the trip up, and still less down, so that the farther she had gone, the longer walk she would have had back on a very bad stony road. I persevered and was well repaid by the views which I lack adjectives to fitly describe.

The weather is warm in the sun but cool in the shade and even cold at night. The highest temperature we have been able to attain, even in the new room and with the help of the coal oil lamp, is 62 degrees. The sitting room, which is in the central court with a glass roof, is warm in the day but also gets cold at night.

Mrs. Dashwood has some very good native and French wines that she laid in before the war, since which her house has been closed, and these she prices in lire, which makes them extremely cheap; so I am indulging myself in Macon, Beaune, Chateau Lafite and Chateau Larose at ridiculously low prices. I think she is glad enough to turn them into money as her clientèle does not seem to patronize them.

TAORMINA, TUESDAY, March 23, 1920.

On starting out this morning we got into conversation with an American lady of uncertain age, who turned out to be the intimate friend of Miss Grace Ewing of San Francisco, the Y. W. C. A. war entertainer of whom we wrote from Japan. Her name is Miss Hooper and she and another lived in the same apartment with Miss Ewing. The latter did not even know her friend was going abroad but had written to her about us. What a strange coincidence that we should have met.

On the night that we arrived, we received from Cairo Sallie's cable saying that she had abandoned her trip to Europe. This is a great regret and disappointment to us, as we had been counting on a family meeting. On the next day we got Henry's cable saying: "Everybody well. Adeline sails France May 12th". We are very glad to learn this and have some hopes that even if Sallie does not care to come, she may decide to let Marie Louise come at the same time as Adeline. Beside the pleasure it would give us, I really think it would be a great educational advantage for her to see something of the great

world just at her age. We have cabled Sallie regarding this and hope for a favorable reply.

It was today that we visited the Hotel San Domenico, its courts and cloisters, its cells turned into bedrooms and its lovely garden on a high jutting promontory of rock, that commands a beautiful view almost all around the horizon, including the wonderful blue sea and picturesque coast line.

TAORMINA, WEDNESDAY, March 24, 1920.

We started this morning about 9:30 for a motor trip around Mount Etna. We invited Mrs. Dashwood to go with us and she brought a nice picnic lunch along, which she supplemented with a bottle of very agreeable native wine, rather a sweet sherry type, bought at a small shop along the road. The car is a Fiat, belonging to Robert Hitchins, who gives his chauffeur the right to use it for hire, when he himself is away, in lieu of wages. It is ten years old but the engine still seems in very good condition, showing that these European cars are made of good material. It was very comfortable although the road is quite bad in parts. The Circuit is about 160 kilometers or 100 miles, and includes the cities of Randazzo and Catania. Also the town of Bronte, on the estate that Ferdinand IV gave to Lord Nelson, when he created him Duke of Bronte. The present Duke of Bronte, collateral heir of Nelson, also has a fine Villa in Taormina and spends part of the year here.

The chauffeur had the worst looking bunch of tires you can imagine and, sure enough, we had an assorted lot of punctures and blowouts until, when about half way around he threw up his hands and we boarded an automobile truck that passed, and jolted into Catania, where we took the train for Taormina—the same train that we had taken the first day—and we arrived at the hotel at 8:30 p. m. The first part of the trip, up to lunch time, was one of the very finest that I have ever taken; the last part, our attention was diverted from the scenery.

We were constantly in sight of old lava flows from Etna, which had filled up the gulches and destroyed everything in their path. Often the road crossed through them like a cut in a railroad right-of-way, as high as 15 to 20 feet. In one place the flow of lava had stopped within ten feet of a house directly in its path.

On the lower levels the land is in lemon trees, planted 15 to 18 feet apart and allowed to grow up about the same height, the branches meeting completely. The picking is done with ladders. Irrigation in basins.

As the altitude increased say to one thousand feet, olives and nuts appeared, but principally vines, which continued as high as we went (2,500 feet). There is practically no level land in this mountain country, and everything is grown on terraces faced with lava rocks. The expense of this work would be prohibitive except in this land of very low pre-war wages.

TAORMINA, THURSDAY, March 25, 1920.

Today we took a carriage and going up the coast northwards came to Capo Sant' Alessio, a rocky promontory with a deserted castle on top that forms a feature of the shore view from our rooms in the hotel, being one horn of the roadstead just north of us. Across the road inland from this is the town of Forza d'Agro, perched picturesquely on the top of an abrupt hill of 1,400 feet, that we did not attempt to climb. The people of these sky line towns are many of them Contadini, or agriculturists, who go down and back daily on their donkeys to their work in the lowlands.

The balance of the time was devoted to trying to get Miss Hill to finish a design for Nellie's curtains, and to give an estimate of cost. She is a charming woman but most unpractical and unmethodical. In between times, I try to find the Chief of Police, either in his office or his home, to ascertain if he has to endorse my passport, but I have not yet been able to locate him. How different from our experience thus far on our trip.

We learned that the chauffeur of yesterday did not get in last night until after midnight, yet he had the cheek to demand full fare for the trip. I finally compromised by deducting only the actual cost of getting back after we left him, making no allowance for the inconvenience we had been put to.

TAORMINA, FRIDAY, March 26, 1920.

Nellie has scraped up an acquaintance with a Mrs. Major Jackson, here with her husband, who has lost one eye and been otherwise shot up in the war. She is most attractive both in appearance and manner; also intelligent and well informed regarding things artistic in the antiquity shops. She has been here a couple of months and is showing Nellie the things that she has found but cannot afford to buy. Nellie is in this way picking up a few bargains in odds and ends. The lira has dropped to 19½ for a dollar and we can never expect to have such an opportunity again.

She also took us to the house of an American painter by the name of Chas. King Wood, which is part of an old monastery and most quaint and artistic. He paints in water colors and has charming views of, and around, Taormina. We have bought a couple of his paintings as souvenirs but will have to pay him in good American dollars. Through a friend he is having, or is about to have, an exhibition in Los Angeles, and he had one in Boston last winter. His work pleases us very much. We also bought one of his pictures of Egypt.

We had music by a string band of seven pieces at dinner tonight, and afterwards in the main hall, more music and dancing of the tarantella.

We had arranged to motor to Palermo via Messina, and there take the night boat for Naples, in preference to going by rail via Reggio. The day train—Reggio to Naples—has been taken off and we do not want any night train travel, if we can possibly avoid it. We had stipulated that before starting Carmelo, the Hitchins chauffeur, must show us five new tires. These he has bought, so he says, but is now uncertain if he can get the allowance of gasoline necessary, from the government. At all events we shall start from here day after tomorrow, Sunday, for Palermo, either by rail or motor, according to circumstances.

Mailed from Taormina, March 28, 1920.

Received at San Francisco, April 23, 1920.

TAORMINA, SATURDAY, March 27, 1920.

We spent this day in a last round of the beautiful views that have been giving us such pleasure all the week. Also we made a final round of the antique shops and picked up two nice little miniatures on ivory.

Major Jackson and his wife were with us part of the time. They are very well bred people. Her two brothers were in the regular army and formed part of the first unit that went to Belgium, and fought so heroically. They went right through the war unscathed and one of them is a General. She explained that they were on an automobile trip through Sicily, in the sense that one of her husband's friends had left him an automobile in his will. They could not afford to keep it so they sold it, and as he was much run down they are making this trip on the proceeds. They live in Oxford and have asked us to motor out for lunch from London.

I played bridge a couple of nights with some English people, at 1/2 lira per hundred (2½ cents per 100), the smallest stakes I have ever played for. We have not so far on our trip met any very good or up-to-date players.

Carmelo the chauffeur reported tonight that he could not get any government gasoline at 40 lire, but had to pay 100 to 125 lire from second hands. So he wanted to double the price on us. We refused to be bluffed and then he came down to 150 percent of the original, and tried to establish a moral claim owing to the fact that he had bought new tires for our trip. We sent him about his business and decided to go by train to Messina and then motor to Palermo, if we can make proper arrangements.

TAORMINA, SUNDAY, March 28, 1920.

Our big baggage was packed the night before and went down to Giardini early, to be registered for Palermo. We followed later, stopping on the way to call on Miss Hill, to whom Nellie has given a large order for curtains, household and personal linen. She lives in the old convent of Santa Caterina, which has one of the finest cloisters in Taormina, and a very good fresco of the Last Supper on the refectory wall. Her mother bought this place, with several acres of beautiful gardens, about twenty years ago for £ 500 Stg. and they are now trying to sell it to settle her estate. They asked £ 20,000 Stg. and although they have spent something in restoration, it is a ridiculous price, that they will never get. There are several other villas, owned by foreigners, for sale. Exile, even in so beautiful a prison as Taormina, seems to pall after a while.

We are trying, through Miss Hill, to engage a Scotch maid, who travelled for years with her mother, Lady Hill, all over Europe.

On arriving at the Giardini station, we learned that the ten o'clock train for Messina had been abandoned, but could get no explanation as to the reason. So we had to return to Mrs. Dashwood's and wait for the four o'clock. Everybody there had a different reason to give for this annoying delay. Mrs. Dashwood went and interviewed her cook, a Frenchman married to a native of the place, who on this account is her great authority on Things Sicilian. He opined that it was the commencement of the general strike, of which there are constant rumors. Mrs. Dashwood sent him down to get a sack of flour and some other provisions, to provide against a siege. Incidentally, the Italian papers the other day had a telegram from New York, stating that the Reds were ready to declare the general strike there, in order to attain their ends by the starvation of the City, and their leaders predicted in connection therewith that blood would run in rivers. So we are lucky to be in Sicily and not in New York.

The afternoon train was only three quarters of an hour late, a suspicious circumstance in itself, but in spite of this we have heard nothing further of the general strike, either in Italy or in New York.

On arrival at Messina, amid the usual confusion caused by everybody, including ourselves, travelling with as much baggage as possible in the compartment, where it is carried free, we were rescued from the tangle of jostling and shouting passengers and "fachinos" by an individual, also alighting from the train, who claimed acquaintance on the score that he had seen us alight at Giardini (Taormina) with Mrs. Dashwood, on our return from Etna. I did not stand on ceremony but gladly accepted his services to get to the Hotel Select. He turned out to be a jack of all trades, including guide, and pioneered us on a drive through Messina that afternoon.

Of this the least said the better. Messina is still largely in ruins, eleven years after the earthquake. Some new buildings have been put up of course,

but the poor people are still generally living in the wooden and corrugated iron shacks that were built immediately after the catastrophe, and to a very considerable extent by American contributions. They seem perfectly contented—so do the sheep and goats that graze plentifully in the waste places. But it is a depressing sight and, after viewing the interesting ruins of the Cathedral, we soon turned back to the hotel.

On the way back, still under the protecting wing of our guide, philosopher and friend, we stopped at a garage and arranged to motor next day to Palermo—1700 lire for the trip of 225 kilometers, in a very fair landau, as against the 2000 lire originally asked by Carmelo (which included 50 kilometers extra—Taormina to Messina) and which he jumped up to 4000 and then down to 3000 lire.

The Select Hotel has no restaurant, so we were again personally conducted to the best restaurant in the town, where we had a good and cheap dinner.

About this time we began to think that, in this land of brigands, it might be well to find out something about our self-constituted guardian. So I began enquiries, first from the porter of the hotel and then from the proprietor, a very courteous and gentlemanly man. They had known our guide, Rosario Fichera, for many years and considered him honest and reliable, but ignorant. I can vouch for the correctness of the latter qualification. However, on the strength of the two former qualities, we engaged his services for the remainder of our stay in Sicily.

MESSINA, MONDAY, March 29, 1920.

We left Messina at 9:00 a. m. and had a most dusty and disagreeable trip to Palermo, with a stop for lunch at Celafu', at about three o'clock. The road runs along the sea most of the way but the country is not nearly as bold or beautiful as around Taormina. Added to this we had an assortment of the worst junk, in the way of tires, that could be picked out of a scrap heap and we had our eleventh stop for punctures or blow outs after reaching Palermo, where we got a cab to take us to the Hotel Igiea, which we reached at eleven o'clock at night. Of course our trip was entirely spoiled.

PALERMO, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY, March 30-31, 1920.

The Hotel Igiea is beautifully located, a little outside of the city proper and with a glorious view of the Bay. The two horns of the crescent that forms the bay shore are very bold headlands. One of them, Mount Pelegrino, is compared in the guide book to the Rock of Gibraltar, which is an exaggeration. For our very short stay of two days it would have been more convenient to stop at the Palms Hotel in the center of town.

During our two days stay, our guide managed, whenever it was humanly possible, to get us to the different places at the time they were closed, but in spite of this we managed to see all we wanted of Palermo, which we had already visited eleven years ago. We used as a guide book "Sicily by Douglas Slayden", which is very interesting but very much over enthusiastic. Taormina has in my opinion the most picturesque and beautiful (as distinct from grand) scenery of any place I have seen, but the list of places in Palermo given below does not warrant Slayden's exaggerated encomiums, which I append:

CAPELLA REALE in the Royal Palace—"The most beautiful ecclesiastic building in Europe."

DELLA TASCA GARDENS—"One of the finest gardens in the world."

ROYAL MUSEUM—"The most beautiful of all museums."

CATHEDRAL OF MONREALE—Some similar hyperbole.

TEATRO MASSINO—"The largest and finest opera house in the world."

The forenoon of our second day, while Nellie rested and the guide got our baggage transferred from the railroad station to the steamer, I visited a couple of lemon packing houses and lemon by-product factories. It is hard to get accurate information from people whose language I do not speak, and who themselves speak poor English or French. I tried unsuccessfully to find any book or published statistics of the industry, but have been promised some figures, to be forwarded to me later. These are some of the facts that I gleaned:

Where lemons are planted in a solid block, as distinct from terraces, the trees are usually about 18 feet apart (115 to 120 per acre). With proper irrigation a tree in full bearing should yield one thousand lemons. The first branches begin some eight feet from the ground and the top is allowed to spread out so that the ground is completely shaded. They use ordinary ladders for picking. Cultivation is entirely by hand—irrigation in basins. At this time of the year the fruit is all tree ripe, but beginning in May or June, what is called the "new crop" comes in and is picked and shipped green.

The packing houses are small; the largest I saw had a capacity of 1200 boxes per day and was then running 400 boxes. Everything is done by hand, mostly with women and girls who get 4 lire (20 cents at today's exchange) per day; men for the harder work 12 lire (60 cents per day). They pack two qualities and two sizes—300s and 360s—wrapped in papers—42 Kos—equals 92 pounds. Freight to Atlantic seaboard 32c to 40c per box and American duty 1/2c per pound.

The packers buy from the growers in the open market, as the fruit is carted or shipped in. They were paying that day from 55 to 60 lire per thousand (\$2.75 to \$3.00) for orchard run and getting from the by-product factories for their culls (15% to 20%) 40 to 42 lire (\$2.00 to \$2.10).

The by-product or acid factories also do everything by hand.

FIRST: The essential oil is extracted by boys and girls who scrape the lemon on a piece of coarse jute, spread on small iron cage inside of which is a sponge that absorbs the oil from the jute. The Sicilian lemons, they say, contain much more oil than the Californian.

Then the lemons are sliced in two by women and passed to another crew, who scrape out the inside with one twist of a knife shaped for the purpose. The rinds are packed in hogsheads, in water, and exported.

The meat is placed with chopped straw in hand presses and the expressed juice mixed with lime to make citrate of lime, which is the final product here.

The crop this year is very abundant and the orchards are beautiful to look at. The exporters say, however, that just now returns are bad owing to glutted American markets. They speak with admiration of the way lemons are grown and marketed in California, but they consider their own product superior.

On Wednesday at 7:00 p. m. we left for Naples on the "Sicilia", a large steamer with very commodious cabins. The sea was smooth but the ship being very light had a slight roll. We spent a good night and landed in Naples about nine o'clock. The entrance to the Bay with Capri on the right and Mt. Vesuvius in front was most imposing.

NAPLES, THURSDAY, April 1, 1920.

At the Hotel Excelsior we got two rooms and a bath, fronting on the Bay and with the view of Vesuvius, for 80 lire plus 10 lire for light and heat, which

is always charged extra in Italy and generally in Europe, though they give you no heat and precious little light. The rooms being on the corner are odd shaped and small, but they and the bath connect through a private corridor in which we managed to crowd our big baggage.

We met casually in Sicily, and again on the boat, Mr. Booth of San Francisco, wife and a lady friend, travelling with a very good courier, who will come to us tomorrow. Mr. Booth is famous as a packer of sardines, though he also packs asparagus and some other products.

As soon as we had eaten breakfast we went around to Cook's office and were delighted to receive an abundant mail, as follows:

From: M.D.O. 1-29; 1-31; 3-3; 3-8; and 3-16. The last numbered 18.

Also noticed that she had sent two letters to Bombay and two postcards, for which I have written. The numerous enclosures were all appreciated and I was particularly glad to hear from Euhpémie.

S.S.W. 1-18 and 3-15. This last letter tells about the serious trouble that she has been having and makes us feel very badly. We have cabled for latest news.

B.A.O. 12-22; 12-23 and 3-15. The news about Savannah Refinery is very interesting.

Tommy must have had a severe case of influenza to be in the hospital so many weeks but at his age he will recuperate fast. We don't understand exactly how bad the accident was to his teeth and would like to have particulars.

H.T.O. 12-25 and 3-5 and 3-16. Also cable repeated from Cairo advising that Grayson had cabled to Jay, the Chargé d'Affaires in Rome about us. I shall certainly call upon him at once and am much obliged to Henry and Grayson.

We are also glad to know that Adeline is coming with Mrs. Chaffraix and Margot Lelong and that they will proceed to Paris. I will consequently not go to meet her at the dock. Please let me know what hotel they will go to and the name of the steamer. If I know the latter I can wireless Adeline the name of our hotel and let her come directly there. We were very glad to get the last advices of Nadine's progress and have no doubt it will continue.

H.N.S. & JOSEPHINE. 1-2 and 1-22. Nellie has written to acknowledge these and thank you for the letter from General Poett, which unfortunately we could not use. Harry's news about business is most appreciated. We are hoping to see them in Paris for our appointment at the Grand Prix.

RUTH & AL. 1-20; 3-15 and 3-16. Most newsy and interesting letters for which many thanks. We had to laugh heartily at some of Al's descriptions. Buddy is getting so old that I see we will have to depend on little Sallie for baby talk when we get home.

HERROD. 2-28. Thanks for information about beet acreage in California and Colorado, rain, beet seed and the amount of sugar left unsold.

MISS SLUSHER. 1-16. Thanks for enclosures received and general information.

MINNIE CHASE. With interesting comments about all our friends in her usual breezy style.

SIM THIBAUT of New Orleans. With a request that I advance him \$60,000 to buy an industrial townsite, somewhere this side of, but close

to, the infernal regions.

CHUPI SAUVALLE. 12-18. New Year's Greetings from Havana.

PIERCE TO MISS S. About the Auditor's report on Patterson Ranch which is noted and in order.

RUOPP. 3-4. Interesting and valuable details about our citrus orchard.

B.A.O., Jr. Nice letter of thanks for Christmas present.

EDWARD PREBLE OXNARD, aged 90. A nice letter, in the handwriting of a young man, which I will pass on after I have answered it. He heard of me through the Oxnard at Guelph, Ontario.

CHRISTMAS CARDS from Noble, Pierce and De Coninck.

The above makes the magnificent total of over thirty communications and it took us most of that day, and off and on for several days, to read and re-read them and the Argonauts and Chronicles. The pleasure made up for the long waits we have had before.

A very sad feature of this mail however was the large number of deaths it announced among our friends and acquaintances. Mrs. Whitney, Walter Stetson, Mrs. Hopkins, Georgie McNear, Cora Otis Wyman, Rosina O'Connor and Charley Felton. How much we shall miss some of them when we get back!

NAPLES, FRIDAY, April 2, 1920.

Today we motored down to Pompeii with Ettore Gia, our guide. Naples is paved with great big stone blocks, more than a foot square. Nothing has been done to this pavement since the war and it is in a frightful state for motoring, right down to Pompeii. We were shaken as a terrier shakes a rat and were glad to dismiss the motor at destination (at full pay) and go back by train. There was nothing new in Pompeii—there has not been for two thousand years—so I will merely say that we enjoyed revisiting it.

SATURDAY AND SUNDAY, April 3-4, 1920.

We decided to take the drive from Naples by way of Pompeii and La Cava to the coast at Vietri, on the bay of Salerno, and, following the coast back, proceed via Amalfi to Sorrento for the night. The next morning by steamer to Capri and the Blue Grotto, returning to Naples that afternoon.

Warned by our experience of the day before, we took the train beyond Pompeii to Nocera, where the paved blocks end, and had the motor meet us there. What was our disgust to find that the dirt roads were also so neglected as to be fully as bad as the pavement, with the added disadvantage of blinding dust. We would have given a good deal to have been able to turn back or go on by train, but we bounced along, cursing the guide for not having warned us. We could not fix our attention on, much less enjoy, one of the most beautiful drives in Italy. This continued until we reached Amalfi, where we had lunch in the hotel of the old Capuchin Convent, 150 feet up on the sheer bluff above the road. Nellie was carried up in a chair by porters.

The lunch was good, the Marsala wine was good, the view was a dream from the terrace, canopied by the grapes and lemons grown on the trellis overhead, so that we forgot our discomforts and lived in the enjoyment of the moment.

From Amalfi to Sorrento the road had been worked and was much better, so we were able to thoroughly appreciate the succession of beautiful views of sea and land. We reached the Tramontano Hotel at Sorrento about four o'clock and were given a room looking across the Bay of Naples, at the city, with Capri

on the left; Vesuvius smoking on the right; and the waters of the Bay lapping the bottom of the sheer rock cliff on which the hotel stands, 150 feet straight down below our balcony. Fulton Cutting stopped six months at this hotel a generation ago, when Bayard was a little boy, and he has twice given generously to the town for civic purposes. We had a letter from him to Tramontano, the same proprietor, when we were here seventeen years ago, and the proprietor hardly seemed to have aged at all.

We had time for a round of the shops, but the inlaid wood does not appeal to us as it did. In the evening we saw the Tarantella danced, the same as we did seventeen years ago, and some of the women looked like the same performers.

In the morning we boarded the steamer coming over from Naples, to Capri. There we took a row boat and visited the Blue Grotto, returning to the town for lunch. After lunch a drive up the road cut out of the cliff to Anacapri, perched on the very top of the hill. Then back to the steamer and reached the hotel in Naples by half past six.

NAPLES, MONDAY, April 5, 1920.

Cloudy and threatening. In the forenoon we went to some shops and Nellie bought some very cheap gloves. After lunch she rested and had her hair washed, while I went with the guide to the Aquarium and came back in the rain. The museum was closed for the afternoon.

NAPLES, TUESDAY, April 6, 1920.

Owing to the shortage of coal, the train service in Italy (Government ownership) has been cut down to such a point that a large proportion of the passengers cannot find seats. We took the 10:00 a. m. train and our guide was sent down to the station at 7:30 to board the train as soon as it was made up, place some hand bags on our two seats, and stand by until we arrived, to see that these were not removed and our claims "jumped". Many passengers, including women, stood in the corridors or sat on their baggage for the five hours from Naples to Rome.

The country looked very green and attractive. The fruit trees here are just in blossom and the vines putting out their first leaves. With lunch and reading of the Argonauts, the time passed quickly.

We had telegraphed through the Excelsior in Naples, to the Excelsior in Rome, under the same management, and had received confirmation of our reservation of a double room and bath. On arrival the clerk in charge knew nothing about it and had nothing that he could give us. The manager was out, so we were sent to a small single bedded maid's room to await his return at 7:00 p. m. We killed time by driving to the Pincio and along the Corso, etc., in a one horse taxi. The depreciation in money has been worked out in the taxi business by paying double the registered fare, plus a tip that is subject to controversy.

On returning from our drive, we killed time again by taking tea and noticed much less crowd and animation than when Ruth used to come to this hotel seven years ago for tea and dancing. This was confirmed later by Mr. Iddings.

At seven o'clock the manager returned and explained: First, that our name was garbled in the telegram. This was so obviously immaterial that he immediately shifted his ground to: Second, that he had misunderstood the Naples telegram and thought it referred to a reservation he had made for Naples. From this he slid in the most approved baseball style to: Third, that, as I knew, the Premier of Austria was arriving with his suite on an official visit and the

Italian government had commandeered a whole floor of his hotel; but for this I would have gotten just what I wanted. It reminded me of the famous Kettle case in Arkansas, where a man sued his neighbor for damage done to a kettle. The accused had an impregnable defense, proving by three separate witnesses: First, that he had never borrowed the kettle: Second, that he had returned it intact, and: Third, that it was cracked when he borrowed it.

The upshot of my interview was that he found a room with two beds but no bath. On reporting back to Nellie, she thought that she would try her hand. So we went back and she told the manager that she must have a bath; that he had kept her hanging around all day until she felt sick and he had to accommodate her. He retired for a moment into his private den and emerged to say that, he had one of the best rooms in the house with a bath that had been promised to some people, who should have arrived earlier in the day. That he would give it to us and the other people, when they arrived, must take the consequences of their delay. So we have an excellent room, a little too crowded by our multitudinous baggage, but otherwise satisfactory. Price, 85 lire plus 10 for the usual light and potential heat. Nellie goes on the principle that hotel keepers always keep something good up their sleeves, and this time she was right.

ROME, WEDNESDAY, April 7, 1920.

We took it easily today. Went to Cook's and drew money. No mail. We expected to hear from the Scotch maid. To the American Consulate to look for Carrie Green's address. She was registered as at the Boston Hotel but we found that she had left there two years ago. Mrs. Iddings does not know anything as to her whereabouts. Had my beard trimmed. The restaurant here is good but expensive compared with what we have paid before in Italy.

Late in the afternoon the Iddings called. Very cordial and we are to dine with them next Monday. Betty and child are at some Springs near Reggio, in the direction of Spezzia.

There is good music but little animation or dancing. Mrs. Iddings says however that there is much more going on now than last winter.

Mailed at Rome, April 7, 1920.

Received at San Francisco, May 5, 1920.

ROME, THURSDAY, April 8, 1920.

Rome is so vast. It is so filled with wonderful things to visit and study, that as we read of them in the guide book it produces a feeling of helplessness as to where to begin and what to choose. Of course we have been here three times before and Nellie remembers wonderfully what she has seen, but not so with me, outside of a few salient points. Then again, as regards the diary, to try to describe even what we do see would be a herculean task, like trying to write a guide book over again. Besides, most of those to whom this diary is destined have been here themselves. So, outside of mentioning a few names here and there, I will confine my diary for Rome, and for Europe generally, to a short description of our daily personal routine. For instance, we went to St. Peter's today. I think I have mentioned before in this diary that the beautiful things of nature generally appeal to me more than the creations of man. But St. Peter's is an exception. Its mixture of grandeur, beauty and association, makes me thrill when I enter its doors, as few things have ever done. It so happens that this is the first time we were shown the wonderful treasures in jewels and vestments contained in the Sacristy.

Mr. and Mrs. Iddings happened in for a moment, and Mrs. Iddings arranged to call for us tomorrow and drive us around the city in her automobile.

ROME, FRIDAY, April 9, 1920.

Exchange keeps going against Italy and is today 22 lire for a dollar. It is a terrible condition of affairs for this country as there are some things, like coal and raw materials, that she must import and the prices of the resultant manufactured products are absolutely out of proportion with the purchasing power of the natives, whose incomes lag far behind the rate of depreciation of their money. The accompanying discontent leads here, as elsewhere, to strikes and the diminution of production, or in exactly the opposite direction from where the remedy lies.

We had a nice drive with Mrs. Iddings, our final objective being the Doria Gardens on the Janiculum hill, where also the large statue of Garibaldi stands. On the way we looked into the American College, but when we arrived at the gates of the Doria Gardens, we found them closed owing to mourning in the family.

We returned by St. Peter's Square to Latour's Tea Shop, where Mr. Iddings met us. They have a closed Fiat car, bought before the war, which looks and runs very well. They are rationed on gasoline, or benzine as they call it, and have barely enough to get around the town, but not enough to take any tours out of the city.

We dine very late, about eight thirty, following the usual custom of the Country, and just as we were getting through dinner, Lillie Martin and three men came in and sat at an adjoining table. She did not see us, or at least did not show it if she did. I think that one of the men was the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. On a register in the hall we saw that she was stopping at this hotel.

One of the attachés of the American Embassy since told Nellie that she has been here since last September, trying to get from the Pope the annulment of the Duke's marriage, which he has already broken by a civil divorce. She had been here to try this before, but one of the obstacles was that he could not come here in person because of being an alien enemy of Italy. He has now obtained permission to come into the country. She told Mr. Crosby, the attaché, that she now felt confident of getting the annulment.

No news from the Scotch maid.

ROME, SATURDAY, April 10, 1920.

Today we took an automobile and a guide from Cook's and made a detailed round of the city, omitting as far as possible the places where we had driven with Mrs. Iddings. We saw the two Forums, the Colosseum and several of the principal churches and monuments.

On asking the guide his name, he said it was Piergentile, and he turned out to be the son of the guide that Mr. Stetson and Harry had in Rome, and that we also took on their recommendation in 1903. We liked him better than we did his father, who died fifteen years ago, paralyzed. We had thought he was partially in that condition from alcohol when we knew him.

ROME, SUNDAY, April 11, 1920.

The weather since our arrival has been very fine and warmer than in Sicily or Naples. Today however it was raining steadily when we got up and it continued off and on most of the day.

We took a cab in the forenoon and went to the Art Gallery in the Borghese Palace, now the property of the State. We saw all of our old favorites, including the statues of Pauline Bonaparte, Apollo and Daphne, etc. Also the paintings, some of which we love so well.

Then we re-took our cab and went to the National Gallery just outside the Borghese gardens and containing modern paintings. We enjoyed these very much. I am one of the Philistines who, outside of the very great painters of the past, prefer modern art. I except the impressionists, futurists, cubists and such trash.

After lunch we looked at two rooms and bath on the fourth floor that had been vacated and we moved into them.

After dinner we watched the dancing. The Italian women wear black a great deal, more than half of the dancers being in that color. The dances are very short and there is no applause for an encore. There were all of the different varieties of "rag" and the dancing was very good. Nothing that could call for unfavorable comment in San Francisco. The dresses however were lower above and shorter below than with us. One woman in black, who looked to me like a professional, showed her legs literally almost up to her knees, and she had no reason to be proud of them either—for such pipe stems would be hard to duplicate. Another woman in black, very pretty and ladylike otherwise, had her corsage cut so very much below her arms, both front and back and sides, that her partner could not find enough dress material in the back to rest his whole hand, which was partly on her skin. She was not an Italian, but looked like an American. We are told that in Paris it is even worse, or better.

ROME, MONDAY, April 12, 1920.

In the morning down to Cook's and another bank, to get the rate of exchange, which was 24.85 lire to the dollar. When it gets to 25 we are going to draw our estimated requirements for all we will need in Italy. We also got a letter from the Scotch maid and thereby hangs a tale. It is a "horse" on Nellie, but too good to keep dark.

Miss Hill of Taormina, who recommended this maid, telegraphed her our offer in which she described Nellie as "Mrs. Oxnard nice elderly American lady". The "elderly" was garbled into "eleverly" and in Naples at Cook's we got a telegram from her addressed to "Mrs. Oxnard Nice Eleverly", saying that she was writing to us care of Cook's, Rome. In spite of this fact, which should have put us on our guard, we kept asking here only for mail for "Oxnard" and got nothing.

This morning however, Nellie took the letter clerk into her confidence and told her story, whereupon she reached into the "E" case and pulled out a letter from Scotland for "Mrs. Oxnard Nice Eleverly".

Miss Hill's telegram was so obscure that we have had to begin negotiations all over again.

On Saturday we were delighted to receive the cable that Marie Louise was coming out with Adeline. We know what a sacrifice this must be for Sallie, about whose illness we were not aware when we urged her to let Marie Louise come to us. The cable says nothing about Sallie herself and as we had cabled her for new developments, if any, we feel somewhat reassured.

Last Friday we called at the Embassy in accordance with Henry's cable. I was received by Mr. Crosby, first Secretary, who regretted that Mr. Jay was at the foreign office. They had been expecting us in accordance with Admiral Grayson's cable. He was exceedingly polite and cordial. In accordance with Mr. Idding's advice we also left cards for Mr. and Mrs. Jay at their residence that afternoon, but before we could do so we received a most cordial note from Mrs. Jay, asking us to lunch, also on Monday. So we have this and the Iddings' dinner for the same day (today).

The Jay lunch was quite a large affair (about sixteen) and I enjoyed it. I was seated between Mrs. Busser and a Miss Kent of New York, travelling with General Fitzgerald and daughter. He sat on Mrs. Jay's right, but she made the conversation somewhat general at our end of the table. Mrs. Jay is a most charming woman, with a beautiful face and figure and a great deal of personal magnetism. She was a Miss McCook, a niece of Mr. Charley Alexander, and so knows all the California Crocker connections well. The first wife of Malcolm Whitman was her sister. Mr. Jay is a fine looking man but speaks with a slight lisp. He was Consul General at Cairo, but this being considered like a minor embassy and consequently a political job, he was fired by Bryan. As he did not want to get out of the diplomatic service he received, through Grayson, the post of Councillor of the Embassy at Rome. Either he or she must be a person of means. Mr. Scott, Lady Sibyl Scott (formerly Mrs. Bayard Cutting, Jr.) and her daughter Miss Cutting, were invited, but the two latter went North and only Mr. Scott was present. I did not know it till later and so did not notice him particularly. Mrs. Jay speaks well of him but evidently does not admire Lady Sibyl.

Mrs. Busser, spoken of above, is the wife of the American Consul at Trieste, here on a vacation to escape the general strike that makes life miserable there just now. Her three children are at school in England. Her husband could not get away. She did a great deal of Red Cross work during the war; first at Trieste, until we went to war with Austria; then at Barcelona; then in Norway and now again in Trieste. She had six hundred children under her care. She criticized the attitude of the English women toward Red Cross work.

It is a great disappointment to me that during a lunch or dinner it is impossible to learn much from these people who have been close to the war. They speak very frankly. For instance, Mrs. Jay criticizes the "shameful waste" of Red Cross money on nonessentials, like a very expensive staff to teach young Italians to play baseball, football and other sports. It is very plain that they are not in sympathy with the American attitude toward participation in after war world problems. They are at sea as to the drift that social conditions in Europe will take. I am now speaking of Mrs. Jay and Mrs. Busser. I have not had a chance to speak with the men.

In the evening we went to the Iddings dinner at half past eight. The following is the list of the other guests. Senator and Donna Clarice Frascara (daughter of Prince Orsini); Mr. and Mrs. Peter Augustus Jay (Chargé d' Affaires American Embassy); Minister of Chili and Madame Villegas; Marchese and Marchesa Tacoli; Don Francesco and Donna Beatrice Theodoli; Marchesa di Viti di Marco; Colonel Eager, Military Attache' American Embassy.

This list would indicate that the Iddings have a very good position here and this has been confirmed to us by others. I sat between Donna Beatrice Theodoli and the Marchesa Tacoli. The former was a Miss Thaw, cousin of Harry, and was brought up at Santa Barbara, where she lived as a young girl for eleven years. The latter is partly Egyptian, partly Italian and partly Austrian and was suspected of pro-German sympathies during the war. This accusation is made quite frequently against some of the members of the clerical party.

The naval attache' here is Captain Joseph Mason Reeves, who was in command of the Oregon during our fair. Through Pritchard we were invited to dine on the Oregon and Nellie went. Mrs. Reeves greeted Nellie as a long lost friend and is going to take us to Tivoli in her husband's government motor.

ROME, TUESDAY, April 13, 1920.

Today the exchange market took a plunge against the lira and Cook's offered us 25½ for a dollar. We drew what we estimate will amply cover all expenses and all the purchases we may make in Italy. As far as expenses go, we are living cheaper in Italy than anywhere since we started from home. We are paying for these two rooms 125 lire, or \$5.00 per day. Our meals are about 150 lire or \$6.00. We take a cab and drive around, seemingly for hours, and the register will be, say, 10 lire. We pay double this, or 20 lire, and it amounts to 80 cents. Compare this with the Orient, where we were travelling more rapidly and sight-seeing more energetically, and where consequently our expenses were \$60.00 per day and upwards. An American, with a fixed income and without any business, can live better by coming here than any place I can think of. How long it will last without an explosion is the question.

Just at present, however, we learn that Americans are extremely unpopular, though of course we are not sufficiently in touch with Italians to feel it personally.

When Wilson came to Italy, in the beginning of his European adventure, he was taken at the par value of his many orations and he was almost deified. As one man put it to me, the people were saying; "Blessed be the mother that bore him". But later on, the day after a certain speech of his in which he set himself against Italian aspirations in the Adriatic, there was none so mean as to do him reverence. The American representatives at the Embassy and elsewhere were absolutely boycotted. When Ambassador Page took the train from Rome on a leave of absence, not a single representative Italian was at the station to say goodbye, contrary to universal custom.

The new Ambassador, Mr. Underwood Johnson, is expected here daily and it is a very debatable question as to how he will be received.

We continued sight seeing in a very leisurely way and went through the so-called rag market, a cheap fair held once a week, and there met Mrs. Jay.

Later in the day, Nellie went to her house at tea time, to meet a lot of women interested in Y. W. C. A. work and had a pleasant time. In the evening we went out for dinner, for the second time, to an Italian restaurant, San Carlo, on the Corso. The first time we had enjoyed it very much but this time we were disappointed.

ROME, WEDNESDAY, April 14, 1920.

At lunch, Lillie Martin came in and sat at the table right next to us. She came over and spoke a few words, expressing astonishment at seeing us. She is very anxious to have a long talk and hear all the San Francisco news. In the afternoon we journeyed out to "St. Paul's outside the walls", and also made our dinner call on the Iddings. We invited them to lunch with us on Friday and they accepted. We had already invited the Jays but they had an engagement. Neither could they come to dinner that day as the new Ambassador arrives that night and they must go to meet him.

ROME, THURSDAY, April 15, 1920.

We spent the morning in the Vatican museum of sculpture and the gardens. After lunch we went with Captain and Mrs. Reeves and their eleven-year-old boy to Tivoli and the Villa d'Este. The government furnishes the Captain with a Cadillac motor, which, though it was smashed up badly a few months ago by a joy rider who had taken it out without authority, has been thoroughly repaired and gives first class service. In his opinion there is no Italian car made today

that compares favorably with the Cadillac, and he seems to be familiar with motors mechanically. The Italian manufacturers cannot get either the same quality of steel or mechanics as before the war.

The ride out to Tivoli through the Roman Campagna, though rough, is very enjoyable. The Villa with its many fountains and attractive gardens was well worth revisiting.

Captain Reeves is a well informed man, very courteous, and I enjoyed sitting on the front seat and talking with him as he drove the car. Nellie also enjoyed her afternoon with Mrs. Reeves. We have invited them to lunch tomorrow. They had tea with us in the hotel and there we met again Lillie Martin and the Duke.

ROME, FRIDAY, April 16, 1920.

In the morning we went to the Vatican again. This time to the Stanze of Raffael and to the Sistine Chapel. On the way back we stopped at the Farnesina Gallery to see the frescoes of the Myth of Psyche. The guide book says of the ceiling paintings in the Sistine Chapel: "Whether these paintings or those of Raffael in the Stanze (rooms) are the grandest creations of modern art has long been a matter of dispute." If I were a lawyer I could write a brief on either side, so I will not throw the weight of my authority in the balance for or against either one.

We got back to the hotel in good time for lunch, which was very creditable. Our guests, Iddings and Reeves, seemed to enjoy it, although Captain Reeves is a teetotaler and his wife nearly so.

We received an answer from the Hotel Italie, Florence, saying that they could not give us two rooms, but would reserve a double room and bath.

Mr. Crosby of the Embassy called while Nellie was out and I did not go down. Mrs. Jay called later and Nellie received her.

MRS. N. S. O.

In reading over the diary I see that Bob forgot to mention our visit, while in the Vatican, to the wonderful vestments, robes, laces, tiaras—worn by the Popes—present and past. We had never seen them before and they certainly were most interesting and beautiful. Some of the embroidery on handkerchiefs was so fine it was like a cobweb, and a lace robe made by some Spanish devotees took nine years to complete, always working on their knees, and was presented to Pope Leo XIII.

Aftir our lunch today I went shopping with Mrs. Reeves but did not see anything to tempt me. I am looking forward to Florence for I know everything is attractive there.

Our visit here is drawing to a close and we have certainly had a delightful time. Mrs. Jay has just called and I must add again how much I like her; she is charming, tactful, intelligent and natural, and no one could have been nicer to us than she has been.

Mailed at Rome, April 16, 1920.

Received at San Francisco, May 18, 1920.

ROME, SATURDAY, April 17, 1920.

We received this week a nice letter from Marie Louise, saying that she saw no hope of getting over, and we can imagine her delight at the sudden change in her prospects. We are just as pleased as she is.

I also got a very interesting letter of February 24th from Herrod, summarizing results since I left home. Also a letter from Henry at Falmouth, Florida, of January 25th.

I am considerably disappointed at the material reduction in the estimates of beets for California, say from 280,000 to 200,000 tons. I am also very sorry to lose Frank Johnson after so long and intimate an association, but of course he has his own future and that of his family to provide for and I wish him a successful career.

In the afternoon we called at tea time on the Iddings to say goodbye, and found that it was quite a large reception. We were introduced to a number of people, among them the Russian Ambassador of the old regime, who says that the darkest accounts we read of conditions in Russia are not exaggerated.

We also lunched today with Lillie Martin. The Duke was there and was very courteous and amiable. Conditions in Germany from his standpoint, I mean the downfall of autocracy, are hopeless and he says he sees no prospect of a change in his generation.

We went to the movies once while here and saw a spectacular reproduction of the Sack of Rome, under Pope Clement VII. The reading matter, in Italian, was withdrawn from the screen too quickly for me to follow the action satisfactorily. There was the usual screen portrayal of a battle, with the people running aimlessly and madly in different directions, so that we did not stay to the end.

I find, just as I did on my previous visits to Italy, that I can generally make out the sense of anything I see written or printed in Italian, owing to the similarity of many words to the French and Spanish, but when it comes to speaking myself or to understanding the rapidly spoken language, I am all at sea. I also find that while Italian is pronounced, and also phonetically spelled, like Spanish, the roots from which the words are derived are more similar to French. In other words, the Moorish domination has introduced into the Spanish language many words of common use, entirely unrelated to the Latin. Examples: French, manger; Italian, mangiare; Spanish, comer. French, femme; Italian, femina; Spanish, mujer.

We have been very comfortable here since we changed rooms, and we have met some exceedingly nice people.

FLORENCE, SUNDAY, April 18, 1920.

We started for Florence by the 7:45 train, having sent a boy ahead with pieces of hand luggage to hold seats for us. This proved to be quite unnecessary as we had the compartment to ourselves most of the way to Florence. Railroad fares have recently been increased sixty percent, and in addition there is a further twenty percent charged on Sundays, which probably accounts for this fact. Also, the Iddings and others had told us that this train had been taken off for today, and if this impression was general it may have had some effect. As a matter of fact, it was the afternoon train for Florence that was taken off, but for what reason neither Cook's nor the hotel porter could tell us.

We had an uneventful trip; no diner, so we bought bread, cheese, sausage, wine and fruit for lunch and I enjoyed it. The roadbed was quite smooth, except in spots, and the country beautiful in its Spring greenery. We followed the valley of the Tiber northward, with picturesque towns perched on the tops of hills along the line, looking very medieval and fortress like.

We arrived about 3:00 p. m. and were much disappointed to find that the

Hotel Italie had no accommodations but had located us at the Grand Hotel, under the same management (Swiss). Our room there was the parlor of a suite, transformed into a bedroom and consequently without closet room. Worst of all, it was right opposite the dam over which flows the Arno, and when we opened the window it sounded like going into a railroad station where a locomotive was blowing off steam. So we decided to take a cab and go to the Anglo-American Hotel and consult Carrie Green as to where we could get better accommodation. Meanwhile we took the room.

Carrie had moved ten days before to an apartment, so we went back to the hotel and there found a note from her. She had learned of our coming and had just called in time to see us driving off. Later she telephoned and arranged to come to us tomorrow morning.

FLORENCE, MONDAY, April 19, 1920.

We were tired and slept well despite the noise. Carrie called at 10:00 a. m. looking not very different from the last time we saw her in Rome, seven years ago. She gave such an unpromising account of hotel conditions in Florence that we decided as the wisest thing to stay where we were, trusting to the promise of the Hotel Manager to give us the first opportunity for better rooms. Then we all three went out, Carrie offering to do anything that she could for us in any way, but explaining that she had some shopping of her own for that morning. So we soon parted company after making an engagement for the next morning.

We went to Setepassi's jewelry store to see about setting some of the stones Nellie has collected. He was willing to do a ring for her but not a bracelet of the Ceylon purchase, claiming that he had only very few workmen and plenty of his own work for them. After this we wandered over the old streets, looking at the attractive shops, and postponing the museums and galleries until after we have decided if we want to buy anything. This in order to give time for making things before we leave.

FLORENCE, TUESDAY, April 20, 1920.

We went out with Carrie and visited some shops but Nellie can do better by herself when it comes to bargaining, so we did not close any deals.

The Hotel Manager will have for us today an apartment of sitting-room, two bedrooms and bath for 120 lire (about \$6.00). Although this is more room than we need, we have taken it. It also fronts on the Arno, and while it is very noisy when the windows are open, strange to say it is less so than the other, because of being on the first floor instead of the second.

There is a notice pasted up in the hotel, dated April 10th, saying that by agreement between the association of Hotel Managers and the Union of Hotel Employees, all tips are abolished and in lieu thereof an additional charge of 15 percent, for the first week and 12 percent, for longer periods, will be made on the total of the bill for distribution among the employees. I asked the hotel keeper about it and he said it had been forced upon them by the Unions, but he did not think it would last long. Of course it is wrong in principle as the servants get the same tip whether or not they give satisfactory service. I have talked with some people who approve of it as a means of raising the wages of the hotel servants, who are here wretchedly underpaid.

The weather is rather cold and threatening, with occasional drizzles. This is bad for Florence, where the distances are so short that one uses cabs very much less than in Rome. The cab taximeter starts here, the same as in Naples, at 70c (about 3c U. S. c'y) instead of at 1 lira, (4c to 5c according to exchange) as in Rome. The same custom prevails of doubling the taxi rate with an addi-

tional tip, but even so the saying—"The rich, they ride in chaises; the poor, they walk, by Jazes"—seems inapplicable to Italy. The luxury of riding in cabs is attained cheaply here. It reminds me of a lawyer friend who said that he considered it the height of luxury to have a separate pair of suspenders for each pair of pants. I was repeating this to another legal luminary who commented that, if such were the case, he knew many members of the legal fraternity who could achieve luxury with one pair of suspenders.

FLORENCE, WEDNESDAY, April 21, 1920.

The food is good in this hotel—table d' hôte—and I have taught the very efficient waiter in the public sitting room to make my punches most satisfactorily. As these are paid for in cash (5 lire apiece) and do not go on the bill, I give him the large tip of 10 percent (1 lira) each time. We also have good music between eight and ten thirty—violin, cello and piano. After the music we go to our sitting room and read. So we go to bed late and get up late. In the morning we make a short round of shops before lunch and in the afternoon generally visit some museum or gallery.

I have bad luck here about getting massage. Carrie is looking up some one for me but has not yet been successful.

This afternoon we went to tea at the apartment of Carrie and Mrs. Erskine. She is a Canadian, whose son and family live in New York but who has herself lived in Florence for many years, with an interregnum of several years during the war, when she left here to visit her son in New York and then could not get passports back. It is her apartment and is very attractively furnished. Carrie is very fortunate to have the opportunity of sharing it with her. The partnership was only established some ten days ago.

Carrie, like Mrs. Jay, only more so, criticizes the financial and other control of the American Red Cross in Italy, for which she worked hard in Rome several years. She also says that social conditions in Italy, particularly among the military officers, were very much demoralized by the war.

At the tea, and specially invited to meet us, were old Mr. Eastwick and his daughter Hulda. The old gentleman is eighty-eight years old but, aside from being rather deaf, he carries his years wonderfully. Hulda was most amiable and cordial. Mr. Eastwick has just bought an apartment in one of the best parts of the city. The house, on the Lungarno, is four stories high with four apartments on each floor; two elevators and central heating; built of stone of course. He has chosen the fourth floor and the northerly exposure owing to the heat in summer. This seems strange, as he does not get a front view on the Arno and Florence is too hot for comfort in Summer anyhow. There is a central association of the apartment owners that takes care of community matters. He has twelve rooms. He says it has not what in America are called modern conveniences but Italian servants do not expect this. And the price he paid was 51,000 lire!!! I understood him to say that he drew his money at 20 lire to the dollar, which would make the cost, \$2,550. It seems incredible. Hurry up everybody and come over to settle in Florence, if you want to own a palace and live cheaply. With interest, taxes, repairs, etc., Mr. Eastwick's rent is \$400.00 per year.

FLORENCE, THURSDAY, April 22, 1920.

Our last advices from San Francisco were dated, if I remember right, March 15th and we are getting very hungry for news from home. The Crédit Lyonnais has recently forwarded a letter from Sicily, so that we are unable to account for the delay as being caused by the railroad strike at Turin, which is the usual

explanation given. I suppose that a lot of mail will, as before, come all together. We continue to intersperse sightseeing and shopping in moderate doses.

FLORENCE, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY,
April 23-24, 1920.

Nothing salient to report.

FLORENCE, SUNDAY, April 25, 1920.

Carrie came around in the forenoon and we visited together the Pitti Palace and the Boboli Gardens, both interesting. We then went to an Italian restaurant where we had a good lunch, but with such poor service that the trouble to secure and hold a waiter at last became ridiculous and we treated it as a farce.

In the afternoon we went with the Eastwicks to visit a villa on the slopes of Fiesole and have tea with the owner, an elderly Bostonian widow, Mrs. Richardson, who has lived here for a great many years. She is not related to Dr. Richardson, the friend of the Bartletts.

The place is beautifully situated and the view of the valley of the Arno very extensive. As Mrs. Richardson pointed out the different villas within view on the slope, I realized that they had almost all passed into the hands of foreigners, mostly English, for out of some fifteen or twenty names, there were but two Italian.

By the way the villa that the Eastwicks have rented for two months this summer, (not at Fiesole) belongs to Mrs. Apthorpe, née Lasigi, who lives there with her invalid son, but is now on a short visit home to Boston.

There were some half dozen other people at tea, among them Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding, of the athletic goods firm, and whose brother's will created a contest in San Diego, in connection with the Theosophist establishment. Also a Mr. Heath and his wife. He retired from the lumber business in the South and now, in order to interest himself, he travels around Italy, buying curios and artistic things, which he sends to a nephew at home to dispose of. The business is quite profitable and according to Mr. Eastwick, Mr. Heath only takes six percent on the money invested and leaves the profit to his nephew. There was also an Italo-American widow, connected in some way with the Oliver Iselin family, and a Russian lady, who could not speak of conditions in her country without tears in her eyes. She is in straightened circumstances and has had no communication with her family for years.

We fortunately had a fine day for this trip, but to meet a few people hurriedly at a tea is not my idea of enjoyment. The one subject that seemed to bring everybody in accord was disapprobation of Wilson.

FLORENCE, MONDAY, April 26, 1920.

We had rather a tiresome day as we got hold of a guide that would not skip the less interesting objects. We had looked forward to seeing again the wonderful tapestries in the archeological museum, but they were taken down during the war for fear of damage by aeroplanes and have not yet been put up again.

In the evening Carrie dined quietly with us and listened to the music afterwards till ten o'clock.

I have gotten hold of a very good masseuse, Violetta Carazza, who only charges 15 lire (about 75 cents). She also has travelled with invalids as a maid and nurse. We have offered to take her with us as maid and to do massage for me, and she is considering it. This because after many delays we finally did not get the Scotch maid recommended by Miss Hill.

Mailed at Florence, April 26, 1920.

Received at San Francisco, May 24, 1920.

FLORENCE, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY,

April 27-28, 1920.

Nellie is very much interested in painted Venetian furniture, and she was directed by Miss Eastwick to a manufacturer who makes a specialty of reproducing it in imitation of the antique. He says frankly that his work is all imitation, which he sells principally to other dealers, who in turn may or may not pass it on to customers as antique. I well recollect that on our last trip to Europe we bought a Venetian table as an antique, over one hundred years old and consequently free from duty, but on arrival in San Francisco the Custom House expert proved to me that it was modern and charged me duty. However this man has great taste and his prices are most moderate, so Nellie is going to order several pieces from him.

I called with Nellie to present myself to the American Consul, Mr. Dorsey. He is a very recent arrival, having spent many years in the Orient, which he looks back upon with regret. His last post was Shanghai.

Today (28th) is our wedding anniversary, the twenty-ninth, (1891-1920) and we spent it quietly together until evening, when we gave a little dinner in celebration at the hotel. We had originally invited Mr. and Miss Eastwick, Carrie, and her partner Mrs. Erskine.

Mr. Eastwick declined on account of age but Miss Eastwick accepted. Mrs. Erskine also declined as she has to live on a very strict diet. So the feast was prepared for four and a delicious feast it was too. First, the most delicious hors d'oeuvres I have tasted in a long time. Then, filets of sole meunière, with petits pois à la française. After this a capon in casserole, with bacon, fonds d'artichauts, potatoes and little onions. With the capon a lettuce and tomato salad, dressed by myself. For desert, an omelette soufflée en surprise, that is to say, with a center of ice cream.

In the way of liquids, a gin and rum punch in lieu of cocktail, then a glass of sherry, followed by Roederer special. We then adjourned down stairs to the music room for coffee and liqueur.

We enjoyed it immensely but unfortunately, through some misunderstanding as yet unexplained, Miss Eastwick never appeared. We waited over half an hour for her, then tried to telephone to her hotel, an almost hopeless undertaking in Italy, and finally had to give her up. We had no explanation up to early next morning.

FLORENCE, THURSDAY, April 29, 1920.

We started by motor for Venice, by way of Bologna and Padua. We had invited Carrie Green to accompany us and we got off promptly at 8:30 a. m. in a very comfortable Fiat open car. The only drawback was that, like most Italian cars, it was not high powered, consequently mufflers cannot be closed and this causes a terrific racket going up hills.

The road from Florence to Bologna (104 kilometers) crosses the Apennines, the highest point of this pass being 903 meters, about 3,000 feet. From Bologna to Venice via Padua, we cross the fertile valley of the Po River, one of the garden spots of Europe. It is the center of the beet sugar industry of Italy, and we passed several factories and a great many beet fields. The beets are all very young, many of them not thinned yet, and the stands were generally very good. The individual fields were small as a rule. I saw no evidence of irrigation being practiced.

We stopped for lunch at Bologna and took a turn through the town to view its arcaded streets and its leaning towers, which do not compare with that

at Pisa. The exterior of the cathedral was interesting but the church was not open at that hour.

We reached Mestre, the last town on the main land, about 7:30 and had a bite to eat. Then we left the motor and had a long and tedious journey by train, ferry boat and gondola, reaching the Hotel Danieli, Venice, about 9:30. There the usual disappointment met us in not getting the rooms we had telegraphed and telephoned for, owing to congestion from non departure of the Paris express, etc., etc. So we had to take what we could get for the night.

VENICE, Friday, April 30, 1920.

After breakfast we took a guide, recommended especially for his knowledge of English. He turned out a mine of knowledge on every subject, except English. To add to the difficulty of his imparting information, his enunciation was decidedly below par, owing to the loss of all of his upper teeth and some of the lower incisors.

We devoted the forenoon to St. Mark's Square and Church, and the Doge's Palace. The afternoon, to a "giro" or turn on the Grand Canal and some side canals in a gondola.

This last was most restful and soothing and thoroughly enjoyable. The perfectly quiet gliding motion; the interesting places pointed out on the way; the charming bits and artistic combinations of buildings, bridges and water, on the smaller canals; the skillful ease of the gondolier in threading in and out of the maze of narrow water channels—all made this trip a thing to be remembered. We also worked into the afternoon a couple of churches and a view of the canal, where the gondolas were discharging their various wares on to the Market Square for the next day's business.

We also visited a private palace belonging to Prince Alberto Giovanelli. This is an old family and the richest in Venice. When Napoleon the First ruled Italy, he made them Counts and the Austrian regime confirmed the title, raising it to Prince. The palace and contents were valued at 30 million lire before the war, the paintings alone representing 3 millions. It was very spacious and grand and we were glad to see a palace that is actually lived in, although we did not see the private apartments which are on the top floor. It seems that it is not unusual for Italian grantees to allow visitors to the state apartments of their palaces, for the next Sunday we saw the state apartments of the "palazzo delle Colonne", belonging to "Conte Donadei Rosi" of the family of Barbarisca, that has numbered among its members a Cardinal and one of the old Councilors of Venice, under the Doges. In the first case the family was in Rome but in the latter, they were actually in the upper part of the house. This latter palace had most wonderful tapestries representing the conquests of Scipio Africanus. Also a great quantity of really antique Venetian painted furniture, that Nellie is so interested in just now. Also some paintings by great old names.

Almost all the greatest artistic treasures of Venice that could be moved were taken to Rome during the war, for safety, and some of them have not yet been replaced. This applies not only to paintings, but to much more bulky objects also, such as the bronze Horses of St. Mark's, and the like. Even in the Giovanelli palace some of the treasures had been removed.

The new Campanile of St. Mark's is an exact reproduction of the old one that collapsed in 1902, but the new look makes it seem queer. An elevator now carries you up to the top of the square tower, about 175 feet, or a little more than half way to the top of the huge golden Angel. From there a magnificent view of Venice can be had, which we enjoyed for the first time, as we had not

gone up on foot on previous visits. Strange as it may at first appear you do not see anything of the 2,700 canals, which are entirely hidden by the houses, except just the entrance of the Grand Canal. It is a sea of roofs with the domes and bell towers of the churches rising out of it.

I must now make a confession. If by mistake you snap your kodak on different objects with the same film you of course get a blurred impression. On the same principle I have exposed the sensitive film of my brain to so many different objects of interest in the last few months, that I feel sure I will only retain a blurred impression of many of them. This is particularly true of the galleries and churches, temples, palaces and pagodas, where a great general similarity exists between the several "units" of each class. In the case of the paintings of the old masters in Italy, the difficulty of remembering clearly is further increased by the immense multitude of them that are centered on a few of the same ecclesiastical subjects.

We had intended to finish Venice tomorrow and return to Florence Sunday, but we are confronted with the fact that tomorrow is the first of May and everything is closed up, except what is connected with food supply. In addition, even if we were ready we could not start, for somebody or other has issued an edict that automobiles shall not run next Sunday. Whether this is a national or a municipal or a labor regulation, I cannot find out.

Every one is more or less nervous as to what is going to happen tomorrow, but the government is said to have concentrated a strong body of troops in the City to insure order.

We managed to get our rooms changed (120 lire per day) and now have a private bath, but we do not like the service in the Danieli nearly as well as in the Grand Hotel at Florence. Neither is the table as good. The same system prevails of no tips but a ten percent addition to your bill in lieu thereof, and posters on the walls of the hotel proclaim how much this adds to the dignity of labor.

Carrie Green is a splendid travelling companion and enjoyed the trip immensely.

VENICE, SATURDAY, May 1, 1920.

All work and outdoor activities absolutely stopped. Not a gondola stirring except an occasional freight skiff, probably in the provision trade. We would like to go to the Lido but the excursion steamers are also tied up. No admission to any of the museums or similar buildings. We can look into the courtyard of the Doge's palace, which is full of soldiers, and we also see some looking out of the windows of other buildings. The day is beautiful and the streets full of promenaders. They are perfectly orderly and well mannered and neatly dressed—no signs of extreme poverty—the children all have shoes. The women and young girls go bareheaded and wear typical black silk shawls with very long black fringe, that look very picturesque. Their skirts are all shorter than you would see at home and most of them wear such ridiculously high heels that it gives me a pain to look at them; this is true all over Italy. It is a craze that must produce serious results on the health of the women if it lasts long.

We took quite a long stroll in the forenoon and again in the afternoon.

As a matter of fact the day passed very quietly all over Italy. Some rioting occurred at Via Reggio, but it started as the result of a collision over a football game and had no political significance. At least that is what we see in the local papers.

VENICE, SUNDAY, May 2, 1920.

We took the excursion steamer and went to the Lido which had not much to attract, as the bathing season has not opened and the town, while rather pretty, is insignificant. There is a big pavilion of the Coney Island variety but not opened for trade.

In Venice all shops are still closed. We had already decided Friday to take a local train that runs Sunday to Padua and spend the night there. The chauffeur can then start very early Monday from Mestre, where the motor has remained, and pick us up at Padua. In this way we are sure of reaching Florence at a reasonable hour. This is what we did, but before train time we had leisure for another gondola trip, visiting also the Votive church of Santa Maria della Salute and the second palace already described. We enjoyed the gondolas immensely, even the row from the hotel to the train being in the nature of a joy ride to us.

The Savoy Hotel in Padua is across the street from the station. The plumbing was out of order but the proprietor informed us when we asked for a bath that there was a good one a few blocks away. However he made us comfortable and the charge for the two rooms overnight was 27 lire, a little over \$1.00.

PADUA, MONDAY, May 3, 1920.

The chauffeur showed up while we were at breakfast and we got started by 8:30. The church of St. Anthony is attractive architecturally but we did not go in. We had expected to return by a different route from Bologna to Florence, so as to see Pistoja, but owing to a bridge being out of repair we had to return just as we came. The day was beautiful however and the trip over the Apennines much more enjoyable than before. We reached Florence by 6:30 and Carrie voted the trip the most enjoyable experience she has had in Europe, which was pleasant to hear. We only had one blow out. It seemed like getting home when we got into our very comfortable quarters again.

FLORENCE, TUESDAY, May 4, 1920.

We found a lot of mail awaiting us here and it has kept coming ever since, from all the places in the Orient where we missed it. The old is almost as interesting as the more recent, for it is the facts and not the dates that are important. I am writing this on the 7th and I will recapitulate this week's "bag" of which we have reason to feel proud, for it is one of the biggest of our journey.

M.D.O. No. 13, February 3rd; No. 14, February 10th; No. 15, February 20th; No. 19, March 22nd. The most salient point is that she expects to go East next September and I am already enjoying the family reunion in anticipation. She says that "Alice is better", from which we are sorry to learn that she has been sick. Also that Robbie has been having a bad winter and Tommy a very severe case of "flu". They all have our sympathy. We are also glad to know that Tommy's accident does not disfigure him.

S.S.W. January 25th and March 20th. We are much relieved to know that an operation is not necessary and that she is doing well. We are glad that she is having our wine cellar doors made more secure. The details about the children never fail to make a hit with us and, last but not least, everything that concerns Louie is a headliner.

B.A.O. February 12th and 19th, March 29th, Savannah circular January 29th. Letter to Miss Slusher February 4th with remittance. The news regarding Savannah sounds too good to be true and his plan to improve the refinery to the highest efficiency during prosperity thoroughly appeals to me. I cabled on this date (4th) to him for a quotation on the common and for his advice about

buying, but have no answer yet (7th). If that common stock was worth 25 when he bought it two years ago, it certainly is worth over 50 now. The preferred, I should say, as investments go nowadays, is about high enough. All his other news is intensely interesting but it would take too much time to recapitulate here.

H.T.O. February 10th and April 1st. I note that he did not get my letter of December 28th and, on the other hand, we did not get his Christmas cable, for which we thank him heartily nevertheless. I fully agree with him that the way the European situation is being handled at Washington is a political crime. We are not going either to the Olympic games or to Henley. We neither of us care much for that kind of thing, and there is always such a crowd that it is a struggle to get proper accommodations.

R.H.S. February 9th. At last! But I am not going to scold because it is such a nice letter, so full of interesting news. Bill's training as an engineer will give him a good start in learning the refining business, where the problem is the efficient, economical and careful handling of large quantities of material, not complicated by chemical and agricultural difficulties, like beet sugar production. We also got a nice letter from Bill thanking for a Christmas remembrance.

RUTH, February 16th and **Marie Louise**, March 21st. You have to be away yourself to appreciate the home details like the ones they give. I am glad to see that Marie Louise had accepted philosophically the disappointment of not coming to Europe, which the next few days was to turn into gratification of her wish. The S.S. "France", that is to bring her and Adeline over, is now being delayed in sailing from Havre by a strike and we figure that she will be several days behind her schedule.

Eugénie, February 22nd. Sending us the "great news", which brings out our heartiest congratulations and best wishes.

Adele, February 14th from New York with interesting details about Helen's plans.

Judy Sanderson (undated), written from a houseboat off the coast of Florida. She might be sailing in the clouds instead of on the sea, so enthusiastic and poetical is the description of her trip. But the mad whirl of their stay in Havana would have suited me better when I lived there in the 70s of the last century than now. How nice it is to read the affectionate things she says about us and to feel that she means them.

E.C.H. Copy of letter to President of April 7th, which gives me a résumé of the situation that I am glad to have.

Miss Slusher, February 17th, with interesting details and figures. I am going to see if I now have sufficient data from her to make up my bank account and Mrs. Oxnard's, pending receipt of the statement I have asked for.

Tom Oxnard of Arizona, with thanks, and report on his condition, which is now improving again.

Emilie Condamin. Usual letter of thanks. I expect to see her now shortly.

Miscellaneous circulars, clippings, etc. from various sources. Invitation to Helen Keeney's wedding.

This makes twenty-two letters besides the miscellaneous and I am keeping them all in a large envelope, to go over them again the next time I am on the train.

Postscript. Since writing the above another mail has come in with Marie's letter of April 5th (No. 20); Sallie's letter of April 4th; Marie Louise's of same

date; Billy Newhall's of March 31st and Edie Delong's of April 14th. Sallie's and Marie Louise's are full of the new plan to let the latter join us in Paris, which I think is an unselfish and wise decision on Sallie's part. It will do the child a lot of good to see something of the great world and meet new people. This will give her a good standard by which to measure her old ideals, and correct them if they are dwarfed. At least I hope so. There is a French saying—"Whoever has seen much, may have retained much", and I think this will be the case with her.

As regards Marie's letter, I will give her present of money to Adeline as requested. What she says about Nadine's talent for painting brings up now, something I wanted to write about later. At a tea given for us by Miss Eastwick on Tuesday, there was a Russian lady that I met last week at Mrs. Richardson's. She has been living by selling some houses she owned here, since her supplies were cut off from Russia, but now must do something to earn her living. She is herself very artistic and she developed her daughter into a great pianist and a very promising painter, when she thought these were only accomplishments. Now her daughter earns a good living as a pianist. She says that she has seen so many young American artists come to Italy full of hope and fail for want of guidance, as to what teachers to employ to develop their particular talent. She would like to act as artistic guide to American girls coming to study in Italy. Miss Eastwick vouches for her and I was well impressed with her personality and culture. If Henry thinks of sending Nadine over here, Miss Eastwick would gladly give him further particulars.

FLORENCE, WEDNESDAY, May 5, 1920.

Nellie is ordering some Venetian furniture and I am acting as French interpreter between her and the maker. This took up the forenoon. In the afternoon we went to tea at the Eastwicks' and met almost the same people as at Mrs. Richardson's. In between, we were trying to secure hotel accommodations in Paris. We wrote to a dozen different hotels early in April and are now still getting answers, dated April 14th to 16th. From these we picked out the Plaza Athénée and telegraphed a week ago for an apartment, asking them to confirm by telegraph but we have not heard a word. We hardly know what to do, because the delay may be due to the telegraph service and in such case we could not hope to hear from anyone else before leaving Florence. We will just have to drift and probably wait till we get to Paris before permanently settling ourselves.

FLORENCE, THURSDAY, May 6, 1920.

Nellie is getting some bargains in summer dresses at a dressmaker here. She has also bought a dress each for Marie Louise and Adeline. The rate of exchange makes anything that you can find in Italy that suits you a great bargain. It will not be the same in Paris as we can tell by the prices asked for hotel accommodations.

Today we were invited by Carrie to lunch at a typical Italian restaurant of the Bohemian sort. She also asked Mrs. Erskine and a Mr. Eyre, of French, Lemon and Company, an old firm of bankers and agents, who are going to ship our purchases home, as they did when we were here before. Mr. Eyre is a cripple, but a most charming man.

The lunch consisted of spaghetti with a wonderful sauce, an Italian fricasseed chicken and a rum omelet. It was simply perfect of its kind and, washed down with an Italian white wine, left nothing to be desired. To show the type of restaurant, the cook was standing up in the distance, in white cap and apron,

eating his lunch on the hoof and watching the reception we gave to his dishes.

Mailed at Florence, May 8, 1920.

Received at San Francisco, June 11, 1920.

FLORENCE, FRIDAY, May 7, 1920.

We are closing up our "business"—furniture, dressmaker, forwarding agent, etc., today, preparatory to leaving tomorrow for Genoa. We are remarkably well pleased with Mr. Kraft, a Swiss, who runs this hotel, The Grand, while his brother runs the Italie, a block away. The old father, who is the capitalist, divides his time between the two. He must be rich, for he also owns a very fine house on the Lungarno, a few blocks away, where he grows as a hobby beautiful flowers and particularly azaleas. He has, in the sitting room and halls of the hotel, the most perfect azalea plants in pots that I have ever seen. They would take first prize at any flower show in the United States. They are white and pink-red and are just now in their glory.

We gave a parting dinner tonight to Carrie and Mrs. Erskine and the hotel cook gave us a special dinner that was exquisite.

In the afternoon we went with Miss Eastwick and visited the apartment that they have bought and are fixing up to receive their furniture, when it arrives from Vevey. It certainly is wonderful for the price, though not laid out conveniently, according to our ideas. I was not surprised to learn that a Mrs. Mason Jones, a friend of the Eastwicks', is trying to purchase from the original buyer the adjoining apartment and is willing to pay a bonus of 20,000 lire (about \$1,000.00). I was also mistaken about the cost of the apartments fronting on the river, which Miss Eastwick says are considerably dearer.

Earlier in the afternoon, we took a motor and drove up to Fiesoli, and then down again across the River to the south bank, and up to the Square of Michael Angelo, where there is another glorious view of the City and of the Valley of the Arno. Returning, we passed through the Cascine, the park of Florence. All this we had already seen, but never at this season, when the trees are in full Spring foliage, and it impressed us as never before.

We have been fortunate, since landing in Sicily, in following up on our way North the development of Spring. We are leaving Italy with regret because, however hard the rate of exchange may be for the good of the country, it certainly gives the tourist a sense of getting a wonderful return for his expenditure, in our money.

We hear all the time of unrest and labor troubles, but personally we have not come into disagreeable contact with those conditions, and we read in the papers the same things about other countries, including our own.

As regards Sallie's letter, in which she speaks of serious conditions in Europe in the way of diseases, we have met an official of the Red Cross, who has travelled all over Europe recently and he says, that there is positively no serious trouble except in Serbia, and parts of Southern Russia. This young man has been in Europe five years and I think he said his name was "Barton", but I am not sure. He is from San Francisco and was one of the Purchasing Agents of the Owl Drug Company.

FLORENCE, SATURDAY, May 8, 1920.

We packed up this morning and took train at 12:45 for Genoa. We had a picnic lunch put up by the hotel to eat on the train. Exchange has been steadily going in favor of Italy for the last few days, and I settled my hotel bill, in part, with American Express checks for which I only got 19.80 lire to the dollar,

as against 25.50 in Rome. Our average for all we drew was about 23.

There was a strike of telegraphers in Florence and the people in our compartment thought this might cause delay in the operation of the train, but we arrived in Genoa only one-half hour late (unusually promptly) and in ample time for dinner.

Our travelling companions were: First, husband and wife (elderly), people of evident position and means, who live in Turin but have an estate near Sienna and another near the French frontier, opposite Savoy. They spoke a little English and very good French and Spanish. She was born in Lima, Peru, daughter of the Italian Consul there. Some of her brothers are Peruvians and some Italians. One is the Vice-President of Peru and another is a retired Admiral of the Italian Navy. Another passenger, whom the first two knew, was a college professor, who spoke French. The fourth was the Italian Agent for the Ford and Hudson automobiles. In spite of the adverse exchange, he manages to do considerable business in these cars.

I told him I had written to the Fiat people for a quotation on a limousine of their best grade, but that they had quoted me in American money—\$4,400.00 f. o. b. Turin, for delivery in 1921. That this price, plus duty and freight, was prohibitive, especially as the American Naval Attaché, at Rome, who had a Cadillac, told me that no Italian car could equal its general performance. He did not dispute this, but said that, if I wanted an Italian car, he had an opportunity of getting quick delivery on a Lancia limousine for 100,000 lire (at 20 equals \$5,000.00). So it would appear that there are no bargains in Italian motors. I would be afraid to buy one anyhow, for I hear that the quality of material that they put into them has greatly degenerated.

To come back to our fellow passengers, there was not a single one but could make himself fairly understood in at least one language besides his own.

Genoa is a very important commercial city. Before the war it was the main outlet, not only for Northern Italy, but for Southern Germany, a large part of Austria and of Switzerland. For the tourist it has few attractions and as we had been there before, we merely spent the night at a railroad hotel, and the next morning:

GENOA, SUNDAY, May 9, 1920.

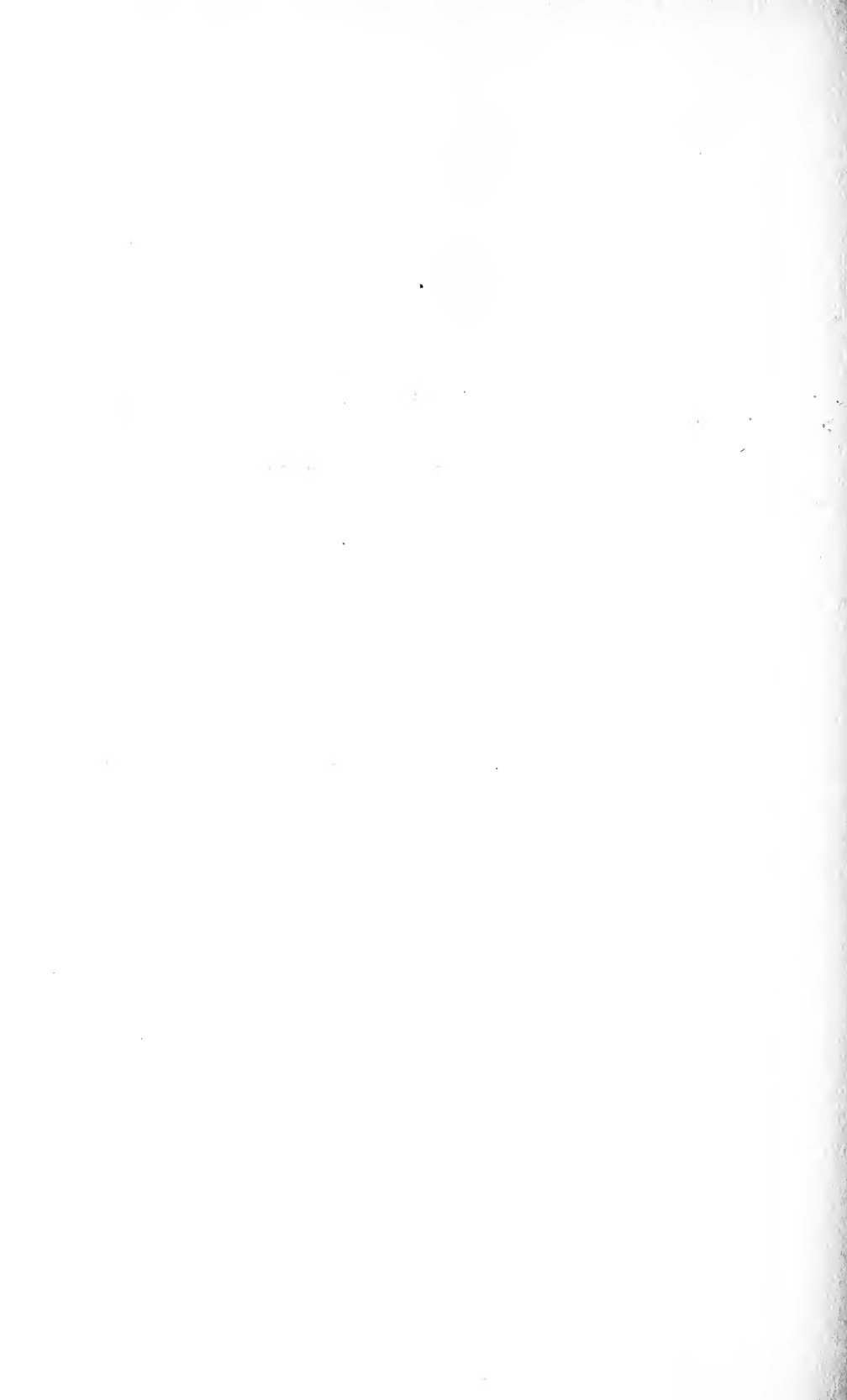
We started for Ventimiglia, the Italian frontier station, on our way to Monte Carlo. There the passports and baggage are examined both by the Italian authorities, for permission to leave the country, and by the French, for permission to enter their territory. The baggage examination is quite perfunctory. The Italians only want to know that you are not taking gold or silver out of the country, and the French that you are not bringing in tobacco or liquors. They only opened one or two pieces. As to the passports, ours were duly viséd in Florence by the American Consul, the French Consul and the Italian police. The American Consul had to attach an extra sheet to our passports, as there was not an inch of room left for further visas.

We reached Ventimiglia a little before one, Italian time, or noon French time. Just after we arrived, everybody stopped work and went to lunch, and business was not resumed until two hours later. This included the "information department", so I could get no authentic information, and not knowing anything at first about the difference in time, nor as to the length of time it would take to examine the baggage, I was somewhat on the anxious seat for a while. I remembered when Sallie and I, at the same place, were wrestling with the Custom House when the train started and Nellie, jumping off to look for us, also got left.

So Ruth and Marie Louise were carried on alone to Monte Carlo, where, with great presence of mind for kids of fifteen and ten, they got off and waited for us at the Station, until the arrival of another train shortly after. Nellie reminds me that Mrs. Alleyne was with them.

Today however there was plenty of time and we reached the Hotel de Paris, Monte Carlo, right opposite the Casino, about four o'clock. Here, as in Genoa, the night before, our telegram from Florence for rooms had not been delivered. The clerk showed us two rooms and bath in front, but just over the starting place of the electric trains which made a big racket. We refused these and he then suggested inside rooms. Mrs. O. refused to consider this and, to make a long story short, he finally gave us a splendid apartment—parlor, two bed rooms and bath, and in consideration of the fact that he could not supply us with what we asked for, he made the price the same as he had quoted for the two first rooms, viz.: 155 francs.

After we had settled ourselves and had dinner, we strolled into the gambling rooms, but did not play, as we were tired and needed a good night's rest.



CHAPTER X.

France (I.)

MONTE CARLO, MONDAY, May 10, 1920.

The season is fast drawing to an end here. We took a walk after breakfast and found several of the branches of Parisian shops closed, or about to close. The weather is perfectly beautiful however, and the crowds around the tables uncomfortably large. This partly because they don't seem to want to start any more tables running than absolutely necessary. There are always several of them, with full crews of croupiers, standing idle. The play, however, was not large, though later on we saw some lively betting once or twice. As we do not care to stand up by the hour, we subscribed to the private parlors at 50 francs per month, but found these almost as crowded. The "Sporting Club", which is an adjunct of the Casino in a separate building, had just closed for the season. To join this Club you must be known, or, if a foreigner, at least be a member of some reputable Club in your own Country. Last time we were here, I had no difficulty in getting a card of admission for myself and ladies, as a member of the Union Club of New York. We found this very much more agreeable and entertaining than the public rooms, both as regards the players and the character of the betting.

In Italy we had learned that the train de luxe with sleepers for Paris was booked weeks ahead. On enquiring here we found the same to be the case. There are four grades of accommodation for night travel; 1st, the regular wagon lits or Pullman; 2nd, a "couchette with sheets" which is a bed made up in day compartments—four to a compartment; 3rd, the same without sheets, but a pillow; (Query: Why this difference, which hardly seems worth while); and 4th, sitting up all night—which many people do.

There are only two trains a day to Paris, and only one with "wagon lits". So the problem of getting there is a serious one. The Pullman is out of the question. They will only book your name for the "couchettes" three days in advance, and there are so many applications that the agent tells you frankly that your chance is very small. We spoke with a woman, who, in spite of having a doctor's certificate that her husband should be moved, and in spite of having promised the Agent a good tip, had been trying unsuccessfully for ten days to get away. Under these circumstances, I was advised to go to headquarters at Nice and see the Superintendent. So Nellie and I took a motor this afternoon and went to Nice, where the Superintendent, politely but positively, told us he could do nothing except through the regular channels; that the strike of railway employees was responsible for the congestion, and that he was going to forbid the Monte Carlo agent from sending him people, to whom he could give no satisfaction. Incidentally I will say here that the motor trip along the shore was beautiful. We went back by the famous upper Corniche road, but owing to the stone wall that borders it, and the steep slope of the land from it down to the water, there is not nearly as fine a view as from the lower road.

While in Nice we went to the Villa Gaja and called on Emilie and Claire. The former opened the door for us and was overjoyed to see us, expressing it in her usual demonstrative way. She sent for Claire who had gone to church and we had a long and intimate talk. They neither of them look well, though Emilie better than I had feared. Later on I went into Charles' study to greet him. He looks very badly, being a confirmed invalid, who is allowed to do his work at home. I imagine that he has a responsible position and must be an efficient engineer.

The relations between him and Emilie are very much strained. He has not spoken to her for years and she lives and eats in her room, never coming in

contact with him. The situation is deplorable and we must do something more for those relatives than we have done in the past. I will discuss this matter when I get home and meanwhile have given some extra temporary help.

I was delighted to hear from them, that Paolina was due in Nice the next day to visit there, as this saves my stopping at Marseilles. I therefore invited them all for lunch at a restaurant in Nice for the day after tomorrow, as it would be difficult for them to come to Monte Carlo. Both Claire and Charles spoke of having us to lunch with them but we pleaded an early departure, as it would have created a very embarrassing situation. Fortunately Charles refused our invitation, on the plea of invalidism, which was in itself a sufficient one.

To anticipate and finish up the family reunion, Nellie and I went to Nice Wednesday, and after ordering the table d'hôte lunch at the swell Hotel Brul, and including a bottle of champagne, I called in a carriage and brought the three ladies down to the Hotel, where Nellie awaited us. Paolina is a wonder for eighty-two years of age, being by far the smartest looking of the bunch. We had a very good, almost a jolly time, though the details of their lives are sad enough. They all hate and despise Charles Bardot and I think he richly deserves it. The lunch was at one o'clock and Nellie and I took the four o'clock train back to Monte Carlo.

To anticipate further, after trying unsuccessfully to get "couchettes"—with or without sheets—we determined that our only recourse was to make Paris in two day-time journeys, stopping over at Lyons. Even for this it seemed impossible to get reserved seats in the day coach, and the alternative was to run the risk of standing up or sitting on our baggage in the aisle, as so many people have to do. In this emergency Claire bethought her of a young girl for whom Charles had obtained a position in the railroad office at Nice. Through her we were booked for two reserved seats from Cannes to Lyons. In spite of that, I had to bribe the agent at Monte Carlo, and then again at Cannes, to make it stick, although we actually have the tickets issued by the Cannes office. I have written to reserve the same from Lyons to Paris and can only hope for the best.

Now to come back to Monday when we returned from Nice to Monte Carlo by motor. We dined that day in the Restaurant de Paris, which is distinct from the Hotel de Paris, and where it was gayer, with occasional dancing in the center of the room, but apparently only by professionals. After dinner we went again to the Casino and played in the private rooms. We are playing on the same "system" that succeeded with us before and we are dividing up the labor. I keep the accounts, or in other words the run of how much to bet and where to place it, and Nellie does the actual betting. By our system of play whenever we could "close" a "series" it would net us 500 frcs. We played off and on all the time we were at Monte Carlo. It took us several sittings to close up the first frame or series, and we never succeeded, during our stay, in closing up the second. The result was that we left the place with a net loss of 860 francs in our gambling account, which certainly is not large. In addition to the loss of money however, I have to acknowledge that playing on a system (if you do not win) gets to be more like work than play. The system takes away all initiative as to the size or the placing of the bets, and the bookkeeping keeps you busy, so that you cannot watch the play of the others.

We were very much favored by the weather, which was simply ideal, and the scenery is a constant pleasure to the eye. I have said that Taormina was the most beautiful place I have seen and I don't want to weaken on that, but I must add that Taormina, compared to the Côte d'Azur, is an exquisite miniature compared to a grand painting.

MONTE CARLO, TUESDAY, May 11, 1920.

I was forcibly reminded of a little trick that they have in most high grade French restaurants. They have the price of most dishes printed on the bill of fare, but occasionally they leave one blank. If the unwary customer steps carelessly into one of those blank holes, he gets a jolt that warns him to be careful where he steps. Thus we ordered an innocent looking piece of chicken, lying carelessly among the 10 and 12 and 18 franc articles, to find it charged on the bill 65 francs. Even this is better than some of the swell Parisian restaurants, where they have no prices on the bill of fare and where you are sure to put your foot into the trap, no matter where you step.

I have secured a masseuse, who is quite a character. She was a professional nurse at nineteen, when her father and mother were buried on the same day, and she brought up honorably and well, four sisters and two brothers. Her brothers were both killed, one at Verdun and one in the Argonne, and one of her nieces, who followed her into the army as nurse, died of influenza brought on by exposure.

One day she picked up a little boy, a month old, lying abandoned along the road and almost dead from lack of nourishment, and in spite of all obstacles she brought him up and adopted him. The mother, who was located by the Police, gave a legal abandonment. She has called him Joffre and has since married "to give a father to little Joffre". I told her to bring him to me, which she did, and we found him just as cunning and pathetic as possible. Although he is five and a half years old he is no bigger than Bud. He gives the military salute when addressed as Maréchal Joffre.

MONTE CARLO, WEDNESDAY, May 12, 1920.

This was really the day of the famous family luncheon. Emilie had not tasted Champagne for twenty years, while Claire, some years ago, had tasted it at a friend's dinner. Paolina never drinks anything, but made an exception to drink a toast to all the American members of the family.

We have looked around at the different shops and seen many things, principally jewelery, offered for sale cheap, having been sacrificed by unfortunate gamblers, but nothing that quite suited us. I did buy for myself a set of chased gold and enamel buttons,—shirt studs, sleeve links and dress vest buttons, all to match, for 700 francs (about \$49.00) that probably would cost two or three times as much from a regular jeweler.

MONTE CARLO, THURSDAY, May 13, 1920.

After packing and a final shot (unsuccessful, as already related) at the trente et quarante table, we took the train for Cannes and put up at the Hotel Gray et d'Albion, which is on the order of a family hotel, largely patronized by English speaking people. We made arrangements with the hotel porter for an automobile to take us tomorrow to Grasse, the principal seat of the perfume industry.

CANNES, FRIDAY, May 14, 1920.

Started about ten o'clock and drove through the town which, although full of Villas and very fashionable, does not seem to us as well or prettily situated as the Riviera towns nearer the Italian frontier. The country between here and Grasse was also less attractive than we had expected. Pretty soon we began to see fields of the rather small pink roses, which is the only variety grown for perfume. We did not see any other flowers as the roses are the only ones blooming so early in the season. Consequently, while we saw many roses in the

aggregate, the fields were scattered and there was nothing to compare in beauty with the sight of the Santa Clara Valley in fruit blossom time. We saw few people working in the fields, although quite a number of carts were passed loaded with the brown canvas sacks, the size of grain bags, in which they transport the flowers to the factory. The reason for this is that most of the factory operatives, principally women, are on strike for higher wages.

We drove to the Euzi res plant and presented Claire Bardot's card for Mr. Courmes, one of the owners, who is related to the Second family, a connection of our family. He was out, but young Euzi res showed us through. There were just enough men and women at work to enable him to show us the processes. These are principally the distilling of the essential oils from a mixture of flowers and water, or else, the extraction of this product by mixing the flowers with hot lard, separating the exhausted petals out by filter presses and repeating the process again with the same lard but fresh flowers, until the required strength is reached. The perfume is then separated out of the lard with alcohol. A rose bush gives about a pound of flowers and the yield of oil is about one tenth of one percent. The plants are one half meter apart in the rows and the rows one meter apart. This figures out about four tons of flowers, or eight pounds of essential oil perfume, per acre. They pay 8½ francs per kilo for the flowers, which is nearly ten fold the pre-war price. This means 30,000 francs per acre, or, even at the present exchange discount, \$2,000.00, so that the farmers are coining money, though the preparation of the land is costly. It also means that the perfume oil costs \$250.00 per pound, just for the raw material. Very few of the great names in the perfume trade own any factories. They buy the raw perfumes and blend them, which is the great art.

From Grasse we went to the Canyon of the Loup River (le saut du Loup) and, after lunching at its mouth, we ascended it and saw one of the finest bits of scenery in all this beautiful country. We returned to Cannes by another road, well pleased with our day.

CANNES, SATURDAY, May 15, 1920.

We started for Lyons, via Marseilles, at 7:26 a. m. The hotel porter had finally, after spending much time and money the day before while we were at Grasse, obtained the tickets for our reserved seats. This was fortunate for the train was jammed. Almost as many people standing or sitting on baggage in the aisles as those seated. They blocked up the windows so that the light was bad for reading. Also, those at the windows were disinclined to keep them open enough for proper ventilation. There was no diner so that we had to buy "cold vittles" and lunch in our seats. This was all very well for a few hours but got very wearisome by 8:30 p. m., when we reached Lyons.

The country looked fertile and the crops good. After Marseilles we went up the Valley of the Rhone, passing such picturesque places as Arles, Tarascon, Avignon, Nimes, etc. These had all been included in the motor trip that we took in 1913 from Biarritz to Monte Carlo, with Ruth.

I met on the train a young man (about forty) travelling with his wife and child, who owns a chateau and some 1100 hectares of grazing land in the Ardennes, near Sedan. His home was not destroyed as it was occupied by German officers, and the fighting stopped a few kilometers away when the armistice was signed. The original furniture had almost all been taken away, but was replaced for the needs of the German occupants with other things, stolen elsewhere. He says that as far as ordinary, as distinct from malicious, looting is concerned, it made little difference if a place was occupied by German, French,

English or American soldiers—they were almost equally destructive. He raised cattle himself before the war, but has now subdivided the place and rents it out for the same purpose. Being of an active, or as he called it, an "American" disposition however, he did not like to be idle and is now in Cannes developing a machine, on the principle of a trench digger, to move or cultivate ground down to 24 inches and 30 inches. This must be done for successful rose culture, which also requires the land to be changed often, preferably every year. The land is owned in such small tracts that steam plows cannot be used and this deep tilling operation is done by hand. The expense of it has become so enormously great that he thinks his machine will fill a long felt want. As the small farmer cannot afford to buy such a machine, he expects to form a company to do this by contract. He drew a heart rending picture of the massacre of French troops during the early days of the war in the Belgian Ardennes, through the ignorance of the territory by the French officers. He knew the country thoroughly, having hunted over it from a boy, but in spite of his warnings the French officers rushed their men into impossible positions, where the Germans were simply waiting for them and annihilated them. Everywhere I hear the same story, that the French were unprepared. The fact is that a democratic government is entirely unsuited to modern warfare, and never will "in time of peace, prepare for war".

We reached Lyons at 8:30 p. m. and went to the Hotel Bristol, near the station, which only serves breakfast; so we had to go to a "brasserie" next door for something to eat, although Nellie was so tired that she could hardly stand up.

LYONS, SUNDAY, May 16, 1920.

A drizzly day. The trams are not running owing to a strike, so we had difficulty in getting a taxi motor, the driver saying he could only take us for a short time as he had another job contracted. We wanted to see what arrangements we could make to motor to Paris, 500 kilometers away, to avoid the nightmare of another such railroad journey of eight or ten hours. We went to several garages and the best we could do was 2¼ francs per kilometer each way, or 2250 francs (about \$160.00).

So we gave it up and went to the station to get our seats for the train next morning. Imagine our consternation, dismay, or any stronger word that the reader can supply, when we learned that our application was too late and no seat to be had. It was what Sherman said that war was. In my despair and against Nellie's protest, I tried to find the man that would go to Paris for \$160.00, but he was a free lance with only one car and off on some job.

Then we thought of another combination. Nellie had learned the night before that there was a train, not on any time table, that was made up in Marseilles and passed Lyons on the way to Paris at one o'clock. By a little hustling we could be in time for that, and if we found any free seats in it, we decided to take it as far as Dijon—200 kilometers from Lyons and at least that much less of a motor trip to Paris. And so it came to pass. We went to the station and, through the hotel porter, promised one of the ladies that in Lyons supply the place of Red Caps, 5 francs apiece for two seats, if she would rush ahead of the crowd and mark them for our use with two small pieces of baggage, supplied to her for that purpose. This she did and we started off rejoicing. Not much cause for rejoicing you may say, but if you thought your child had the small pox and found it was only the chicken pox, wouldn't you rejoice?

Just as we were going in to the platform our \$160.00 motor driver rushed

up, having heard that we were looking for him. I told him that if I did not find seats on the train I would hire him—and how he must have cursed the active female Red Cap when she returned without us.

The Lyons station master, whom I had consulted, said this one o'clock train was always crowded, and advised me to wait for a slow train next morning to get to Dijon. This was on a par with all the other misinformation and rotten service generally of the French railroads. The train was almost empty. We had the entire compartment to ourselves almost all the time we occupied it and none of the other compartments were filled either. The contrast with the day before so cheered us up and buoyed our spirits, that Nellie suggested we should stay right on the train to Paris and get it over with. This is what we did and saw nothing of Dijon but the buffet of the station, where we bought provisions for our dinner. For that matter we saw nothing of Lyons either that would tempt us to locate there.

At Dijon we were reminded of a previous stop on the way to Paris from Geneva with Sallie and her girls, when the rest of us went into the restaurant and had dinner, but the prudent Sallie took no chances but had a cold lunch on the train, just as Nellie and I did today.

In spite of the bracing effect of our splendid isolation it was a tedious journey, especially after dark, with no light that one could read by; but, helped out by occasional naps, we reached Paris in very fair shape, at 11:45 p. m. The cabman cross questioned me as to my destination before he would consent to take us and our hand baggage to a neighboring hotel, recommended to us by a fellow traveller as "convenable" or "decent". Fortunately it was very near, for he was deaf to all entreaties and never took his horse off a walk on the way.

We secured the last, (and undoubtedly the poorest) room and bath available, and retired, cheered by the realization that we were in "gay Páree".

Mailed at Paris, May 19, 1920.

Received at San Francisco, June 7, 1920.

PARIS, MONDAY, May 17, 1920.

We woke up in the "Palace Hotel of Paris and Lyons", as our hotel has been grandiloquently misnamed, after a very restful night. We rang for coffee and were brought chocolate—"owing to the strike of the gas workers", which did not seem a satisfactory explanation. When we got down stairs we were gladdened by the sight of motor taxis running in the streets, which relieved us of anxiety on the score of transportation.

We went first to the Crédit Lyonnais and received our mail, of which I shall speak hereafter. Then we drove to the Hotel Meurice, but they could give us no accommodation, nor any prospects of any. We next tried the Lotti, with the same result, only that they expressed regret and the hope that they might be able to offer something in a few days. Next we went to Claridge's, where we got a "snippy" reception and no encouragement. Then we played our trump card and went to the Plaza Athénée, which we had avoided before, because our previous correspondence had demonstrated how very high their prices were. We took the position that we had accepted their offer of an apartment from Florence three weeks before, but as they had not confirmed the bargain, as requested, we had not notified them of our coming, but still hoped they might have something for us. They replied that they had wired confirmation (which was corroborated by their telegram coming to us later from Florence by mail), that they were very much crowded, but that under the circumstances they felt a certain obligation to take care of us if we would accept what they had available

until they could do better. So we went to an inside room on the second floor, very dark and gloomy, from which we were moved that same afternoon to a front room and bath on the fifth floor, quite small, at 150 francs per day. To anticipate, we progressed from there after two days, to an apartment of parlor, bedroom and bath at 250 francs; and after three days more finally got settled in parlor, two bedrooms and two baths at 300 francs (\$21.00), where we are now and which was what we engaged by telegraph from Florence. The same apartment on the front of Avenue Montaigne would be 450 francs, but we prefer the court as being quieter and cheaper. By the way, while this gradual progression was going on, we kept looking for other quarters, among others the Wagram and Edward 7th hotels, but found nothing. Since we have got settled, the Lotti has telephoned that they could accommodate us and it would undoubtedly be cheaper, but we hate to change as this is one of the best hotels in Paris and we are very comfortable. The greatest objection we had to it, except the price, was that it is so far up toward the Arc de l'Etoile, but we have taken an automobile (175 francs per day for 50 kilometers) and that makes it easy to circulate everywhere.

This first day during our wanderings we dropped in at the Brighton to see Gertie Garceau, but she was out.

We also, as has been my custom on the first day in Paris, went down to Voisin's restaurant for our first dinner, but we had no luck and got an expensive, but poor, dinner.

PARIS, TUESDAY, May 18, 1920.

Henry had cabled to get return passage immediately as there was great congestion, so we went down this morning and first interviewed the White Star Line. We wanted the Olympic on September 8th but could get nothing suitable. On the Baltic, sailing from Liverpool on September 29th, we could get two good cabins with bath between at £ 370 for four passengers and, not knowing what other lines could offer, we made a conditional reservation. Then we went to the Cunard line and for the same accommodation on the Aquitania they wanted £ 440. The next day we tried the French line and their rates were very considerably cheaper, but the only good boat is the France, and her schedule is now so uncertain that we were afraid to tie up to her. Finally we secured on the Rotterdam, of the Holland-America line, about which we have heard splendid reports, one outside cabin with bath, amidships, and the adjoining inside cabin, also with bath, for £ 360. We sail from Cherbourg September 15th, or Plymouth September 16th, at our option. So that question is settled satisfactorily. She is a seven and a half or eight day boat and lands at Hoboken, which is inconvenient.

This afternoon I telephoned to Dr. de Marville and made an appointment to call upon him tomorrow.

Nellie and I have concluded that although massage seems to agree perfectly with me, it would be unwise to just let it go at that and not try anything else, without consulting some high medical authority while in Paris. So I am going to do this through de Marville, one of my good friends.

During the day we dropped in again on Mrs. Garceau and saw her and her little adopted daughter. She is a fine looking child of seven, and is going to be put in the Sacré Coeur Convent to learn French, until vacation next July. In the meantime Gertie and her sister, Mamie Hyde, will take a trip to Switzerland. She invited us to dine with her on Thursday and will also ask Mrs. John Drum, with a view to playing bridge after dinner.

Mrs. Drum is at the Hotel Vouillemont, where Marie Bull used to stop, and has put her boy in school. She is doing Paris seriously and studying French with Mlle. Lebrrie, whom she brought over from San Francisco as her companion. We had meant to try for accommodations at this hotel but could not remember the name. It would have been useless as we have since learned from Mrs. Drum.

We took Gertie for an automobile drive through the Bois, which is at its best.

PARIS, WEDNESDAY, May 19, 1920.

Called on de Marville, who was simply delighted to see me. He is much more American than French in his feelings, but although he had taken out American papers, through some complication due to the war and which I do not understand, he cannot get an extension of his American passport. He put me through an examination, physical and oral; and also looked through Dr. Barker's report with the addenda by Dr. Cooper. He subsequently arranged for a conference on Saturday with Professor Pierre Marie, one of the greatest specialists on nervous diseases.

I will anticipate and close up this incident. The professor of medicine lives in a very fine house on the left side of the Seine. He questioned me closely but did not make any personal examination as de Marville had already done so—blood pressure, lungs, etc. and had also furnished him with a digest of the Barker report. He did examine the state of the reflexes of my tendons and made me execute some movements—I then retired and the doctors consulted. When I came back the Professor said that in the first place there was nothing in the nature of paralysis. The main nerve centers were not involved and only the peripheral or extremity muscles had a tendency to contract or stiffen. That to guard against the extension of this, massage was strongly indicated, but of a certain kind, not too strenuous. In addition they advised certain medication, internal and by intra muscular injection. This to continue for about four weeks when I am to be examined again—price 100 francs—cheap enough.

On this Wednesday evening we went for dinner to Drouant's restaurant, one of our stand-bys, kept now by Drouant fils, whom we had known years ago as one of the Captains of the Knickerbocker Hotel Restaurant in New York. We had a very satisfactory meal at a reasonable price, though not cheap. As far as that goes, the restaurant of the Plaza Athénée is first class and the prices much cheaper than in New York.

PARIS, THURSDAY, May 20, 1920.

Nothing salient to mark the day except the dinner with Gertie at the Brighton. Mrs. Drum had a bad cold so she was replaced for dinner and bridge by Captain Evans, American naval attaché here, whose wife is in America, whither he proceeds on furlough in a few days. We did not take a fancy to him as he is one of those very positive individuals, with whom ordinary discussion is difficult. Also he was so mad because I caught him in a revoke, as to be rather rude.

I received a letter from a young man named F. Bromley Jansen, who is the grandson of the late old "Uncle George Bromley" the famous Bohemian Club man, and whose mother and sister live in the Forest Hill tract, asking for assistance until he can enter on the duties of a place that is promised him June 1st, as head of the infirmary connected with the staff of a large American Cemetery, from which the bodies are being shipped home. I replied that if he could give me satisfactory proof that he had secured the position, I would lend him the \$50.00 asked for. This he did later, and I let him have the money.

PARIS, FRIDAY, May 21, 1920.

We went to the Maison de Blanc and picked out a lot of pocket handkerchiefs, which are the standard present that I always bring home to my male relatives and friends. We also took a drive in the Bois during the afternoon.

PARIS, SATURDAY, May 22, 1920.

We found a lot of mail awaiting us on our arrival in Paris and some more has dropped in day by day so that I now have to acknowledge the following:

M.D.O. April 19th, April 30th and May 9th (latter No. 23). As usual a long list of deaths; Grace Buckley; young Blythe Rogers of Vancouver; Thieriot; Grant Walker and Cazotte. The latter I do not remember. I also learned from other sources of the deaths of Leon Sloss, Alexander Heyneman and Percy Morgan. It is appalling and depressing. Fortunately there was other interesting and less tragic news in her letters.

S.S.W. April 11th, 14th, 18th and 25th and May 2d and 9th. We have to "hand it" to Mrs. W. as a correspondent. The little incident of Buddy going over to Oakland with Marie Louise and, because he had heard she was to meet us, expecting to find us there and crying with disappointment, is quite touching. Nellie will answer her letters, except that I will write Harry about getting her Sea Products Company stock.

B.A.O. April 20th and cables May 23rd and 27th. I feel quite uneasy about his health and the cable that he expects to take two weeks rest soon does not reassure us, as we have been hearing the same story for months. Ben owes it to himself and to his family to rest up immediately for several weeks. If necessary have Pardonner come up to take charge of the office temporarily. The raw sugar supply is assured for months ahead, and Benny writes me that the Refinery now gives no worry, so that there is no excuse for further delay.

I am glad that Ben and Robbie are going to Garden City for the hot weather.

H.T.O. April 29th, May 7th and 8th and four cablegrams. (Mails are too slow for him). We now expect the girls to sail definitely on the 29th. I will present his letter of introduction to Ambassador Wallace and am glad that Grayson is writing to him and to Davis. It is mainly on account of the girls that we will want to use these introductions.

M.P.O. A very nice letter of May 4th thanking us for taking charge of Adeline.

H.N.S. March 26th and April 15th. We are both very thankful for his attention to our affairs. Nellie will answer his letters, except that I will write him about Sea Products Company stock. The move of establishing a second station up the Coast is excellent. I had thought of writing to suggest this, in order to make hay before the inevitable competition gets going.

B.O.S. May 3rd. We were beginning to be afraid that he had contracted writer's cramp but his very interesting letter reassures us. 58 cents working expenses and 93 2/10 lbs. granulated per 100 lbs. of 96 test is just as good as I want, and makes me feel perfectly easy regarding my recent purchase of stock.

H.R.D. April 15th. Regarding a European agent for buying beet seed. I will reply as soon as I get some promised figures from Edward Howe, but my first impression is that we do not need a purchasing agent in Europe.

E.C.H. April 6th, 21st, 23rd, 29th. I will reply separately. I hope Marjorie will have no bad effects from her operation for appendicitis.

Herrod. April 12th and 27th with interesting data that keep me quite in touch with office affairs.

Miss Slusher. February 17th, April 13th, 29th and May 3rd. With statements of bank accounts that I have not had time to examine yet. I am cabling Mr. Stetson today to confer with her and take charge of paying for the Cadillac limousine when necessary to make sure of its delivery. Please ask New York office to send me Willett & Gray every week, as this will save nearly ten days time.

Stewart. April 14th and **Ruopp,** April 28th. I will write when I have time to study this matter further. In the meantime I want Miss Slusher to write them to place the matter before Mr. Howe the next time he is in California.

Alex. Fick. March 26th, subject beet seed.

Adele Keeney, Philadelphia, May 2nd.

Mrs. Russell Wilson, May 1st.

Marian Lord, April 14th.

Carrie Green, Florence, May 13th and 19th.

This makes a grand total of forty-five letters and telegrams, besides letters enclosed, which is certainly a record week's bag; and not one of them without interest. I am reciting in the diary the correspondence we receive, not for the interest that it has for our readers, but for the pleasure it will afford Nellie and myself to have this record in future years.

Mailed Paris, May 28, 1920.

Received San Francisco, June 16, 1920.

PARIS, SUNDAY, May 23, 1920.

Yesterday we lunched at the Spanish restaurant, Rue du Helder, which I always enjoy. That was also the day of my consultation with Professor Marie. Also it was on that day that I cabled Ben about remittance to Lamborn and asking him about his health.

Today in the forenoon, Lansing Tevis called and stayed to lunch. He has just arrived on a hurried business trip from London, where he left his wife. They had already been in Paris and went to London by aeroplane. This method of travel is no novelty to him. As I understand it, he has been sent over here by the President or Chairman of his Boston company, as a sort of personal representative, to look over the ground and ascertain the prospects for the introduction of their electrical and other specialties. He also wants to sell the rights for a vegetable dehydrating process in which his father-in-law is interested. This latter he thinks he has accomplished. In fact, as he himself said, he has perhaps too many irons to keep hot. He gave an exhibition, at which I was present, of a small two-horse power gasoline tractor, guided by the operator on foot, with handles like a plow, to which can be attached cultivating tools or a lawn mower. It is an interesting little machine, but the Frenchmen present thought it too small for this market. Lansing says they can readily design a five-horse-power model, which would be more practical for vineyard work.

In the evening Mrs. Drum and Gertie came to dine with us and play bridge. They never got a single rubber and we took over 200 francs from each at one cent a point.

In the afternoon we went to the Jardin des Plantes to see the menagerie, but the crowds were so great that we gave it up and went to the Bois for a turn instead. We also went to the Salon and looked over part of the exhibits until we got tired. There are some very gruesome war pictures, and the proportion of figures, compared to landscapes, is greater than I remember in the past, and

I prefer landscapes. Across the street is the other Salon exhibit of the advanced school; futurists, cubists, etc. I must visit it but expect no pleasure from the inspection.

PARIS, MONDAY, May 24, 1920.

This is a holiday and Dr. de Marville has obtained permission to visit the Chateau de Maintenon and the Chateau de Rambouillet. The latter is the property of the State and is now used by the President of the Republic. Mr. Deschanelles, after his recent accidental fall from the railroad carriage, has gone there to recuperate. We took our motor and with the Doctor and Gertie, made a day of it and saw them both. The grounds of the Chateau of Madame de Maintenon are perfectly beautiful, the moat and the stream that fills it giving an added charm, as also the ruins of the old aqueduct that Louis XIV began, to furnish water to Versailles, but never finished. We also passed in front of the Chateau de Dampierre and the Chateau de Cernay, the latter connected with the ruined walls of an abbey of the 12th Century and belonging to the Rothschilds. We lunched very satisfactorily at a wayside inn and did not get back before 8:30 p. m., after a rather tiresome but very enjoyable day.

PARIS, TUESDAY, May 25, 1920.

Nellie had been in telephonic communication with Mrs. Captain Erskine-Bolst (Mrs. Ryer) and we lunched with them at the Ritz today. She looks remarkably well and he seems a very nice fellow. He is strictly teetotal owing to a bad dose of poison gas that he got during the war. He is a few years younger than she, but this fact is not apparent. It appears that he behaved very well regarding the marriage settlement, insisting on signing papers that will leave all her money to Doris. They seem very happy, but he is leaving to visit Mrs. Seth Barton French at Beaulieu, while she remains behind until Callot can cover her nakedness, as she has "nothing to wear".

We are having an extremely quiet time here, and I enjoy the rest. In the morning I have very scientific massage, and I feel that the stiffness of the muscles of my arm and hand has been further relieved considerably, though I cannot as yet see any marked improvement in the nerves. After the massage, Dr. de Marville usually drops in and gives us both "piqures" of appropriate medicines. In addition to this I am taking drops twice a day for four days and then cease for three days. By this time it is generally 10:30 and we go down to do the various errands that always seem necessary. As an example, it took considerable time to get the cards of identity that we will need, especially when we want to leave France, and we are not even now quite through with that. Five photographs each were necessary.

We then generally go back to the hotel for lunch, and finish up our business in the afternoon. We also generally dine in the hotel and several times have taken a walk in the evening. We have not been to the theatre since we came here. I am perfectly contented to take it easy for a while.

PARIS, WEDNESDAY, May 26, 1920.

Today we went by appointment to consult an aurist of repute about Nellie's hearing, which seems to have failed somewhat more, and particularly to ask him if he thought that any of the several devices advertised for the deaf would help her. As to this latter he said emphatically that it would be money thrown away, although no harm could come from their use if she desired to try one of them. He further said that he could recommend no treatment for her case but that he could give her this much encouragement, that he did not think there would be any further marked decline in her hearing.

In the evening we dined with Dr. de Marville. Gertie was to have been there also but was prevented by a bad cold. Those present besides us were a Scotch patient, who has lived long in Texas; a French lady whose name I forget and a young lady who was Miss de Marville's companion and who now remains in the Doctor's household as a sort of Secretary and housekeeper. She is one of a family of ten that the Doctor has known intimately for many years. We had a good dinner.

I forgot to mention in its place that Emilie Condamin, in her gratitude, insisted on giving me what she says is the original miniature of Grandmother with her two little boys, father and Uncle Henry. It is on the cover of a round tortoise shell box, about three inches in diameter by one inch deep. The tortoise shell has a small gilt pattern all over the sides and bottom. I told her we also had one that belonged to Henry, but she maintains that it is a copy.

PARIS, THURSDAY, May 27, 1920.

Today we completed our handkerchief order with the "Grande Maison de Blanc" and also had another interview with the police department about our identity papers. The lady clerk who was filling out our application blank asked Nellie "What city was your Papa born in?" and then, "What city was your Mama born in?" When Nellie answered to this latter that she did not know, the lady filled in "London", saying to me in an aside—"I must fill in something and as the good lady is dead I can do her no injury by putting down London".

We continue enjoying our limousine very much. We have a very satisfactory chauffeur, François Melon by name.

PARIS, FRIDAY, May 28, 1920.

Sacha Kolowrat called upon us as soon as he got back from Italy. He is a man of thirty-four, with a good face but abnormally stout, though with a big frame that carries it off fairly well. He wears a small mustache. He speaks English more than fairly well, French rather better and seven other languages. His estate of Dianaberg, near Marienbad, is in Szecho-Slovakia and that is why he can circulate freely in France. There is a legal decree confiscating the large estates in that country but it has only been partially enforced, and not at all yet as far as he is concerned. But he wants to be prepared for the worst and so he, principally, and his two brothers as his associates, are devoting themselves to manufacturing enterprises. He is at the head of the largest cinematograph film producing company of Austria. The largest automobile factory, the Laurin-Klemint, which turns out two thousand high grade motors a year, and with a much larger capacity if they could get labor and material. Also he has started making recently a gasoline plowing tractor of high power which he is just introducing in France, having already sold two hundred within the first few months. He is intelligent and energetic and impresses one more as a hustling American than a titled Austrian. He took me out today to see his tractor in operation and I was very well impressed. He is going to America about the end of June for a twofold purpose; First, to close a contract with a large American film corporation (the Leading Players, I think) for the production of their films in Austria or perhaps in all Europe; Second, to attempt to establish a claim to American citizenship, on the score of having been born in the United States. This in order to defeat the confiscation of his estates. He is counting on "Uncle Henry's" (as he calls him) help in this matter. I told him he would surely get that but that I thought his chances very poor.

He also plans to take one of his plowing tractors over for demonstration,

with the idea of arranging with an American company to manufacture them under royalty.

His mother had telegraphed him that "Oxnard was in Europe" and to see him and invite him to Bohemia. When he met me he expected to see Henry.

But Nadine knew it was I, for today I received a letter from Joseph at Territet, who had heard from her that I was in Europe. This letter was written before he could have gotten my letter of condolence for Jack's death. He speaks of his health being a bar to travel and hopes we will pay him a visit at Territet. If we go to Switzerland we will do so, and in any event I personally will try to take the trip to see him.

PARIS, SATURDAY, May 29, 1920.

Today I took advantage of being able to get an English stenographer to dictate a number of letters, among others to Ben, Henry, Harry, Colonel Duval, Edward Howe, etc. This took up most of the afternoon.

We have had almost no American mail this week. Three from Edward Howe of 13th, 14th and 15th on business, mostly beet seed, and one from Henry of 21st. In this he suggests that if I will send my diary to Ben's secretary in New York, who has, as he expresses it, "time to burn", she can send out the copies to San Francisco without any loss of time to those there and with a gain of ten days or two weeks to Ben and himself. This seems sound reasoning and I will act on it, first writing to Ben that he may be prepared. Therefore this is the last diary that Miss Slusher will receive, except a copy for my files from New York. I want to thank her for the care and trouble she has so cheerfully taken in my behalf.

The value of the Franc in American Exchange has been steadily rising since we got here and is now about 12½, as against 25 lire, for one dollar, that we obtained in Rome. So that alone would make things twice as expensive here. But in addition, most prices here in francs are roughly double what they were in lire in Italy, so that our expenses have really increased fourfold. I am sometimes tempted to buy enough francs for our estimated needs, even at 12, because I saw such beautiful crops when in the country with Kolowrat that they must improve the national French financial situation. It is hard though to accept 12, when so recently I could have gotten 16 to 17. By the way Kolowrat says he is investing all his surplus in German marks, which he considers the best speculation in the world.

Speaking of speculation, Ben has my greatest sympathy in having the responsibility of steering the Savannah Refinery next year through the wild storm of speculation that is going on in sugar. Everyone knows that some time the price of sugar will drop—say 75 percent. The refinery must have a large stock of sugar to keep operating,—it cannot always work on toll. In the face of such a deluge as this position presents, everybody must get a wetting, and the problem is how to avoid drowning. It is fortunate to have accumulated a reserve of profits to draw upon. Uncle Sam however dips heavily into these profits, but will have nothing to do with the subsequent losses.

PARIS, SUNDAY, May 30, 1920.

We had asked Kolowrat to dinner tonight and decided, for the fourth, to ask Mrs. Erskine-Bolst, who is still waiting for "something to wear". Supposedly, she must have borrowed from a friend the beautiful dress in which she appeared.

As our hotel is of the quiet, dignified order, we got a table at the King George Restaurant, Place Vendome, which de Marville had touted as one of the liveliest. We had a good dinner and paid liberally for it, and we had a good

time, but the ladies considered the diners ordinary. I find that the public dancing in Europe is exceedingly well done and what I have seen of it, perfectly proper. There is very little spontaneity about it—many of the dancers appear to be dancing for pay and not for fun. Blanche and Sacha hit it off very well. He knows a number of tricks and "society talents", which he displays with eagerness. He likewise sent Nellie some perfectly beautiful roses next day.

In the line of paying for the dinner, in a different sense, Sacha drinks almost nothing, to try to get thin. Nellie is very prudent, after a cocktail, and Mrs. Erskine-Bolst does not keep her end up. It consequently devolved upon me to see that the wine ordered was not wasted and, as a consequence, I had to feed myself with soda mints at intervals that night.

Since I have been under de Marville I have gotten out of practice. He is a regular martinet regarding alcohol, especially cocktails, and I am so anxious to give every chance to the treatment for my hand that I am as meek as a lamb, generally, under his guidance. I tell him though that he has taken the joy out of life (in Paris) for me.

I have at length secured The Net, by Rex Beach, the Sicilian Mafia story. It is very exciting and it brings into the story the lynching of the Italians in New Orleans, after the murder of the Chief of Police.

PARIS, MONDAY, May 31, 1920.

We learned that La France only sailed yesterday from New York and is expected here next Sunday. We have arranged for a room for the girls. Gertie Garceau has developed congestion of the lungs, with a temperature of 102 degrees, and will have to postpone her departure for Switzerland.

Nellie has also developed a cold, whether taken from her, or from Miss Kline (who dined with us), or from the maid, she does not know.

PARIS, TUESDAY, June 1, 1920.

We went to Charvet's today and I ordered some shirts, some cravats, and a "veston" or smoking jacket. Nellie's cold continued to trouble her so she adopted the "heroic" remedy of castor oil. It never fails to give good results but it takes a long time to work up one's courage to it. I also began to have pains in my joints, but my nearly infallible remedy lies along easier lines, namely aspirine. Nellie cannot take it. Gertie says that Doctor Jellinek, in San Francisco, once gave her forty grains of aspirine a day consecutively for one month, viz, 1200 grains. She claims this is a record and I believe it, even in veterinary practice.

PARIS, WEDNESDAY, June 2, 1920.

The castor oil won easily and the aspirine ditto, each 'facile princeps' in its own field. However we did nothing but take a drive and a walk in the Bois.

I forgot to mention that Mrs. John F. Winslow called when we were out some days ago and left her card, and those of Captain John S. Winslow, Assistant Chargé d'affaires at the Embassy here. We were very sorry also to find her out when we returned the call. So Nellie has written, asking them to tea on next Tuesday and saying that Marie Louise will be here and that she wants the cousins to meet and be friends. If he is nice, he will be a great acquisition to the girls.

During the afternoon, Nellie had an attack, apparently of indigestion, which merged into a species of bronchial asthma that made her very uncomfortable. We finally relieved it, at the Doctor's suggestion, by hot applications to chest and back, but she thinks it was due to her heart being over-stimulated by the hypodermics that de Marville induced her to take, although she was feeling quite well. She intends to take no more of them.

PARIS, THURSDAY, June 3, 1920.

Nellie felt fairly well this morning. The doctor could give no cause for the attack except to venture the opinion that it had something to do with her bronchial trouble.

I called today on Ambassador Wallace to present Henry's letter. He was very polite and said that Cary Grayson had also written to him about me. He invited us to call at his house on Mrs. Wallace's reception day. This I believe is the usual procedure. He also offered his services if he could do anything else for us.

Nellie felt so much better that in the afternoon she went with Miss Kline to look up tapestries for our living room. After that she took her to the Bois, in which she had not driven for several years. Then Nellie came back to the hotel, where I was engaged with my diary, and together we drove to the park or forest of St. Cloud, a most enjoyable way of taking the air.

Miss Kline has lived here since she left San Francisco, twenty years ago, and earns a precarious living by writing, for a syndicate of American papers, articles on novelties that appear in Paris, whatever that may mean. Her engagement is only by the week, so that she is afraid to skip a week and consequently she has not had a vacation since before the war. Still she was more cheerful and vivacious the other evening than most people with a large and assured income.

Mailed at Paris, June 3, 1920.

Received at San Francisco, June 21, 1920.

PARIS, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, June 4-5, 1920.

The only salient incidents of these two days were luncheon at Foyot's, across the River, and an evening at the Movies on the Champs Elysées near the Hotel. We saw two sensational films of the same kind as in San Francisco. Nellie even thought that the house pictures had been taken in America, from the furniture, doors, mantelpieces, etc., but as the stars had French names I think she was mistaken.

We had a delicious meal at Foyot's, which is really one of the very best restaurants in Paris.

A thing that has struck me as wonderful is that Paris makes exactly the same impression on me that it has always done. If I were an inhabitant of another planet, dropped here suddenly, I would get no inkling from my surroundings of the terrible ordeal through which the world has just passed. I might observe that there seemed to be a greater number of women in mourning than normal, but not so very much greater. Certainly not so many women in black as in Italy, where it is the fashion to dress that way. Very few more wounded men or cripples than normal. Perhaps in French society or French homes it may be different, but the world of the hotels, restaurants, shops and theatres, is practically unchanged.

PARIS, SUNDAY, June 6, 1920.

Today the "grandes eaux", or fountains, of Versailles played for the first time since the beginning of the war. It was de Marville that told us and we invited him to motor down with us to see them after lunch. We killed time until the fountains opened up by walking in the park, as the crowds to visit the Trianon were uncomfortably large. The display was really worth going to see, particularly the fountain of Neptune.

We dined at the Ritz with the Erskine-Bolsts and Jennie Blair was also of

the party. Sunday is the gala day for dinner there and it was packed with beautifully dressed women. Mrs. Oelrichs and Mrs. Alexander were there. Our table was near the dancing room and toward the end I was kept on my feet most of the time, as friends of Mrs. Bolst stopped on their way to the dancing to speak to her and many to congratulate her.

We had to leave the dinner early as the train from Havre with the girls was due at 10:20. When we got to the station we found it was forty minutes late, which later lengthened to nearly an hour and a half late. Raymond Armsby was there expecting the Clarks, and he told us that his mother had written him about Ed Hopkins' marriage without mentioning the name of the bride, but saying that the Hopkins children were dreadfully cut up about it; Florence, to the point of tears. Both he and Nellie were sure it was Mrs. Crockett, but I said it was either Mrs. Crockett or someone that none of us knew. I had a suspicion it might be a dark horse, or rather filly, but I had no idea that she would be so decidedly in the aged class.

The Armsbys, brother and sister, are keeping house, having rented the apartment of the Countess of Limur, Will Crocker's daughter.

When the first section of the boat train came in, pandemonium reigned. The end of the train was out in almost pitch darkness, and I was very much afraid I would miss the girls. They were not there and the same thing was repeated with the second section, on the very end of which I found Marie Louise, struggling to get a porter, and then Adeline. The Chaffraix party, augmented by some relatives who met them at Havre, was in the same turmoil. I had our chauffeur with me and together we all carried the hand baggage to the motor, where Nellie had gone after trying to find us in the crowd.

The children look fine and have had a very fine trip. We soon got to the hotel and talked until nearly two o'clock before retiring.

Their room is just across the hall from our parlor, which makes it very convenient.

PARIS, MONDAY, June 7, 1920.

The girls seemed none the worse for the voyage this morning and anxious for their baptism of fire, in the shape of a trip through the shopping district. As usual we went to the Cr dit Lyonnais for mail. In the course of the afternoon we called on Gertie Garceau, who continues in bed with some pus on her lung, and yet without any distinctly alarming symptoms. She feels very much discouraged, as is natural, and says if she is to continue this way much longer, she will give up the trip and go home.

On the way back I dropped off at the hotel on account of my massage, but Nellie took the girls for a short drive through the Bois. They sent flowers to Mrs. Chaffraix.

PARIS, TUESDAY, June 8, 1920.

We all went to have our photographs taken for police and passport purposes, as they are constantly needed, in bunches. We had invited Mrs. Skinner (Margot Lelong) to lunch and spend the afternoon going the round of shops with the girls and she accepted.

We went to Drouant's and had a very good meal. Mrs. Skinner is not at all happy with her aunt, who is mean, autocratic and disagreeable with her own people. Apparently, she is charming to outsiders and then takes it out of her family. Mrs. Skinner bitterly regrets having accepted the invitation to spend the summer at Clermont-Ferrand, which she did, as it was thought a change would benefit her health.

After a time Nellie and I left the girls and came back to the hotel to get ready for Mrs. Winslow, they to follow us later with Mrs. Skinner.

Mrs. Winslow and Captain John came in about 5:30 and stayed for about an hour. Nellie and I entertained the mother mostly, and left the young people to get acquainted. John is a clean and good looking boy, who made a favorable impression on me. I don't believe he is much of a ladies' man. He preferred to live in an apartment rather than a hotel in order to be able to entertain his associates, so when his mother arrived she found all the arrangements made, servants engaged, etc., and John runs the house while his mother is a guest, (paying probably for everything). It is quite near the Embassy so John goes home to lunch.

Mrs. Winslow is going back in September, but has not her accommodation engaged yet, so we may be fellow passengers.

We dined upstairs in our sitting room.

PARIS, WEDNESDAY, June 9, 1920.

After getting our photographs we went down to the police station and the girls made their preliminary applications, while Nellie and I got our permanent cards.

We lunched at Emil's, rue Ventadour, which is a very good place, with a special reputation for fish and shell fish.

After lunch we spent an hour or so in the Musée du Louvre, which we propose to take this way in sections. Then, after dropping a card on Mrs. Chaffraix, who was out, we split up, letting the girls look around the shops, while Nellie and I made arrangements with the American Express Company for a visit to the battlefields, with a private motor and guide. We will leave Friday morning and the first day lunch at Soissons. Then over the Chemin des Dames to Rheims, where we spend the night. Saturday we go through the Argonne forest, the large American cemetery, and on to Verdun, spending the night at St. Menehould, because there is no good hotel at Verdun. Sunday we get back to Paris via Chalons, Chateau Thierry, etc. We are not decided if we will go to the Northern front, Lille, etc., or not. In any case this would be a separate trip.

After that I went to the Crédit Lyonnais to read the papers, while Nellie took the girls to Mrs. Vincent, the old lace shop in the rue du Bac, that she is so fond of.

PARIS, THURSDAY, June 10, 1920.

Some mail straggled in these last few days, as follows:

M.D.O. May 21, announcing the death of Violet Buckley and enclosing Caroline's letter. I wonder if the latter received a letter that I wrote to her in Marie's care, timed to arrive about April 18th? Will Marie please let me know.

M. S. Wilson, May 27th, from New York, thanking us for a cable about Flora's operation. He was quite hopeful but Marie Louise gave us a different impression, which she had gathered directly from the nurse.

Herrod, May 22d, with interesting advices.

Roupp, May 16th, with Tapo news.

A. W. Oxnard, owner of the "Rexall Store", Portland, Maine, who refers to meeting me in California, an incident I had forgotten.

I also got a cable from Ben, recommending participation in a pool in Halifax Refinery stock. I answered in the affirmative for Nellie and myself and asked Ben,

if possible, to offer participation to Sallie and Harry. I have not received Ben's answer and as we are leaving tomorrow morning for three days, I will not be able to hear until we return.

Additional letter received, H.T.O., May 28th, with particulars about Adeline's letters of credit. The larger one I will get from the "Comptoir National d'Escompte de Paris", but the two smaller ones are both in her name.

Mailed Paris, June 10, 1920.

Received New York, June 22, 1920.

PARIS, FRIDAY TO SUNDAY, June 11-12-13, 1920.

These days were occupied by our trip to the battlefields, of which I shall write a brief sketch within a few days.

PARIS, MONDAY, June 14, 1920.

At the urgent request of Miss Kline I went to tea at her hotel. She had also invited Miss Bolton (sister of Bob Bolton) who has lived in Paris for twenty years, and Gertie Garceau.

We played a rubber of bridge, Nellie and I being successful. The girls meanwhile looked around the shops. We plan every day to begin their educational sight seeing, but so far the only result is a daily paving of a section of the place that utilizes good intentions, otherwise wasted, for that purpose. I can hardly count as educational an evening spent at the Folies Bergères. I had consulted de Marville and he had said, "You can take them there, but it is the limit". He was certainly correct as to its being the extreme limit. "Table Stakes" (Those that do not understand this expression, are referred to that expert poker player, M.D.O., for enlightenment).

PARIS, TUESDAY, June 15, 1920.

The salient feature of this day was dining with Mrs. Winslow. She had invited Nellie and me only, saying she hoped to have the girls another time.

Her son John had been sent on official business to Coblenz but he had expected to be back in time. His place was set but he did not materialize.

The only other guests were Captain and Mrs. Walter V. Cotchett. He is assistant military attaché to the Embassy. He is a very well informed man on current European events, as he was for two years the military attaché at Vienna and he travelled, officially and extensively, all over the Balkans. He spoke more or less guardedly, but it was easy to draw the inference that he considers a most horrible mess has been made of the settlements so far arrived at. For England, France and Italy there is at least, not the justification but the explanation, that they were out for all they could grab, but for our part in the tragic result, there is neither justification nor explanation.

He and his wife knew the Kolowrats. They remembered dining and playing bridge with us at Sallie's. Either he or she must have some independent means.

Mrs. Winslow has \$7,000 laid aside, with which she intends to have a fine portrait of John painted in his uniform. He suggested that she buy an automobile with it, but she will not consent.

During the day we met on the street Dudley Gunn of San Francisco, who, from all accounts, has blossomed out as quite a man of the world in Paris.

PARIS, WEDNESDAY, June 16, 1920.

This was the reception day of Mrs. Wallace at the American Embassy and we all four went to pay our respects. The ambassador was not there but Mrs. Wallace was receiving with her niece. Tea, chocolate, etc. were served. There

was a fair crowd, but we knew no one, as Mrs. Wallace had to stay at the door to greet the callers. The Embassy is a beautiful house with gardens and it was a great chance that they got it, as it had never been rented before. I am told by one of the greatest experts on home decorating, to whom I have the honor of being related by marriage, that it is the best appointed private French house she has seen.

After a decent interval we withdrew and in conversation with the hostess at the door as we left, she said she remembered meeting us at a dinner in San Francisco given by her husband's kinsman, Judge Wallace. It all came back to me with the help of Nellie's memory. Belle and Dick were staying with her father and mother, not very long after their marriage.

Before we left for the Embassy, Dudley Gunn called and we invited him to dine and go to the Vaudeville Theatre, where there is a "revue" that John Winslow had recommended. It was only fair, except the dancing which was good. After the show we were piloted by Dudley to the "Rat mort", where we saw dancing of a different kind, all of which the ladies enjoyed, pronouncing themselves well satisfied with their evening when we reached home, considerably after midnight. It is only within the last few days that dancing in public places has been allowed after 10:30 p. m.

We were very much astonished this afternoon to meet in the hall Mr. Kelly, the conductor of Mrs. Chisholm, whom we saw also soon after for a short time. We had left her feeling very sick at Singapore and had often wondered with anxiety what had become of her. It appears that she became almost desperately ill after we left her; so much so that the doctors gave little hope of her recovery, and the faithful Jessie was contemplating having to bring back to her son only her dead body. After a time she was able to get to Ceylon, where she remained nearly three months, most of this time through inability to get transportation onward. Then her voyage developed just in the opposite way from ours. She wanted to sail from Ceylon and avoid the hot weather in India, but she was obliged to rush by rail from Colombo, through Madras to Bombay, to take there the only accommodation procurable. She landed at Marseilles and has just reached Paris. She has lost 25 pounds and looks very well in consequence.

PARIS, THURSDAY, June 17, 1920.

I have nothing special to record today except an acknowledgment of mail received this past week, as follows:

M.D.O., June 1st, with enclosures and interesting family details.

S.S.W., May 30. We could not keep up with the news of our friends but for these faithful letters of Sallie's.

B.A.O., June 1st. A few lines just before leaving for Halifax, to enclose a letter of January 22d that had been returned from Calcutta. I also got his cable regarding the participation in the Halifax syndicate.

H.N.S., May 25th. Many thanks for trouble taken and information given regarding the banking arrangements and the remittance to Lamborn. Also particulars about Tuxedo, Golden Valley, Sea Products and Cadillac motor.

H.T.O., June 4th. We all will be delighted if Brand Whitlock can present us to King Albert and the Queen. Keep right after Grayson about this.

Ruth, May 28th. Nellie has written to tell her how much we appreciate her letter.

H.R.D., June 1st, asking me to investigate the recovery of ammonia from our Steffen waste waters.

Marjorie Streater, the little ex-vendeuse from Alphonsine of Paris. Nellie hopes that Sallie can help her to secure a position in San Francisco.

Mailed Paris, June 17, 1920.

Received New York City, June 29, 1920.

Our trip over the Battlefields took three days. We started on Friday morning and went by way of Meaux to Soissons, where we had a very good lunch at the Lion Rouge Inn.

In the afternoon we motored to Rheims, where we spent the night. The second day we went through the Argonne Forest, and then on down to Verdun, continuing past that city in the direction of Paris to St. Menchould, where we spent the night in a very poor hotel.

The next morning, Sunday, we found that we had a broken spring, which the chauffeur should have discovered the night before, and consequently it took time, money and persuasion to get anybody to work on it that day, and we were lucky to get started again after lunch for Chateau Thierry and Paris. At Chateau Thierry we had more trouble with the engine, so that not only were we hurried, but we did not reach Paris until after 11 o'clock at night.

To go back now and take up the incidents of the trip more in detail: We began to get into the war zone at Meaux, where 200,000 Germans crossed the Marne in the offensive that was stopped by the first battle of the Marne. We saw the bridge destroyed by the English in their retreat, and noted the damage to the top of the Cathedral by the German bombardment.

From Meaux to Soissons we were in the region where fighting occurred both in the first offensive and then again in the great German push of 1918, when they reached the Marne the second time. This is the line of the Ourcq, and it was along this line that Foch struck at the west flank of the German Army when he stopped them at Chateau Thierry. As it turned out, this was the beginning of the end. Along these roads we passed through towns taken and retaken by the Germans and the Allies, American and French, and during both the opening and the closing actions of the war. We thought we saw a good deal of destruction in many of the villages, but it was as nothing compared with what we saw later on.

Soissons was under intensive bombardment twice, and what you might call ordinary bombardment for a large period of the war, and the Cathedral and town are badly damaged.

From Soissons to Rheims we passed along the base of the Ridge called the Chemin des Dames, as the road was not in good enough repair on the top of the Ridge. This ground was disputed more or less actively for most of the period of the war, and the destruction of the villages along our course was something terrific. Most of them are still abandoned, and in many cases, as the automobile sped on, the guide would tell us that we were going through such and such a village, but the houses were so completely ground to powder by the continuous bombardments, that the vegetation had grown over them and you could see no town. These places, while they still had walls standing to invite attack, were taken and re-taken alternately, and fought for with hand grenades, man to man, in addition to the artillery destruction.

We kept passing single graves, as well as cemeteries, where the former are gradually being concentrated. We were glad to see that the American cemeteries seemed to have the best care, although the German cemeteries were the only ones where, in some cases, there were head-stones and other stone monuments.

Of course, the countryside was pitted with shell-holes, but wherever the land is rich they have been filled in, and where otherwise the wild vegetation that has sprung up makes them less conspicuous than would otherwise be the case.

It is also true that the lines of trenches that seemed to cover the whole country have, to a considerable extent, washed in, and are not nearly as deep as they were originally.

The destruction of trees was very great along some stretches. In some cases these trees had been shot to pieces, while in others they were dead owing, it was explained to us, to the gas. Pine trees, particularly, seemed to be very sensitive to gas poisoning.

We saw Chinese laborers working along the roads, and also Russian prisoners, who, however, are paid current wages.

It was curious to us to note how small these historic rivers were, that formed formidable barriers to attacking parties of either side. For instance, the Aisne seemed to be about the size of the Merced River in the Yosemite Valley.

Shortly out of Soissons we passed a lot of quarries, which were cleverly used by the Germans for protection during the three years when they held that line. At one place, called Veuilly, at the base of the Chemin des Dames, we visited a German underground hospital that had been fitted up in the most approved style, with sanitary tiles, covered passage-ways, and shafts communicating with the surface at points quite a distance away, for the bringing in and removing of the wounded.

At a point called Craonelle, which, as far as we could see, was not marked by one stone standing upon another, we rose sharply up the Ridge to the real Chemin des Dames, which we struck at the ruins of the town of Craonne, also invisible, as were the several succeeding ones.

Thousands of miles of barbed wire, in the shape of entanglements, are constantly met with.

From here we laid our course down from the Chemin des Dames to Rheims, passing on the way Berry-au-Bac, where a ruined sugar factory exposed to sight its vacuum pans and evaporators, without walls or roof.

Near this place we left the motor, and a short walk took us to a point where three immense mine-craters were in such close proximity that their circumferences almost met. One of them was a perfect inverted cone about 80 feet deep and 150 feet in diameter. At this point the lines were so close together that the sappers on each side burrowed under the respective enemy fortifications and blew them up.

Above all this scene of carnage, the poppies blow, and in places grow so luxuriantly as to rival our California wild flowers.

We reached Rheims in time to take a stroll through the town by daylight. The outer shell of the Cathedral still stands, scored but grand, having stood countless bombardments during the four years of the war. The greatest destruction, both to the Cathedral and to the town, however, was done by fire—the result of incendiary bombs, and as a consequence, that part of the town reminded me of San Francisco after the fire. In addition to this, however, the walls of houses all through the town are chipped and pitted by the fragments of exploding shells.

The hotel at Rheims, called the Carlton, was poor.

On Saturday morning we left Rheims, again following the trail of the

stationary warfare, with the opposing trenches sometimes very close together, sometimes at a distance, and went through a very poor agricultural country called in French "La Champagne Pouilleuse" (lousy). Here, but little effort has been made by the agricultural population to reclaim the land, as it is hardly worth while, so that the trenches and the barbed wire and the shell-holes are more in evidence. All the villages are wrecks, but there is no vegetation to cover up the scars.

We passed a place called Tahure, where 50,000 French died at one point in an unsuccessful offensive. We saw here, along the road, a German machine-gun nest, consisting of a sort of circular concrete covered tank, sunk in the ground so as to leave only about 18 inches visible; this space being pierced laterally for machine-gun fire. In one of these nests a handful of men could inflict terrible destruction on an advancing enemy. We also saw here a machine gun platform located in a tree-top.

A little further on there was a German tank that had been put out of action, and our chauffeur pronounced it a Mercedes engine.

The road continues through ruined and abandoned villages, and also through some not so badly ruined, where some little re-construction work is being done. Dug-outs and cemeteries are constantly being passed; at one place, within a small area, the guide informed us that there were seventeen cemeteries.

This desolate region continued until we reached Vienne-le-Chateau, on the edge of the Argonne Forest, where we had a most delicious lunch. The Argonne Forest is not as large as I had thought, being only about ten kilometers across from East to West, though longer from North to South. The trees are not large but it is a real forest with thick undergrowth. At one point we left the road and walked into the woods to the place where Prince Ruprecht of Bavaria had a most elaborate dug-out, consisting of kitchen, sitting rooms, and, deeper yet underground, a shaft leading to his bed-chamber and refuge during bombardment. Around this elaborate construction were others not quite so elaborate for officers, and a little way further along a deep ravine where, it is said, that 10,000 troops were absolutely safe from observation, and practically safe from even chance shells.

After running out of the forest we passed a big mine crater which had been a village, and reached the great American Argonne Cemetery at Romane, where 27,000 of our boys were buried. It is kept in splendid order, and a lot of Russians were working with a view to still further improving it. There is a Y. W. C. A. Rest House there, where, I believe, a few people can be put up for the night.

After a time we reached the River Meuse, which, while larger than the Aisne, still looks very small compared to its importance. Here we went through the different forts on the east side of the river, where the Germans gradually fought down the French in an endeavor to encircle the city on the south. This, they were not able to do, owing to the fact that although they took the forts, these were commanded by other forts on the west side of the river, which made the former untenable; so that the Germans had to stop and go back to the west side and struggle for those, the whole offensive resulting in the death of 1,200,000, of which about 700,000 were Germans and 500,000 French. Before the Germans could overcome this last obstacle, the English armies struck in the North, and consequently no more reinforcements could be sent to the Crown Prince, and the great effort to take Verdun failed.

While there is a good deal of destruction in Verdun, we were surprised to

see so much of it standing. We could not visit the top of the citadel but we went through many of the underground passages, which afforded a perfectly safe refuge for the French troops that went out from there, after resting, to relieve their comrades in the forts.

Continuing along westward from Verdun, we went to St. Menchould, and spent the night at the wretched Hotel de Metz. This is where we had the episode of the broken spring, so that it was not until after lunch on Sunday that we went on, going through Chalons and its vineyards, and Epernay with its subterranean wine-cellars, which we could not visit because it was Sunday.

We now reached the valley of the Marne, which river seemed to be from 100 to 150 feet wide along most of its course. We followed its south bank as far as Dormans, which is the easterly limit of the territory where the Germans crossed over in the last big offensive, the westerly limit being Gland. Then we passed over to the north side, and following the river, went through a large number of badly devastated towns, gradually coming to the point in the line where the Americans were engaged. At a town called Chartheves there was a big American fight. They held the south bank of the river at Chateau Thierry, and tried unsuccessfully to prevent the Germans crossing by improvised bridges and boats. The German batteries knew their exact position, so they were pounded unmercifully. Raymond Oxnard, who was a Lieutenant in that division stationed on the bank of the river, told me that in his platoon of 51 men, there were 43 casualties.

The Germans finally got across and pushed them back some miles before re-inforcements came to help them. Then Foch struck up north and from that time on the Germans fought a terrific rearguard action with American and other troops, until they were pushed back to the River Vesle, where Raymond was relieved.

We passed through Chateau Thierry, which is divided in two by the river, that was not crossed at that point by the Germans, and went on to Belleau Wood and other points, where the American troops fought and distinguished themselves.

It was getting almost dark by that time and we had another accident to the machinery, necessitating our coming back to Chateau Thierry for dinner, and after that running back to Paris in the dark.

My impression of the trip is summed up in the words destruction, desolation and abomination. I would not have missed it for a good deal, but I would not take it again for a good deal more. No one can go through it without sympathizing in the feeling of resentment of the French. They see their own country subjected to the most barbarous devastation; they know that everything is intact in Germany and yet, they find their own allies very lukewarm on the subject of reparation.

PARIS, FRIDAY, June 18, 1920.

This was a rainy, disagreeable day, with the usual routine. First, Dr. de Marville's visit about 10 to 10:30, when he gives me a hypodermic and massages my left hand and arm, both with his fingers and with a vibrator. Next, the whole crowd troops downtown to the Crédit Lyonnais in the motor for mail and then scatters for shopping, but gathers together for lunch either at one of the many restaurants, or at the hotel.

After lunch, again to the shopping district or other errands,—occasionally, some sight-seeing or gallery.

I, personally, always return for my regular massage from 5:30 to 6:30 and then rest until dinner-time.

Dinner is generally in the hotel, not infrequently in our sitting-room, but sometimes we go to an outside restaurant,—occasionally, to the theatre.

It is strange how the above schedule apparently keeps us busy. The girls say they are having a fine time and don't care whether we go away from here or not, but of course, we want them to see and do something worth while during the next three months.

Our present plan is to go to England at the end of the month. From there to Holland and back to France through Belgium. Before settling down again in Paris, we will probably spend a couple of weeks at some French watering place or places.

This will bring us to about the middle of August and will give us a solid month in Paris for the wind-up.

PARIS, SATURDAY, June 19, 1920.

Today, I had an interview with a Mr. Vasseux, a chemist, who has made a special study of the utilization of the waste waters from the distilling of beet molasses here. He has patented a process by which he claims to recover 80% of the ammonia contents. This is the problem that Col. Duval wants me to investigate. He is very suspicious and afraid of "opening up", for fear that we will steal his invention. It will be hard to do business with him.

In the evening we went to the Opera House to see a French adaptation of Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra". The Orchestra music, especially written for it, was dry as a chip and, altogether, we did not enjoy it much.

PARIS, SUNDAY, June 20, 1920.

Today, the great Steeplechase of the year was run at Auteuil. We all went except Adeline, who preferred to attend to her correspondence that afternoon. We took Mrs. Chisholm in her place. Unfortunately, we did not start until 1:30 and the jam of automobiles was such that it was after two o'clock before we reached the track. By that time every seat in the grandstand, even every available inch of standing-room on the steps was taken. I offered to pay 20 Francs apiece for chairs but the waiters could not get me a single one. The ladies managed to get standing room on the steps of the grand-stand and I spent my time hunting for chairs during the first two races. The great race was the third and Mrs. Chisholm and Nellie stuck it out on their perch, battling incessantly with jostling and complaining French men and women, while Marie Louise and I went into the paddock to see the horses and make a bet. After that we got down on the lawn near the rail and saw parts of the race. We backed the English horses to win and place but two French horses ran 1st and 2nd to the immense delight of the huge crowd.

We started to go home immediately after this race but had to wait at the gate nearly an hour before being able to get our motor. Altogether the day was a failure, only retrieved for the ladies by the sight of pretty gowns.

It is impossible to secure seats ahead, so next Sunday, for the Grand Prix, we will start very early. I will go with the chauffeur so as to know myself exactly where he is parked, and then if we cannot get seats, we will give it up at once.

To-night, we took the girls to dine at the "Ritz" and they had a sight of the gay crowd and of the celebrities, including King Alexander of Greece and his Queen, who were at the next table to us. He was in ordinary evening dress. John Winslow was there with a party of young people and seemed very devoted to an attractive looking girl that we thought was French. His mother,

the other evening, made several allusions to the fact that she hoped John would not marry a French girl. He danced once with Marie Louise but was not at all effusively polite to our party.

PARIS, MONDAY, June 21, 1920.

Routine day, except that we went to see the "Panthéon de la Guerre" a panorama that contains hundreds (they claim thousands) of portrait figures of the principal personalities of all the warring countries, grouped by nations around the circumference. It was very interesting.

PARIS, TUESDAY, June 22, 1920.

We went to-night to hear "La fille de Mme. Angot" played by a fair troupe. The children had never heard it before and we enjoyed the evening. Going out into the foyer and refreshment room between the acts also interested them.

PARIS, WEDNESDAY, June 23, 1920.

We gave a dinner at "La Tour d'Argent" to-night, to which we invited Dr. de Marville, Gertie Garceau and Miss Kline, making seven in all.

We had ordered the same menu that I always have there, namely,—Filets de Sole Cardinal, and Canard à la Presse. It took two ducks for so large a party and there was not a scrap left. To eat with the ducks' legs, which are always broiled and served separately, I dressed one of my lettuce and tomato salads. This, also, was praised and partaken of freely. The meal was "arrosé de" white wine and champagne. Everybody felt that he or she was in the hands of his or her friends, and we had a fine time. It was a treat, such as Miss Kline said she had not enjoyed for years.

Gertie is leaving to-morrow for Vichy for a couple of weeks and then goes to Switzerland, so that we shall not meet again on this side of the water. She seems completely recovered.

PARIS, THURSDAY, June 24, 1920.

We are spending most of our time today, to get our passports in shape to leave Paris next Wednesday the 30th. Our plans are as follows,—Nellie, the girls and Jeanne, the maid, take the 9:45 a. m. train via Boulogne and Folkestone to London, where they arrive at 7 p. m. I go that night via Cologne to Magdeburg and then to Kleinwanzleben, on the beet seed business that the Colonel has asked me to look after. After that is over I will join the others in London, about one week behind them.

We wrote some days ago to several hotels in London for accommodation, among them the Ritz, Claridge's, Brown's and the Carlton. The only one that can take us in is the Carlton and they cannot promise a private bath. We shall go there, anyhow, and trust to luck to improve our position later.

The passport nuisance is just as bad as during the war. As one fellow sufferer on the line at the British Consulate told me, he came to Paris to have a good time for a few days, and he had already spent three of them getting a permit of residence and would have to spend the remaining three in obtaining a permit to get out. This is only a slight exaggeration. I have spent a part of at least six days in the same way and will only get the Police permit next Tuesday, the day before leaving. How any one who does not speak French ever gets through, I don't know. They charged me 150 Francs for my visa for Germany, as against about 10 Francs for the others.

PARIS, FRIDAY, June 25, 1920.

More passport and ticket business. I will have to postpone my departure

for Germany one day, to get a sleeper. The itinerary is to leave Paris at 10:00 p. m., arriving at Cologne next morning. There is no day connection there, so I have to lay over in Cologne that day, (which I do not regret) and take the night train for Berlin and Magdeburg. It is very difficult to co-ordinate the two sleeper services.

In the afternoon, we drove out to Chantilly through the beautiful forest and visited the Chateau and the very interesting collections of the Duc d'Aumale, which he presented to the Institute of France.

Unfortunately, the road was so rough that Nellie was terribly fatigued.

In the evening the girls went to the Opera Comique to hear La Tosca, under the chaperonage of Miss Kline, while Nellie and I dined with Mrs. Drum at the Hotel Castiglione. She also had Mrs. Morgan Hill, who now lives in Washington, but is spending the Summer here. We played bridge and came out exactly even.

PARIS, SATURDAY, June 26, 1920.

The ladies proceeded with the usual round of shopping and visiting stores, while I continued my negotiations with Vasseux the Chemist, through H. S. Alexander, the present proprietor of the Journal des Fabricants de Sucre, although it is still conducted under the name of Georges Dureau. Alexander is the man who conducted the agricultural experiments that led to the building of the first beet factory in England, principally with Dutch capital. He gives good reasons for its failure, which was in spite of a most excellent raw material. He gave me the analysis of the test fields, showing uniformly rich beets in sugar and purity, and fair size. He is a remarkably well informed man about the sugar business and is very intelligent; also very obliging. One wonders how, with these qualities, he seems to have been a rover in Europe and America, and a Jack of all Trades. During the war, Dureau had to suspend publication and was much depressed by the way all his old clients went back on him. Alexander came along and bought him out very cheap, and seems to me quite competent to make a success of it, if it is in the cards to do so.

He knows Smocker, the Manager of Lamborn's Paris house, very well, and made an appointment for me by telephone. He tells me that Lamborn came to Paris a couple of years ago, I think for a pleasure trip. He happened to arrive just after the French Government suspended the duty on sugar and, through the suggestion of Alexander, (so he says) he started in to sell sugar in France from Cuba and the United States. The business grew to huge proportions and Lamborn has made several million dollars.

He secured as his manager, this Mr. Smocker, who had a very good position with the French branch of the Guaranty Trust Co. of N. Y., and who is an able man.

I called on Smocker a couple of times and through him learned of the heavy decline in raws in New York, from 22c that Ben paid a few weeks ago, to 16c. I have since learned of a reaction to 18c.

Lamborn has also a house in Prague and acts as purchasing agent for the Government of Czecho-Slovakia in America. This also is an immense business. Alexander spoke of 150,000 tons of flour in one year.

PARIS, SUNDAY, June 27, 1920.

This is Grand Prix day, and profiting by our experience of last Sunday, we started off at 12:30. Mrs. Chisholm was to have gone with us, but was too tired from her trip to the battlefields. We also expected to take with us a couple

of Adeline's beaux, with whom she has connected. One of them is Jimmy Wilder, of the Honolulu family, who was a freshman at Harvard last year. The boys did not show up in time, owing to the wretched telephone service in our hotel, as well as all over Paris, and we started without them, but saw them at the track. It was well we started early for we got good seats in the Grand Stand, which we could not have secured 15 minutes later.

By the strangest coincidence, we found seated in the next row right behind us Jennie Blair, her cousin, and the Delatours, father, mother, son and daughter. This, in a crowd of over 100,000 people, is certainly a long shot.

Every inch of standing room in the stand was packed, so for the first three races I did not attempt to go down to the betting ring, but we made up hat pools among ourselves. The big race was the fourth, so I went down to execute the betting commissions of the party, and, as a result, was unable to get back into the stand and saw very little of the race. The others saw very well, for the start was right in front of them, and there was a terrific finish, three heads apart. I had fortunately taken the Herald's tip and cashed nearly 1,000 francs for 100 on the winner, "Comrade."

We left right after this and had three Harvard boys to dinner at the Ritz. So the girls had plenty of dancing and everybody voted the day a success.

Mrs. Winslow was dining at the Ritz with some friends but John did not ask our girls to dance, and has been voted persona non grata. His mother is very amiable.

In order to please the girls, we have decided that when we go back to Paris we will take them to the Ritz, instead of the Plaza Athénée, so our rooms are engaged for the 15th of August.

PARIS, MONDAY, June 28, 1920.

Mrs. Chisholm is going to London with our party. I am very glad, as in my absence, Mr. Kelley will be there in case of need. We had been unable to secure rooms at Claridge's, but when Mrs. Chisholm telegraphed that we were with her, they answered that they would take care of us, so she must have considerable pull.

They will arrive in time for the boat race at Henley, and Kelley has telegraphed for an auto, seats in the stand, etc.

I am still putting in time on passport and police papers of one kind or another. Today at the British Consulate, I was told that you could not take an alien servant (Jeanne) into England, without previously getting some paper from some bureau in London. I explained that it was impossible with the time at our disposal, and after some hesitation the man said, "Well, under the circumstances, I will stretch a point and give you the visa". A French official would have "enjoyed" my dilemma, and I am afraid an American would not have been so obliging.

PARIS, TUESDAY, June 29, 1920.

This morning I went to the Prefect of Police and finally gathered in all our cards and passports, duly executed. I breathed more freely as I had a haunting fear that something might have been overlooked. For some obscure reason, there seems to be more red tape to get into Holland than any other place. That we have left to do in London, and I expect to have a tedious time of it there in that respect.

The girls called on Mrs. Winslow, but she was out. I finally agreed with Vasseux as to the terms of his engagement.

The final packing was finished tonight as the trunks must go early in the morning.

We are so well pleased with the chauffeur, François Melon, that I have arranged with him to come to us again when we return. We only used an average of 40 kilometers per day, while we were entitled to 50. We had intended taking some more excursions to the chateaux around Paris, but the time slipped by without our getting to it, and besides, the roads are so rough that Nellie would prefer going by train.

Nadne has not replied yet to Adeline's letter and, as Sacha has not shown up, we are without news of the Kolowrats. I have heard from Joe Huppmann and his future residence plans are indefinite. For financial reasons perhaps.

I went again to the express company that received in Florence, over two weeks ago, the dress that Nellie bought for Marie Louise, but it has not yet come in, so I asked them to hold it for our return. Likewise some gloves that Nellie bought in Italy for Marie Louise and on a commission from Josephine.

We have been having quite a number of our dinners upstairs in the sitting room. We enjoy it better than going down to the dining room as there is nothing to see or do down stairs after dinner at this season. We had a "canard à la presse" upstairs one night and it was a great success. Better if anything than Frédéric's at the "Tour d'Argent". I dressed the salad to go with it, as I have done a number of other nights, and the girls take to the garlic like ducks to water.

PARIS, WEDNESDAY, June 30, 1920.

The trunks started shortly after eight and, as usual, there was a flurry at the end. Some things would not go in and some things were overlooked, so that as we went to the train everybody's hands were filled with little things, and I had to buy a basket at the station for them. Among other "hand baggage" were three cardboard hat boxes tied together (rather flat ones I must admit) to hold Marie Louise's hats.

I had to say goodbye at the ticket gate and I felt very badly to have them go alone. After a while Nellie came back to the ticket gate by appointment to receive the aforementioned basket, and she reported that at first they had all been bundled into the second class car, because Jeanne's ticket was second class, and she was all out of breath with hurrying, for fear of being left.

After the parting I had quite a number of odds and ends to occupy the day. As we are not coming back to this hotel, I had to get the trunks left behind here stored with the American Express Co. The Hotel Managers, father and son, are exceedingly nice people, and were just as accommodating and courteous as if we had been coming back to them.

I also dictated letters to Col. Duval and others about Vasseux and, while I had the stenographer, also dictated, and mailed for the Diary, the sketch of our battlefield trip, that was too long for the pen.

At the end of last week I gave up, for the present, the massage and the daily treatment by de Marville. There is no doubt that I have recovered more use of my hand as far as the stiffness of muscles is concerned, though it is by no means normal. As to the tremor, I cannot see much improvement, but they say that is always slower to overcome.

PARIS, THURSDAY, July 1, 1920.

Somehow or other I managed to have a fairly busy day. Crédit Lyonnais twice, American Express, Alexander, Lamborn, financial settlement with

Vasseux, and some dealings about a tapestry that Nellie has in hand. I got a cable from Sallie about her curtains and so went around to the woman to tell her to go ahead with the work. By the way, after Nellie had telegraphed to Sallie the price of curtains, she made a change in her own that added about \$10 apiece to the price. At a council of war between Nellie, Marie Louise and I, it was decided also to get the higher quality for Sallie. I said I would take the responsibility as I knew she would be better satisfied with them in the end.

After dinner I took my last ride with Melon to the Gare du Nord and boarded a train for Cologne, in the German territory now occupied by the British army.

Mailed from Berlin, July 6, 1920.

CHAPTER XI.

Germany

COLOGNE, FRIDAY, July 2, 1920.

In addition to the details in the letter to Colonel Duval, which is copied into the diary, I want to say that outside of the cathedral there is little interesting in Cologne. The locations of the old walls of the city have been parked, and with the shade trees present a good appearance. The place looks very prosperous owing to the money put in circulation by the English troops. This is said to be also particularly the case where American troops are quartered, but I am told that the military discipline is poor and the life very demoralizing to the young soldiers.

I went for lunch with my two German Jew American friends, Nathan and Hochheimer, to the Grosser Kurfurst Hotel, near the station and opposite the Cathedral. To give an idea of restaurant prices in Germany, I copy some of the bills paid during my stay at different hotels. The mark is worth about 3 cents.

Grosser Kurfurst Hotel Cologne		Hotel Adlon Berlin		Hotel Frankfurterhof Frankfort	
(Lunch for 3)	Marks	(Dinner for 1)	Marks	(Dinner for 1)	Marks
1 Whole Chicken 40		Cover	2	Cover	1
(Casserole)		Soup	5	Bread	4
2 Portions Goose 84		Venison	22	Soup	7.50
(Roasted)		Cauliflower	6	Veal Cutlet	35
3 Cheese 18		Dessert	17.50	Salad	5
1 Bread 3		Pint Wine	34.75	Butter	3.50
3 Pints Mineral		Tax 20%	6.90	Savarin	8
Water 7.50		Liqueur	12.40	1 Beer	4.50
2 Coffee 8				1 Mineral Water	4.50
	<hr/>		<hr/>	10% in lieu of tips	73
	160.50		106.55		7.30
					<hr/>
					80.30

Room and bath were 90 marks in one hotel and 144 in the other, and in the latter a charge of 25% was added to the price of the room, in lieu of tips.

I had a whole day in Cologne and after I had reported to the British military authorities and taken up my sleeper berth retained from Paris by telegraph, I found it hard to put in the time until 9:45 p. m. I spent a good night on the train as the porter, for a consideration, found me a compartment to myself.

BERLIN, SATURDAY, July 3, 1920.

The train was on time, like all those on which I travelled in Germany, and it gave me ample time to get breakfast at the Hotel Furstenhof near the station, before taking another train at 11:00 for Magdeburg, which I reached at 1:30. My letter to Colonel Duval, which is to be copied into the diary, will give the particulars of my stay at Klein-Wansleben, as the guest of Mr. Rabbethke, Saturday and Sunday. On the latter night I arrived again in Berlin at the Hotel Adlon about 10:30 and got a very small room with a bath.

BERLIN, MONDAY, July 5, 1920.

I was waiting all the forenoon for a telephone message from Rabbethke regarding a business appointment that he was to make for me, and it did not come until 1:30. Then I found that it would compel me to go to Frankfort on the Main. The best connection from there for London is through Holland, so I started in to try to get my passport fixed up for Holland, but was unable

to do so. The American Consulate was closed July 5, or I might perhaps have managed it. I am also trying to get a berth for Frankfort through the hotel porter, but I will not know about this before tomorrow afternoon. I am going anyway, even if I have to go in the day coach.

BERLIN, TUESDAY, July 6, 1920.

Having a free day before me, I took a guide and drove around the city. The public buildings, of course, are the same as I knew them before, and the big Thiergarten park is fully the equal of any that I have ever seen. I drove through the poorer quarters of the city, and they made a very good impression, as the streets are clean, there are no slums and there were window boxes of flowers in a great many of the apartments.

The people impress me as showing the strain of the war more than either in Italy or France, but that is saying very little. I saw no crippled men. Many of the children looked rather pale, and in a procession of small children that had been out in the country with their teachers, (the schools having closed) most of them were barefooted. Up to that time I had noticed particularly that they all were well shod.

Of course, I was not in Germany long enough to form opinions of my own, but the two men I talked with, Rabbethke and my Berlin guide, both said that the German people were very much discouraged as they saw nothing ahead of them but working for other nations. That there was a great deal of unemployment due to lack of raw materials for the factories, and that current wages were not sufficient in the cities to properly nourish the workers even when employed.

I visited a department store and the guide said the saleswomen only received two hundred marks per month. As a consequence, he said there was a great deal of immorality among them.

The Rabbethke organization is a splendid one, and they do a great deal for their employees, so that they have had no labor troubles, but they tell me that they are the great exception.

Everyone has to pay income tax, even the house servants. 10% is the lowest rate and Rabbethke will pay 60%.

After lunch and after I had ascertained that I could secure a sleeper, I again took the guide and motored to Potsdam. The ex-imperial palace, here as in Berlin, is empty, and the furnishings have all been sold, either for account of the State or of the Emperor, according as they were public or private property.

The Palace of Sans Souci nearby is kept up as a show place, with all the original furniture and paintings and ornaments of the time of Frederick the Great.

I returned to Berlin in time for dinner and to get comfortably to my train, leaving for Frankfort at 9:30. A tip to the porter secured a lower berth for the man who had my upper and left me alone in the compartment. His name was Moses, and he is a lawyer, with offices at 66 Liberty Street. He told some frightful stories of graft in the administration of the Alien Property Custodian's Office, under Mitchell Palmer.

FRANKFORT ON THE MAIN, WEDNESDAY, July 7, 1920.

On arrival at the Frankfurter Hof about 9:30 I found a note from the Deutsche Gold und Silber Scheideanstalt, the Company that controls the Cyanide patents, placing themselves at my disposal for an interview. This took place at eleven o'clock, with Director Bernhard Schiebeler and Dr. Dubois, the latter

apparently one of their technicians. The interview was in French, though they spoke some English, and is recorded in a letter to Colonel Duval which will be incorporated in this diary.

There being nothing more to detain me in Frankfort, I arranged to take the 5 o'clock train for Cologne on my way to London, and in the meantime dictated some letters to a woman stenographer, who, though German by birth, lived many years in St. Louis, and would like to be back there.

The railroad generally follows the course of the river and I had a good chance to see the beautiful scenery that has so often been enthusiastically described. I was not disappointed, even though it must be still more interesting viewed from a boat in the center of the river.

In the diner they served no sugar with the coffee and this reminds me to say, that on the German sleepers they give no towels for drying yourself after you ablutions. When I rang for a towel, the porter showed me the trick of taking your pillow case off and using that as a towel.

I reached Cologne at 9:00, to find that by a change of timetable my train did not start at 11:00 p. m. as I thought but at 1:00 a. m. The sleeping car office was closed but I was informed that everything was sold out for that night, and the next, so I wandered disconsolately over to the Grosser Kurfurst Hotel and had a drink with a young man who had obligingly, but unsuccessfully, tried to get me some Belgian money. I stopped at one drink, though it would have taken many more to brighten the prospect of sitting up that night in a day coach. At 10 o'clock they closed the bar and I went back to the station, where there was no waiting room and no place to sit down. When it was close to midnight, I learned quite by accident from a man that spoke some English, that although the train did not leave till 1:00 a. m. some coaches were now standing on the track, waiting for the Vienna Express to pick them up. So I hastened down and interviewed the Pullman conductor, or the official who acts as such and also as porter, but he could do nothing for me. I told him that I was going into the day coach but would give him 100 marks extra (\$3.00) if he could get me a berth. I went into the day coach and had hardly settled myself, when a young Belgian officer came in and pasted placards at all the windows, reserving the car for officers. Practically all the cars were reserved for officers of some nationality or other, so the situation was getting more complicated. However, the officer had the decency to say that another man and I, who were already settled, could remain, but he locked the door against all others. He maintained this position when some other military men seemed inclined to eject us.

Just at this time, my 100 mark man hove in sight with the glad news that he had a berth for me, and my civilian companion shared in my good fortune by getting the upper berth.

In the morning I was glad to see that the crops in Belgium, as in all the other European countries I have visited, were very good.

We reached Ostend quay at 10 o'clock and, after a casual custom house examination and a passport inspection, we boarded the boat and were away by 11 o'clock. The passage takes about four hours and I took a cabin in order to straighten out my papers.

The weather was not rough but the confinement of the cabin, in connection with reading, soon made me feel squeamish and I hastily went on deck to regain my equilibrium. From Dover to London the run is about two hours, but we were delayed and it was six thirty o'clock when I knocked at the door of Nellie's room. She was overjoyed and quite taken by surprise, as I had not

expected to get through so quickly and had telegraphed I would join her Friday or Saturday. Once I had got started there was no use to telegraph any correction, as a passenger always beats the telegraph.

The accumulation of mail since the diary was last posted includes:

M.D.O., 6/11, also old letters of early January sent to Calcutta, returned to San Francisco, and readdressed here. These were from Louise, Fanchette, M.D.O., etc., and they have not deteriorated through age.

S.S.W., 6/13, as good as ever.

B.A.O., 6/17; with explanation of the Halifax adventure, which seems very attractive.

H.T.O., 6/21 and also cable about Sacha Kolowrat. I have transmitted the latter. I will be glad to see and talk with Bulkley in Paris if he lets me hear from him.

Lamborn, with copy of my account.

Col. Duval, 6/21, with papers about ammonia recovery.

We also received the following characteristic epistle from Louie:

San Francisco, Cal.,
June 16, 1920.

My dear Mr. and Mrs. R. Oxnard:

I received your send me a nice handkerchiefs thanks very much and many letter to. I sorry not send your one also. I not unable to write the house everything nice. I too easy time to so I very glad see your come home soon will goodbye,

Your obedient servant,

AH LOUIE.

This is so far above Louie for style and orthography that we suspect he must have called in as collaborator his great friend, Mr. Hooper's cook, whom he always speaks of as "the Fat".

Letter to Colonel Duval.

FRANKFURT, A.M., July 7, 1920.

H. R. Duval, Esq.,

New York.

Dear Colonel:

Instead of making a formal report, I think it will be more satisfactory if I write a journal of my trip to Germany day by day.

I left Paris on the night of July 1st for Cologne, which is in the German territory occupied by the British Army.

I found that the upper berth of my compartment was occupied by a "fellow American" by the name of Nathan, of German birth and Hebraic extraction. He was willing, however, to have the window open so that I got a good night's rest.

At Cologne I had to report to the British military authorities and have my passport viséd by them, alongside of the visa of the German consulate in Paris.

I secured the Pullman accommodation that I had engaged beforehand from Paris, for the train going out from Cologne that night. I spent the day visiting Cologne, including the wonderful cathedral which, however, does not equal in grandeur that at Rheims, in spite of the terrible damage done to the latter.

That night, on the sleeper, I managed by judicious tipping to get a compartment to myself, and reached Berlin early on the morning of Saturday, the 3rd. The crops between Cologne and Berlin are good, although some sections showed a lack of rain.

I had already telegraphed Messrs. Rabbethke & Gieseke that I would reach Magdeburg by the train arriving at 1:30. Accordingly, I found waiting for me at the station Alex Fick, their American representative, who was soon followed in an automobile by Mr. E. Rabbethke, the head of the firm. He attends to the business management of the seed business and also to the running of the sugar factory of Klein-Wansleben, on their domain. The entire enterprise, although nominally an incorporated company, is practically owned by the three Rabbethke brothers and their cousin, Gieseke.

They are a very wealthy family, owning several sugar factories and other large interests in Germany. The seed business is their hobby, having been inherited from their grandfather and father, and its management is a labor of love, as well as business. The two branches of the enterprise, the sugar factory and the seed breeding establishment, occupy nearly 20,000 acres, in several large blocks, within a radius of ten miles from the central establishment.

That afternoon after lunch, in the home of the elder Rabbethke, I was shown through the seed breeding and seed handling plant, which includes vast store-houses, equipped for the testing, sorting, drying, cleaning and mixing of their product. Very little of the commercial seed is grown in the vicinity of the factory. On these lands they produce the élite seed, from which the commercial seed is grown by some 800 different farmers, scattered all over Germany, so as to include all varieties of soils and climatic conditions. They have a staff of 90 scientific agriculturists to oversee and control these 800 growers.

I had no idea of the vastness of their operations. They are by far the largest growers of beet seed in the business, and both the brothers made the statement to me that they produce seed enough to plant half of the present acreage grown to beets in the world. I checked this up with them by saying that, figuring on a world beet sugar production of 5 million tons, that would mean 500,000 bags of beet seed, and they acknowledged that this was so. I understand that this production was irrespective of their beet seed business in Russia, which is not operated at present, but I may be mistaken as to this. By the way, they have ascertained that all their Russian plant, including their selected seeds of high grade, is safe, even to stocks of commercial seed that they had there. This latter they had expected to get out of Russia through Danzig, but unfortunately the tide of war between the Bolshevics and the Poles has again cut them off.

It is hard to give an intelligent idea of the immense amount of detail work that this business entails. They test in the course of the year 1 million separate beets. They started out by a crude selection in 1860, and have gradually perfected the system, until it seems hard to make any further improvements. They select any particularly good beet, at any time that it is found in the course of testing, as the founder of a family, and from the seed of this beet they grow 100 specimens of the next generation for one set of trials, and the balance of the seed is planted for examination in bulk.

From this second generation the best beets are selected, if of enough merit, to found another family, and all of these experiments are followed up for a series of years, until the ramifications are enough to make your head swim.

Families retrograde and are rejected, while new ones take their place.

They have at present about 1000 families which produce their élite seed, and these 1000 families are the direct descendants of two individuals, started forty years ago. All the other original starters have been eliminated.

The qualities observed, and which determine the selection, are not only the sugar, but also the weight, the form of the root and of the leaves, and the vigor shown by prepotency in transmitting the various qualities, etc.

The weight that the individuals must reach, in order to be selected, varies with the four types of seed which they produce. These are: the old type, the original, the rich, and the extra rich; and the old type, for instance, must have a greater weight than the others, and so on down the scale. Any mother, that in the bulk planting spoken of above, has more than 1% of its descendants going to seed the first year, is rejected.

The factory is an old one that has been enlarged and remodeled several times. It makes raw sugar and is of no great interest to us. It is a necessary adjunct of the seed business, to utilize profitably the large tonnage of beets grown for the seed selections.

I stopped at the house of Mr. Rabbethke and was most hospitably entertained.

The second day I drove all over the fields, both those that are devoted to the seed breeding and those that grow beets only for the factory.

I have never seen such high grade and scientific agriculture and I doubt if there are many examples that equal it in Germany, or anywhere else. They have a four years' system of rotation which generally includes beets, barley or wheat, potatoes, and again barley or wheat, with slight modifications to take in other crops, like alfalfa, etc. This is strictly adhered to. They fertilize every year with barnyard manure and artificial fertilizers. Their crops are all magnificent, but they told me that this was an exceptionally good year. The outstanding feature of their crops is not so much the great yield as the uniformity. I saw thousands of acres of beets and not a single bad field. They all were expected to yield between 15 and 20 tons per acre, and in some cases higher.

Some forty years ago, the father of the present generation stopped the feeding of stock, thinking that the land was too valuable for forage crops. A gradual deterioration ensued in the state of tilth of their lands and in the yields. This was not noticed at first, but at the end of twenty years, they found themselves with badly run down farms. Then they returned to stock feeding and the production of manure, and now, after twenty years, their land is in perfect condition again.

When speaking of the seed breeding, I forgot to say that they bought from Kuhn & Co., of Holland, a good many years ago, their system of beet selection by the microscope, but they have abandoned its use. You may remember that through your Hungarian connections we were considerably interested in that subject at one time.

Now to come down to the question of beet seed supply for the future, which is what I came here to investigate.

They have already shipped us 7500 bags of the 15,000 that we bought for shipment in 1920. This leaves 7500 bags still due us for this year and 10,000 bags for 1921. Their crop promises to be a banner one, and although their reserve stocks are very much depleted, they did not hesitate to assure me that, as far as they were concerned, they would be able to fill our contracts.

The only thing that might prevent this would be the German Government's refusal to permit the exportation of their seed. This they do not anticipate, as

the extension of beet planting in Europe can hardly keep pace with the extension that the seed producers are able to give to their production. For instance, Russia is unlikely to recover ground in beet sugar production, except very slowly. Apparently the only danger, therefore, would be that the German Government should want to retain the Rabbethke seed for German growers and allow only the exportation of inferior brands. They mentioned this, but I think that that fear is largely due to their exalted opinion of the quality of their own product in comparison with others, and I would not give much weight to it.

Should such a contingency arise, they thought that through the authorities at Washington we could undoubtedly help them to get the proper permits.

One interesting point that I learned was that their very valuable seed they sometimes preserve and plant, even after it is ten years old. The germination, of course, is slow and weak, but the beets themselves are just as vigorous after they start as from the fresher seed. They also described to me the process of soaking this old seed and drying it again, which greatly enhances the rapidity of the germination, and they are going to give me a full description of the system they use. This is what, as you may remember, we tried to do two years ago with some Russian seed, but with disastrous results, because we allowed the heat in the re-drying to go above the safety point.

The conclusion that I have come to, and want to present to you, is that, as the situation stands at present, we can consider ourselves safe as to beet seed supply, and I would neither recommend the purchase of more seed nor the appointment of a European seed agent, who would have nothing to do probably for a number of years.

I will have a different suggestion to make to you when I get back to New York.

Mr. E. Rabbethke is a man of prominence in Germany, politically as well as otherwise. Among his varied interests, he is at the head of a factory at Ildesheim, which extracts sugar from molasses by the Strontium process, and later, utilizes the waste waters for the production of potash, first, and afterwards, for the production of cyanides from the ammonia.

This being along the line of our problem at Oxnard, I questioned him about getting hold of an engineer familiar with this problem.

He told me that he worked under the patents belonging to a Company in Frankfort, which is the only successful one in that line. One of the two principal molasses refineries of Germany also works under their licenses, which are well known in the sugar world, and which were the ones that Zitkowski mentioned in his letter to Howe that you sent me.

Accordingly I have come here to Frankfort and am writing you this letter after an interview with these people.

They sent their experts to the U. S. in 1910, and then again in 1913, to study this question, and at that time were in touch with Baird and another one of our staff who, I think, was General Manager Howe. They concluded at that time that the conditions were not favorable and that the composition of our molasses offered difficulties not present in Germany. They, however, have promised to look up their notes and reports and make me a report, which will enable me to go into the subject intelligently after I get home.

They think the conditions for success would require a plant capable of working up 100 tons of concentrated waste waters a day. Such a plant would have cost in Germany before the war five million marks. It would require the formation of a group of American beet factories situated near enough together to stand the freight to a central point.

They are not at all sanguine that a business proposition can be evolved that they would care to become interested in, but if with the data they can furnish me we are able to line up a satisfactory proposition, they would be willing to go into it on the following terms: They to furnish half of the capital, their patents, and their experience. The American group to furnish the concentrated waste waters. The potash to be extracted from these waste waters and returned to the American group, after which the profits from the production of cyanide to be equally divided.

• This seems a fair proposition and is certainly worth investigation.

I conclude in a great hurry, as I have to catch a train.

Yours sincerely,

Mailed July 14th from London.

CHAPTER XII.

England

LONDON, FRIDAY, July 9, to THURSDAY, July 15, 1920.

The week that I spent in London can be summarized briefly. The Messers and Ruth Brooke were cordial and kind in the extreme. In the first place, before I arrived, Louise Messer and Ruth had, at almost a moment's notice, put themselves out to accompany our party to Henley. Nellie had expected to go with Mrs. Chisholm and Mr. Kelley, on whom she counted to attend to the details. Mrs. Chisholm backed out the very morning of the race and Nellie was desperate. She appealed to Ruth, who threw over another engagement and made Louise go also, as Messer is a member of the Club. As it turned out it poured and the whole thing was a failure, besides being very expensive.

The night I arrived we went to Ruth's to a dinner-supper, to be followed by her singing. I must explain here that Addie Breckenridge, now Mrs. Roberts, and her boy, are living with Ruth, on some expense sharing arrangement. She had tickets to some ball in connection with the Eaton School and she invited the girls to go with her, after Ruth's dinner. The girls accepted but at the last moment Mrs. Roberts backed out, and the girls went with her boy and another, chaperoned by the newly married Messer girl.

Meanwhile we were at the musicale, where Ruth was practically the only singer, but did wonderfully well.

Two days later Louise gave a little dance for the girls in her apartment, and that also was most enjoyable, as the girls got lots of dancing and we had a good game of bridge.

Lansing Tevis was there with his wife and also Hugh Tevis, his cousin. They had already called on us and made a good impression.

On Sunday we took a motor and went with Ruth to her place in the country for lunch. We were very politely, nay almost enthusiastically, received by Reggie Brooke, who never appeared to better advantage. He is staying there steadily and Ruth herself only came up to town for a few days on account of us. The lunch was good but the day was poor. In fact the weather has been wretched most of the time during our entire London stay.

Nellie and the girls had been doing the theatres most energetically before I arrived and I went with them to hear "The Southern Maid", a musical comedy with beautiful setting and costumes but not much snap. Mrs. Chisholm went with us and also John Breckenridge.

Another night we got tickets for "The Skin Game" and invited Edie Grant to dine and go with us. The subject is rather disagreeable but the interest is gripping throughout and it was beautifully acted, so that we enjoyed it thoroughly.

The rest of our time was spent by me in getting some clothes, attending to passports and arranging through Cook's for our trip to Holland and Belgium, and one other incident to be related later.

The girls did some tourist sight-seeing around the City, and one day we took a motor and, on the outward trip visited Windsor Castle, Eton School and Stoke Pogis churchyard, made famous by Grey's Elegy. The church, the Yew tree under which he is supposed to have written the Elegy, the Mounment to Grey, and the old headstones, are the interesting features. On the way back we visited Hampton Court, saw Richmond Palace and park, Bushey Park and Kew Gardens, making a well filled day.

We are not at all well impressed with Claridge's Hotel. It excels principally in the prices charged and I cannot imagine how it acquired such a high standing and reputation. For a small apartment, Nellie and the girls paid, after

much haggling, 8 guineas per day, and when I came I had a very small back room, without bath or even running water, at 35 shillings per day. The restaurant prices are exorbitant and the food good, but not to be compared with Paris. Nellie lunched one day at the Carlton and liked the table much better.

They danced every evening and particularly Sunday evening. Shades of Victorian primness and propriety!

Our girls having no partners could not avail themselves of this.

To cap the climax, Nellie lost a sable stole, which was stolen out of the private entry to the apartment. It was made partly from furs she had bought in China, with others added in Paris, and was worth \$1,000. The insurance of our baggage does not cover furs or other articles of special value, unless they are particularly described and insured for full value, which was not the case as the stole was not in existence when we took out the insurance. We have made claim on the hotel and on leaving London have left the matter in Mr. Messer's hands.

Before I arrived, Nellie and the girls went to a Sunday evening supper at Louise's. There they met Sir Burton Chadwick, M.P., who invited them to visit the Houses of Parliament, and have tea on the terrace. The visit was most interesting, although, owing to the blustering weather, they had tea indoors. They saw Sir Edward Carson, but he had just finished speaking.

Another interesting experience was a tea at Claridge's, to which they went with Louise, given by her friend, Sir Henry Davidson. It was given to Lord Milner, to meet the representatives of the Colonial industries. They were a fine looking, well dressed lot, and Nellie enjoyed meeting several of them, including a sugar man from the West Indies. Lord Milner was most attractive and when Nellie said that we had a letter for him from Pritchard, he said that he knew Pritchard and his family very well, and was interested in hearing how he was getting along. I regret that I did not meet these people.

I did not meet Joe Grant, but he invited me, through Edith, to lunch with him. First I accepted, but it was our last day in London, and when he telephoned to make arrangements I had to beg off. He wanted particularly to tell me that he had lunched with Mountford the day before sailing from New York, and that Flora was doing very well indeed. We got such contradictory reports that it was a great comfort to hear this from a man who has just arrived here. Mailed from The Hague, July 18, 1920.

CHAPTER XIII.

Holland and Belgium

THE HAGUE, FRIDAY, July 16, 1920.

We left London last night at 8:30 p. m. for Harwich, where we boarded the boat that was to sail at daylight the next morning for the Hook of Holland. The cabins were clean, the beds (upper and lower) comfortable, the ventilation good, and we settled ourselves down for the night about 11 o'clock. We had two entire cabins and Jeanne, a good berth in an inside cabin. We had heard distressing tales of the seven hours' crossing, but today the sea was like a millpond.

We had nine pieces of baggage to register, weight 900 pounds, and the cost was more than one first class ticket. The official doubted that it could be all personal baggage. They made a mistake in the amount charged, which was £2/2 to The Hague, so that at the Hook I was presented with a telegram to the mate of the vessel, instructing him to hold our baggage until an extra amount of £2/5 was paid. We reached the Hook at 9:30 a. m. but the train did not start until 11:20, to allow for passport and custom house examinations. This latter was very lenient, only one piece being opened.

We arrived at The Hague at 12:30 and got satisfactory rooms at the Hotel des Indes. Cook's guide met us and after lunch we took an automobile and easily covered considerable ground. We visited the "House in the Wood", formerly a Royal residence but now used on occasion for official business. The original Brussels peace conference was held there in 1899, and again in 1907, but now they have the Carnegie Peace Palace, finished in 1915, for that purpose. The building is of brick with stone trimmings and this material detracts from its appearance in my estimation.

From there we went to Delft and the road along the canal was interesting, but they no longer allow visitors to the porcelain factory, which was a disappointment. In Delft we went through the house where William the Silent was murdered. Two bullet marks in the wall have been so enlarged by the canes and umbrellas of the curious, that the spot is now covered over with plate glass. The murderer was traced by William's dog. He earned a big reward from the Spanish, but before he could collect he was torn limb from limb with horses at the hands of the Dutch. We also went to Scheveningen, the beach resort of The Hague, that I heard compared to a little Atlantic City, which I have never seen.

On the way home we dropped Marie Louise at the house of Marie Louise Harrington Bagley. He is naval attaché here and she seems to like the place.

Elihu Root is here at the hotel and I would have liked to present myself to him and try to learn what he thought of the European situation, that seems to be hopelessly muddled to me. The opportunity never occurred.

THE HAGUE, SATURDAY, July 17, 1920.

I had to report to the police for cards of residence and, contrary to the procedure in most countries but just as in Paris, I was not allowed to act for my party (except Nellie) and had to go back and drag Marie Louise, Adeline and Jeanne before the examiners. We will also have to go before the authorities for permission to leave Holland. This incessant red tape, before and after, in each country, wears one to the bone, and I doubt if 1% of the undesirables are kept out that way.

Today we took a carriage, all the objects of interest being so close together, and in the forenoon visited the Royal Palace, as the family was away. Also the Houses of Parliament and the Picture gallery containing Rembrandt's "School of Anatomy" and Paul Potters' "Bull". Among the minor sights was a quad-

range, formed of small one story and one roomed cottages, to the number of over fifty, occupied by old women pensioners that have seen over 25 years of house service with one master. It is under government control, but, according to the guide, supported by the several employers. An institution of this size would be too large for California, if Chinamen were excluded.

Through Adeline signing her name on the register of the "House in the Wood" she got in touch with a St. Timothy schoolmate, by the name of Ranlet, living in Boston, and we invited her and her mother to dinner.

AMSTERDAM, SUNDAY, July 18, 1920.

We left The Hague this morning at 10:44 and reached here at noon, going to the Amstel Hotel, where we have satisfactory rooms. It being Sunday, Cook's office is closed and we will not start our sight seeing until tomorrow. It started to rain almost immediately.

I forgot to mention that in The Hague we just happened upon the civil wedding at the Registry Office of a young couple, (26 and 17) apparently belonging to the "upper middle class". Through the adroitness of the guide, the wedding party and ourselves were the only ones in the inner hall. The bride was sweet looking, but according to our ladies her dress was a "dutch fright". The bridesmaids' ditto; but all unconscious of this, they were having a good time.

The Hotel Amstel is first class and the cuisine excellent.

AMSTERDAM, MONDAY, July 19, 1920.

Although Cook's have a branch office in the hotel, nothing was known here about us and there was some delay in communicating with the Main office and in getting started. This was explained as being due to the sickness of the guide originally assigned to us.

We took a small passenger steamer, quite crowded, and went by various canals to the Zuyder Zee, on the shore of which we stopped at a small town called "Broek in Waterland" to see an example of the "house industry" of making cheese. They handled the milk from 30 cows, average 4 gallons each, and it was a pleasure to see the neatness and cleanliness of the place and of the operations conducted by the man and his wife.

A church and curio shops were the only other objects of interest.

The next stop was at Monnikendam, an old settlement with a quaint church and the houses, generally of brick, with the date of erection on their fronts. The oldest that we saw was 1611, and in a perfect state of preservation. The streets were paved with brick and as clean as a parlor, each housekeeper scrubbing her stoop and sidewalk, the same as the interior of the house. From there we struck out across the Zuyder Zee to the Island of Marken, where all the inhabitants, either from conservatism or to attract visitors, probably the latter, are dressed in the costumes of the middle ages. Few men were about, as they all live by fishing, but the women and children were most picturesque. The little boys and girls are dressed alike up to about 8 years old and are very pretty. But the women, even when comparatively young, seem to lose their good looks. A dental clinic is very much needed as the women seem to average about two or three front teeth apiece. They are anxious to show the interior of their houses, and give the impression of dressing and acting for show.

We returned to Amsterdam by a different way, stopping en route at Vollen-dam, another quaint town.

AMSTERDAM, TUESDAY, July 20, 1920.

This was a day of city sight seeing, including a diamond cutting establishment, a very fine park, the Royal Palace and the National Museum. This latter

was the most interesting as there, are hanging the Night watch and other celebrated Rembrandts, and a wonderful figure of a dead woman by Mass, called "The Unfinished Prayer".

AMSTERDAM, WEDNESDAY, July 21, 1920.

Instead of stopping over night at Rotterdam, where admittedly there is little to see, we decided to leave here early and after "doing" Rotterdam in a few hours, push on to Antwerp the same day. These places are so close together that it is easy to do this; so I engaged our guide here to go on with us and help us to accomplish this, by facilitating baggage registration, police permits, etc. We acted wisely in this matter as there is little of interest to record of Rotterdam, and we got through nicely; whereas, in the absence of a man speaking the language, and knowing the ropes, we might never have got through in time to make our connections. We left Rotterdam at 4 o'clock and at the frontier, in two different towns, we had to get all of our small baggage out of the compartment and our registered baggage out of the railroad van, to line it up for inspection. First by the Dutch for going out (the Lord knows why), and then by the Belgians for going in. The same with the passports. The annoyance of all this, with the constant tips in different moneys, which are often too large for lack of small change, is really very wearing, particularly in Holland, on account of the language.

We reached Antwerp about 8:00 p. m. and went to the Grand Hotel, where we could not get the accommodations promised by Cook's, ostensibly because we had arrived a day ahead of schedule; so we had to put up with noisy rooms on the first floor and without baths. We were promised better for tomorrow, but meanwhile decided to cut down our stay in Antwerp to one day and take the extra time in Brussels.

The restaurant was also very second class, not as to the cooking, but as to service, cleanliness, and general appearance. Cook's, so far, had sent us to good hotels. Perhaps there is no better in Antwerp.

We had been looking forward to seeing something of the Olympic games here, but learned to our disappointment that they do not start until next month.

ANTWERP, THURSDAY, July 22, 1920.

We made arrangements to leave for Brussels by the 3:55 train and meanwhile, started to see the sights in a taxi. The Cathedral is really a magnificent church and, among other treasures, contains the world famous masterpieces of Rubens, the "Elevation to the Cross", and the "Descent from the Cross"; also the "Assumption" and the "Resurrection". These were taken down when the Germans attacked and fortunately so, for a shell struck the wall where the "Descent", the most famous one, was hung that would have destroyed it.

The Germans thought these paintings had been sent to England until two months before the armistice when, learning the contrary, they had them brought back to the church.

We also visited the National Museum of paintings and statuary; the Plantin Novetus Museum, containing the third printing establishment started in the world, Guttenburg's being the first; the flower show, and, last but not least, the Docks or Wharves that make this one of the best equipped of the commercial cities of the world. I noticed the giant specimens of the Belgian draft horses working here.

There is very little evidence of damage to be seen in Antwerp from the three days' bombardment. Also, there seems to be a cheerful feeling that

Belgium has got down to work, and will be the first of the Continental Nations to recover her equilibrium.

It took but 50 minutes to get from Antwerp to Brussels, where we found the Hotel Astoria quite first class and settled ourselves comfortably.

After our whirlwind trip since leaving London, it is an agreeable prospect to stay four days here.

We have heard from Cook's in London that they have been unable to secure the accommodations we wanted at Aix-les-Bains, at either one of the three hotels we had chosen. This puts us in a quandary, but we have telegraphed ourselves to others and have decided to go through to Aix anyhow, trusting to luck to find something suitable after we get there. We are anxious, Nellie and I, to take a two weeks' cure there, and the girls are also anxious to go, having heard that there was a great deal of gayety there.

They are enjoying the novel sights we have been seeing, but are strong in their assertion that there is no place like Paris.

Mailed from Brussels, July 22, 1920.

BRUSSELS, FRIDAY, July 23, 1920.

It was rather a relief after travelling so fast to feel this morning that we could look forward to an easy day. Nellie and I left the girls in their room and went to call on Mrs. Alleyne, whose new address we found in the directory. She lives very far from the hotel, in a very respectable part of town and in a very small, modest looking house. She had gone down town but we were received by her sister Mary, whom I saw for the first time. Mrs. Alleyne says that her war experiences have brought Mary out wonderfully. We invited Mrs. Alleyne, through Mary, to come up to lunch, which she did, and we had a most enthusiastic meeting. She looks very well and not much aged, in spite of her privations. During the war she lost 50 pounds, but has got a good deal back. It was very interesting to hear her talk. She only knew Edith Cavell slightly but was engaged in very much the same kind of work, as far as helping to hide allied soldiers and sending them on their way. She used to circulate the secretly printed newspaper "La libre Belgique", of which we heard so much, and in many ways laid herself open to severe punishment by the Germans, if discovered. She is thoroughly convinced that all the stories of German atrocities are true. Two months before the armistice, she could stand it no longer, and she and Mary got exchanged for German women in England. After six weeks in England, the two volunteered as nurses and were at the front when the war ceased.

Of course, had she known that the end was to come so soon she would have remained in Brussels, but they never dreamt such a thing possible, as they only got such news as the Germans allowed to circulate.

They are very poor and she is trying to find work in charge of some hospital, for which she is fully qualified, having had experience in such a position before.

It appears that Mary's income, which was their main support, came from her godfather, a Russian, and was paid to her by his three nephews. Now two of them can pay nothing, and the third one very little. It is a very sad case.

After lunch Mrs. Alleyne and the ladies went to the shops and I took it quietly.

I forgot to say that, returning from our call at Mrs. Alleyne's, I stopped at the American Embassy and saw Brand Whitlock for just a moment as he was going out. He said it would be very difficult to get an audience of the King or Queen. Only twice a year do they receive together, at two large functions. He

asked me to tea that afternoon with my party, and said he would then talk the matter over. Accordingly we all went to the Embassy at five o'clock, and, with several others, were politely received by the Ambassador and Mrs. Whitlock. He said he was afraid nothing could be done, but he would look into it, and let me know. He also said he would send me a note to the French consul to facilitate getting visas, but that was the last we saw or heard of him.

P. S.—Have since received a polite note from him, forwarded from Brussels, regretting his inability to get the audience.

BRUSSELS, SATURDAY, July 24, 1920.

Mrs. Alleyne called in the morning and the ladies went shopping with her, while I and the hotel porter struggled with the passport formalities.

We all came together for lunch and I arranged for Mrs. Alleyne to come back to dinner and chaperon the girls to the theatre, where they saw a very fair "revue".

I also went to Cook's and arranged for our sight seeing. In the afternoon Nellie and I went for a walk but were obliged to hurry back owing to a shower. This has been a very wet July all over Europe and in most countries the crops are suffering in consequence.

By the way, Mrs. Alleyne said that this was the first time she had been to the theatre since the war began.

BRUSSELS, SUNDAY, July 25, 1920.

We started by motor, shortly after 9:00, and went first to Malines, where we visited the Cathedral and viewed what damage had been done by the Germans, which was not extensive. From there we took the highway to Louvain, along which the Belgian army fought a rear guard action in their retreat toward Antwerp. The damage to the farm buildings along the road was very apparent, but nothing like what we had seen in France, as the resistance was feeble. On arriving at Louvain however we saw the ruins of the memorable library, covering a whole block of ground. There is only left a shell of blackened, roofless walls, gutted by cannon and fire. The adjoining Hotel de Ville, one of the beautiful buildings of the world, is apparently very little damaged. One end of the Cathedral is very little touched but the other end is quite badly wrecked. Repairs were going on, though not today, as services were in progress.

I noticed here, as well as in other churches visited, a confirmation of what I had been told as to a very considerable proportion of men in the congregations.

The amount of damage done to the rest of the town, while considerable, seems small to us with our experiences of Soissons, Rheims, etc.

The excuse for the pillaging of Louvain was, of course, that the populace had fired on the German troops, but our guide was circumstantial and positive in his assertion of the Belgian account, that it was two bodies of German troops that fired on each other in the night by mistake. He also described how the Germans herded together over a thousand of the inhabitants, and the next morning shot 154 of them, men, women and children, against the base of a statue that we saw, opposite to the railroad station.

He gave a personal touch to the story by relating the experience of one of his friends. This man kept a shop of some kind and the day before, a German soldier had come in and asked for a glass of water, which was given. The shopkeeper, his wife and boy were among those marked for execution. Happening to see the soldier, he appealed to him for help in return for the courtesy shown.

The soldier thereupon took him before the commanding officer and, owing to the circumstance, his life was spared, but despite his entreaties his wife and child were shot, before his eyes.

We completed a triangular journey by returning to Brussels direct from Louvain and, after taking lunch at the hotel (The Astoria, first class in every respect), we motored in the opposite direction to Ghent and Bruges, sixty odd miles distant. The trip out was very interesting but we lost time by tire trouble, and besides were disappointed in Bruges. The Belfry and Cathedral were of course well worth seeing, and also the Hotel de Ville, but we had about the poorest guide in all our experience, and from this cause probably missed many interesting things.

On the return journey we had more tire trouble and were compelled to buy an extra tube at Ghent, where we had dinner.

We were supposed to get back from the Bruges excursion by seven o'clock, but instead got back at midnight.

We went through the section where the industry flourishes of growing flowers for seed, and also the bay trees, box woods, plane trees, etc., that are exported all over the world. The nurseries lined the road for miles and we saw huge box and bay trees growing in pots. Also the begonias made a wonderful showing.

BRUSSELS, MONDAY, July 26, 1920.

This day was devoted to sight seeing in a carriage around the city, but with the same inefficient guide furnished by Cook's.

The Cathedral is beautiful both externally and internally.

The Hotel de Ville stands in one of those squares, typical of Belgium, as far as I have observed, on the same principle as the San Francisco civic center, but smaller. The buildings on all four sides were beautiful, but the Hotel de Ville, the finest in Belgium, was the crowning feature, with its tower rising from the center, and its pilasters touched with gold mellowed by age. Here, as in the Hague, we butted into a civil wedding ceremony but of a higher class. There was also another wedding outfit waiting on a side track for their turn, but one such depressing sight was enough for us.

From here we went to the Palace of Justice, famed for its beautiful architecture and for its commanding position at the top of a plateau, with an extensive view of the city.

I omitted mentioning just now that, in the Hotel de Ville, we stood in the room where the great ball was given, just before the battle of Waterloo, as described in Byron's *Childe Harold*. We had thought of going to Waterloo by motor this afternoon, but the day was rainy and we gave it up.

I also want to mention here that, a feature of all the Cathedrals we have seen in Belgium is a wonderfully carved wooden pulpit of Flemish oak.

Our next stop was at the National Museum where we saw, on the run, a wonderful collection of Rembrandts, Rubens, Van Dycks, etc., that would repay days of study. It is immense both in the literal and the slang sense.

Of course, we also had to see the Wirt collection of paintings; fantastic, gruesome, horrible in the main, yet also very clever. The work of a man who eventually became insane.

For this, our last evening in Brussels, we had both Mrs. Alleyne and Mary to dinner. We learned that Mrs. Alleyne is exercising the profession of trained nurse, when she told us that she had a call that day to take a case, which she

refused because of our dinner engagement, but was going to take next morning. It was that of a sick man, who was also insane. Two nurses were required and the other one would get along alone until she arrived.

During all my travels in Holland and Belgium I observed the crops closely and found them excellent, particularly the beets. A strange feature that I cannot explain is that in Holland very markedly, and to a slight extent in Belgium, there were seed stalks in most of the beet fields, while I had not noticed any in either France or Germany. Of course the season is now more advanced.

When in Amsterdam I had a very pleasant interview with Mr. Van der Shalck of the firm of Hubrecht, Van Harencarpel and Van Visser, the friends of Colonel Duval, who are interested in the stock of the A. B. S. Co. We also called at the address of Mr. Elzinga, our fellow passenger of the "Grotius", but he was out of town.

We were very much pleased with the treatment we received at this hotel.

BRUSSELS TO PARIS, TUESDAY, July 27, 1920.

Our 360 Kilos of baggage for registration were packed and ready overnight and taken by the hotel conductor about 7:30 a. m. We followed with the hand baggage an hour later.

We all, except Adeline, have valises that are too large and bulky and heavy. Objection to them has been made several times on this score. Once in Germany, when I could not get a porter, I had to carry mine a good distance in a great hurry to make a connection, and I felt as if it would break my back. To get them down from the racks, which we generally have to do ourselves, is quite an exertion.

Our route lay through Mons, St. Quentin and Compiègne and we saw from the train a good deal of war damage, but as already stated, nothing so dreadful as our experience on the trip to the East of Paris. The landscape was varied and interesting without being grand. The appearance of the people was normal.

The hand baggage was examined in the compartments, but the registered baggage, at Paris. Only one piece opened in each case. For the first time in our travels, the passport examination at the French frontier was very lax. The man only looked slightly at one passport of the bunch I handed him, and that was Adeline's.

On reaching Paris about 3:30 we were met by Cook's courier who proved very efficient. He had our tickets and sleepers, Paris to Aix. He also had an omnibus engaged to take our traps from the Gare du Nord to the Gare de Lyon, quite a distance apart. I went with him to attend to the baggage examination, transfer and re-checking, while the ladies went on various errands. I met them again at Rumpelmayer's and from there went to the American Express Company to get a trunk of Adeline's, that we had left in storage but that she wanted for Aix. We all went down to the station in a cab to add it to our baggage receipt, and from there back to Drouant's restaurant for dinner.

As the train did not leave till 9:35 we had ample time. We had expected to meet Jeanne at the station but she did not appear. We got ourselves settled in the sleeper and then I went out again and hunted high and low for her, even waiting at the ticket gate until I barely caught the train, but she was left behind.

We felt quite anxious about her and, not knowing her Paris address, I telegraphed the next day to the Athénée, from where we got her, to ask them to help her on her way to us.

She showed up at Aix the morning after us with a long story about delays of the tram and the "Metro", with a wild dash for the train at the last second and being prevented from boarding it while in motion by the officials. As I had myself boarded the train in motion and saw nothing of all this, I believe it was just a good story to save her face. She just suits us, however, and we like her very much, so we are very willing, apparently, to accept her story at face value.

We all had a comfortable night and woke up in the morning in the picturesque and beautiful scenery of Savoy.

Mailed from Aix-les-Bains, July 31, 1920.

P. S.—I had made a list of all the letters received since last mailing the diary, in order to acknowledge receipt of them as usual—unfortunately I have either lost or mislaid it.

CHAPTER XIV.

France (II.)



AIX LES BAINS, WEDNESDAY, July 28, 1920.

I have found the list of letters referred to in the last diary, and it is as follows:

Col. Duval, 7/7, regarding the production of yeast from molasses, which was answered by cable; also another one acknowledging receipt of my letter from Frankfurt.

B.A.O., 7/16, about his inability to sell refined against his last purchase of September raws, before the break in prices.

H.T.O., July 3, 9 and 20, regarding his wife, Marie's health and Adeline.

E.C.H., July 9, with news of his family in answer to my inquiries, also reporting unfavorable agricultural conditions in Northern Colorado.

Mayo Newhall, a dictated letter in his best vein of humorous comment. I cannot but admire greatly his wonderful courage and stoicism under adversity.

Jessie Kaufman, a well written letter to Nellie, enclosing a previous one that she had sent to Calcutta and which was returned to her.

M.D.O., No. 30, 7/7, interesting family news.

S.S.W., July 8 and another later one. In the first she says she will meet us in New York but in the next she throws doubt upon it. We will, therefore, ask Ben or Henry to engage rooms for us at the Plaza.

Miss Slusher, 6/28, with personal accounts.

Herrod, July 3, interesting postings.

AIX LES BAINS, WEDNESDAY, July 28, 1920.

We arrived on time at 7:30 a.m. and proceeded to the Astoria Hotel, where we had engaged rooms by wire, through the manager of the Astoria Hotel in Brussels. On arrival there we did not like the looks of the place, which seemed rather second class. Therefore, we did not make any permanent arrangement. The Astoria is located in town, on the same square as the bathing establishment, and therefore, is very conveniently situated.

The town of Aix (10,000 inhabitants) is situated almost on the shores of Lake Bourget, which is said to be the largest and finest lake in France, although we would call it a small lake. It lies at the bottom of a valley between two mountains, and their spurs, Mt. Revard on the East (5,000 feet), and Dent du Chat, a huge pile of rock, on the West (4,000 feet). It is the lake that inspired Lamartine to write his celebrated poem "Le Lac". The town extends up the slope toward Mt. Revard, and on the higher ground are situated the most attractive hotels. The Splendide—Royal—Excelsior, all connected together and run as one, and the Mirabeau, the newest and, we think, the best.

We first went to the Splendide, etc., but they were full, so we next tried the Mirabeau, and managed to get very satisfactory quarters. One double room and two single rooms with baths, all overlooking the lake. Price 330 francs.

The view is a perfect joy. The lake varies, according to the time of day and the weather conditions, from a sheet of dazzling sapphire blue, through different gradations, to a soft green opal. The cloud effects are wonderful. There are showers and thunderstorms almost every other afternoon or evening, but the days are generally bright and favorable for excursions.

The restaurant is rather expensive but very good. Owing to the cure, the ladies often eat à la carte, but I, who do not care to get thin, stick to the table d'hôte. We have all cut out the booze, except an occasional liqueur, and every one feels fine.

We were recommended to consult Dr. Chesnau about our cure and called upon him the very first day. He examined us all pretty thoroughly and indicated the various treatments and diets that each should take. He found my blood pressure high, Nellie's and Marie Louise's normal and Adeline's sub-normal. The girls clamored lustily for the most extreme measures that would make them thin, which the Doctor could not understand and only partially acceded to. My treatment consists of what they call the Douche, which is massage of all the body, under water flowing from a hose directed by the attendant. In addition to its sulphur contents, the spring water is said to contain fine particles of organic matter that act like an ointment in facilitating massage. It is also supposed to be radio active and its curative properties have been highly regarded, and extensively used, since the time of the Romans. We all take the Douche and in addition the young ladies take the "bouillon", and Nellie takes "la caisse", which are forms of "sweat boxes". Also, we all drink several glasses a day of the "Eau des deux Reines", which is a diuretic water.

We were all weighed the first day as a check, and while I will not commit what most ladies consider the unpardonable sin of revealing their weight, I will unblushingly admit that I weighed in my clothes 143 pounds. I find this to be the same as I weighed at Garoet in Java and a little less than when I left home.

After a day or two, Adeline obtained the consent of the Doctor to go on an exclusively milk diet, which she kept up for a couple of days.

At the end of a week we were all weighed again with the result that Marie Louise had lost 6 pounds, Nellie 3 pounds, Adeline nothing and I had gained 2 pounds. The cure was evidently too severe for M. L. so she stopped it, but continued her diet. Nellie made no change. Adeline stopped the milk diet, and instead took the regular meals and massage at the hotel. This, by the way, I also have regularly.

As will be observed I am writing the tale of Aix les Bains as a continuous story instead of a serial, for the daily routine does not lend itself to the latter.

Aix has a "Casino" and a "Villa des Fleurs", places of amusement adjoining each other and to both of which one card admits. We had expected to use these a great deal, as there are operatic or theatrical performances and concerts given there every day. As a matter of fact we go there very little. The forenoon is all taken up with the cures. The evenings have often been rainy and we have continued to play bridge in our rooms, a good many nights.

It is not owing to the difficulty of getting around for the Mirabeau, the Splendide and several other hotels, have each a private line of busses, that give splendid service between the hotels and the lower town until 12 o'clock at night, at reasonable rates.

There are no facilities at the bath house for lying down or lounging after the bath, to cool off gradually. This has to be done at the hotels. For those that are not provided with closed conveyances, as in our hotel, there is a service of small sedan chairs, entirely closed in, and carried by two men, to take you back from the bath to your room.

We were much surprised one afternoon, soon after our arrival, to meet at one of the little tables in front of the Kiosque of the "Deux Reines" Spring, where people sit to sip the water, Jennie Blair with her cousin, Mrs. MacCalum and her guest, Isabel O'Connor. They are here for a full cure of three weeks, and an after cure at Lake D'Annecq, in the vicinity, for another week. We have seen a good deal of them and have already gone with them on three very fine motor excursions. There are seven of us and by paying for one extra seat, we

get an eight-seat bus all to ourselves and at lesser cost than a private motor.

The first excursion was on a day of rest in the cure, prescribed by the Doctor, so we started at 10 o'clock to visit the Monastery of the Grande Chartreuse. The scenery on the route is superb. It reminds one in a way of Yosemite, without the waterfalls, and far less grand. We lunched near the Monastery and then visited it with quite a large party, being Sunday. The empty building is kept in repair by the Government and possesses no great interest for the sight-seer. The return by another route was equally enjoyable. sight-seer. The return by another route was equally enjoyable.

The second excursion was only for the afternoon. We went through the Valleys of the Beauges and the Isère, celebrated beauty spots of this beautiful land, and had a thoroughly satisfactory afternoon. Unfortunately Marie Louise could not go, so we asked Count and Countess Guebard, friends of Isabel, to fill up our motor. She is originally from Boston. She was well off but he "managed" her fortune to the vanishing point. He is an exceedingly agreeable and well informed man, in spite of not being a financier, and I enjoyed talking with him. He was in Constantinople when the war broke out, employed in some one of the missions managing some of the Turkish services. He was an officer of artillery and served on most of the fronts. Their furniture is still in Constantinople. He had, at one time, some civil service position in Africa and had great opportunities for big game shooting, elephant, buffalo, hippopotamus, etc. He is also an art connoisseur and has done considerable buying and selling of rare oriental rugs, etc.

Our third motor trip was yesterday (8th) around Lake Bourget and up through the Col or pass of the Dent du Chat (Cat's tooth), that we see so well across the lake from our balconies. It was enjoyable but not up to the others, though well worth while.

In addition to these motor trips, we went one afternoon by cog wheel railroad to the top of Mont Revard, back of Aix, and had a wonderful view of all the surrounding mountain country, even as far as Mont Blanc; also a delightful view of the lake and of Aix.

From the end of the cog railroad there is a short but stiff climb to an observatory and this, at 5,000 feet altitude, was too much for Nellie, who suffered discomfort from her heart for a couple of days. Unfortunately Adeline did not feel up to going with us that afternoon.

We have met here Mrs. MacMonagle and a Miss Choate, who is travelling with her. She is a niece of Ambassador Choate and knows all the Cuttings well. Mrs. M. invited us to tea. She talks as if Europe would be her permanent residence quite definitely.

Isabel O'Connor knows a lot of people. She introduced me to Mr. and Mrs. Saavedra, who motored through here the other day. She is a Philadelphian, brought up in Europe, who married a Cuban some ten years ago. He also has been brought up in Europe but knows the Zaldos, the Mendozas and that class of people. The marriage has turned out very well.

The other night they sang Carmen at the Villa des Fleurs and, as neither of our girls had heard it, we secured a table in the restaurant, which is back of the orchestra seats and from where we could see and hear very well. It was not a first class performance, but as an adjunct to the dinner it was all right.

A Mr. Lowndes, whom we had met at the Messers in London, had invited the Blair outfit. He was born in San Francisco of an English father and an American mother. His aunt was Mrs. Shillaber. The Saavedras and the

Guebhard were also dining together, so that we intermingled later, as the opera did not end until after 12. I staked the girls for a shot at the "petits chevaux" with the expected disastrous results. I have played roulette with two zeros and the "eagle bird" running for the bank, but that is a liberal game compared to the "petits chevaux". And still you could hardly edge into the crowd around the tables for a chance to drop your money.

We had the Blair, MacCullum, O'Connor party up to dinner at the hotel and, by special request, I dressed my lettuce and tomato salad with garlic. I had been warned to make plenty, and I thought I had, but they all said they would have liked another helping. All of which was very gratifying to my gastronomical pride. After dinner we went up to my bedroom, which Jeanne calls the "Salon", and played bridge at a franc a hundred until midnight, when the last bus leaves for town.

The Blairs are stopping at the Hotel de l'Europe, near the Casino. The hotel has beautiful grounds and an excellent cuisine but not a bathroom (that's what Jennie Blair said). Of course it is not so bad as it sounds, where everyone takes the cure baths, but it is peculiar to say the least. The French are not very strong on either bathing or fresh air, but they certainly seem to live as long as any other people.

It only takes 3 or 4 minutes by the bus from the hotel to the bath house and even walking, by a short cut, it only takes 5 to 7 minutes to get down. We often do this and the girls also frequently walk up. They also take long walks around the outskirts.

Both of them have given up the cure baths, Marie Louise because they did not agree with her and she had lost enough, and Adeline, because she did not lose and decided to take massage instead. Perhaps if she had persisted she would have got the desired result.

One day when Nellie was walking down she turned her ankle and got quite a bad fall on her knees, one of them making a hole in her silk dress. The ankle swelled quite rapidly and we called in the Doctor, who said it would take her three weeks to get over it. He massaged it with vaseline and bandaged it and wanted her to go to bed and keep perfectly still. That is just the opposite of the modern American practice, which we decided to follow. It was not very painful, so Nellie continued to use it, and I massaged it once or twice, after which she had my regular masseuse treat it. After one day she walked as well as ever, to the great surprise of Doctor and masseuse.

We get a good deal of fun speculating about our fellow boarders. Isabelle O'Connor discovered in one of them a very celebrated Parisian woman of the vampire type. All through our voyage Nellie and I have been constantly discovering resemblances to some of our friends, but it was only here that we found anyone to remind us of the family. This is a man whose expression is somewhat like James when he was younger.

I am writing this on the 10th, and will post it today so as not to make too long a break between installments of the Diary. We all leave tomorrow with regret, although we have not tried to enter much into the alleged gayeties that one reads about in the papers. We have rested and it has done us good. My blood pressure has come down to normal. Aix calls herself "The Queen of resorts and the resort of Queens". We agree with the first and the application of the second to our party is obvious.

Mailed August 10, 1920.

AIX LES BAINS, August 10, 1920.

This evening we had Mrs. MacMonagle to dinner and I think she enjoyed it, as we certainly did. She seems wedded to her life in France, and apparently has no idea of going back to America except for visits. But, of course, many things might occur to change her plans. For instance she is a very attractive woman and it would not be strange if she married again, though nothing whatever in her manner gives that impression. We would have hesitated to say much about her dead son, but she herself frequently brings his name into the conversation.

We settled up with the Doctor who charged us each 200 francs, which he said was the minimum tariff, and which was quite enough for the little that he could do for us. He was very attentive, however, and looked us up at the baths almost every day. Not knowing the ropes, or anything about the curative properties of the different waters and treatments it was, of course, quite necessary to consult a doctor, but if I ever went back to Aix, as I certainly should if I spent another summer in France, I would dispense with such service. I would also return to the Mirabeau and try to get the same rooms, as the view from our windows was a constant inspiration. Mrs. MacMonagle said that the hotel was referred to as the Mirabelle on account of its being so popular with women of a certain type, but they did not interfere with our enjoyment, and this preference shows that they appreciate a good hotel.

AIX, WEDNESDAY, August 11, 1920.

This is our last day. Nellie and I have taken thirteen baths. If we had stayed the usual time of three weeks and had, as is usual, rested from the baths every third day, it would have given us fourteen baths. So we have practically had a full cure, and have suffered no inconvenience from continuous treatments, which is all that the doctor required.

During the war, the soldiers were given occasional periods of eight days leave from duty, in order to rest up. In the case of the French, and also to a great extent of the English, they mostly went home for this rest. For the Americans certain "rest areas" were selected for this purpose in France, and of these Aix was the first and the best patronized. Excursions around the vicinity were organized for them and the Casino placed at the disposal of the several American welfare services. Also, the numerous baths were thrown open to such as needed them, and altogether the place was a great boon to our boys.

The Blair contingent called in the afternoon to say goodbye, and Mrs. MacCullum brought a box of candy.

In spite of every effort, we failed to get back through the police here, the French card of identity that had been taken from Nellie and the girls when they left France for England, so we will have to straighten this out at Paris.

Our sleeper was placed on the track in advance of the time when it was to be picked up by the train for Paris, so we left the hotel shortly after nine and got ourselves settled before the train moved. Jeanne was very proud of travelling first class and in a wagon-lit. As she is a very garrulous female, I have no doubt that the incident will be long and often commented upon to her circle of friends and acquaintances. She also has a very high pitched voice which is an asset as far as Nellie is concerned. I often wonder how it is that Nellie understands her, and is understood by her, so well. As she does not know a word of English, I have to admit that I underrated Nellie's linguistic attainments.

We all spent a comfortable night in our incredibly confined quarters, and the next morning at 9:30 arrived at

PARIS, THURSDAY, August 12, 1920.

The Ritz conductor met us by appointment and took charge of our baggage. On arrival at the hotel the clerk showed us up into quite inferior rooms to those selected, making the excuse that we had engaged the others for the 15th only. He quite overlooked the fact that we had notified them of the change in date and had their acknowledgment, saying our rooms would be ready. Thereupon the Manager appeared with profuse apologies and criticisms of his clerk, and the upshot was that the other occupants were moved and we got our rooms that afternoon. These rooms, overlook the court outside of the dining room, and a beautiful garden beyond the hotel wall. They are on the fifth floor, perfectly quiet, and although they get the afternoon sun we have not found them too hot. They are by far the best rooms we have ever had in Paris. Three rooms and a sitting room, 3 bath rooms—price 440 francs and 10%.

At the station we found the chauffeur whom we like so much, François Melon, with the little car that we do not like so well. I asked him if he could get another car and he said he would try. Two days later he reported that he had a wonderful chance to buy a second hand car, if I would help him to finance it. We went to look at it and found it to be a Delaunay-Belleville limousine, of 1910 make, belonging to a Miss Bishop of New York, who was connected with Miss Anne Morgan's reconstruction work. We saw the bills showing that she had spent 5,000 francs on the body, and 6,000 francs on the machinery and chassis, last Spring, expecting to remain indefinitely here. She was suddenly called home by cable and Melon could buy the car for 20,000 francs cash, plus a commission of 2,000 francs to his friend, the chauffeur of Miss Bishop, to be paid later on. Melon had 5,000 francs, he could get 10,000 from his brother, also a chauffeur, as soon as he got back from a tour in ten days, and my bill for his services for a month would amount to the other 5,000 francs; so I advanced him 15,000 francs and he has since repaid 8,500. He now drives his own car instead of being a hired man and is on the way to independence. He is very grateful. The new car seats three comfortably in the back seat and all is well.

I saw de Marville in the afternoon. He is going to Vichy tomorrow for a cure and indicated what I should do until he sees me again.

There is nothing of special interest to note in the balance of the week. It took me nearly a whole day to trace and get delivery of the dress, that Nellie had bought in Florence for Marie Louise last May, and some gloves that we had bought in Florence through Carrie Greene for Marie Louise and Nellie.

PARIS, SUNDAY, August 15, 1920.

We motored to Fontainebleau for luncheon and afterwards went through the Chateau. It was interesting and seemed new to me, although I had seen it before. I am sure that in a short time it will be only one of the many images, the composite of which forms on my brain the picture representing a "Chateau". The girls thought Madame de Maintenon had the most attractive rooms. Apparently every one lived in the open in those days and privacy was neither attained nor desired.

The beautiful park attached to the Palace, and the Forest of Fontainebleau through which it is reached, were more to my taste.

The restaurant of the Ritz is dear but very good. I do not enjoy it nearly as much however as if I could whet my appetite with a good cocktail, and wash down the food with a good bottle of wine. But I am settled squarely and securely on my seat on the water wagon, except when I am entertaining, or am entertained by, friends. These are rare occasions.

PARIS, MONDAY, August 16, 1920.

This is the Assumption and therefore a holiday. We celebrated by going to the Pantheon, and trying to see Napoleon's tomb, which was closed, as was also the Luxembourg. In Paris they keep most of the public buildings open on Sunday but close them on Monday. This is not a bad idea, as it serves the public when it has leisure and then gives the employees their day of rest.

We wound up the day by all going to Foyot's for a delicious dinner, after which Nellie went back to the hotel while the girls and myself went to the Odeon, to see a comedy by Alfred de Musset entitled *Carmosine*. The acting was very good, but the play was not "gripping".

For dinner we had two specialties of the house; "Filet de Sole Foyot" with a wonderful sauce, pronounced by all A A I, and "Canneton au Chambertin", a variation of Frédéric's "Canneton à la presse". Opinions were divided as to whether or not it equalled the "Tour d'Argent" Classic.

PARIS, TUESDAY, August 17, 1920.

We had been speculating since the 13th, the day of Henry's sale of yearlings at Saratoga, what the result had been and were much pleased to receive today his telegram saying "Satisfactory sale, nearly the same as last year". If I remember right he averaged last year about \$1,800, and this figure, for such a large lot as he had this year, seems very good.

I get the London Times delivered in Paris by aeroplane in the afternoon of the day of publication. From this I learn every day how the market for sugar futures closes in New York. I was very much alarmed at the rapid and continuous decline, in connection with the impossibility of selling the refined product at Savannah, against the raws bought for future delivery at high prices. I have been in correspondence by cable with Ben on the subject, but the situation remains full of grave anxiety at this date (21st).

There is little to mark off the days of the balance of this week one from the other.

The ladies have started in energetically to get the clothes that they are to take home. It is hard work, as they are anxious to do the best possible in style and price. Every day they go to one or another of the dressmakers, to see the parades of the models worn by the mannikins, and after several hours of this they come back tired out. Callot, Beer, Madeleine, Champot, Drécol, etc., etc. I hear these names and others bandied back and forth, with the merits and demerits of the several models, which are known by names; also particulars of prices and materials, until I am thoroughly convinced that men are wiser in this respect than women, in having adopted a conventional costume from which there is very little variation possible.

On Wednesday night I took the girls to the Comédie Française theatre. It began at eight and ended at twelve. There were three plays and the *entre-actes* were interminably long, as is usual in France. But the girls have taken like ducks to water to the practice of going out into the Foyer between the acts and having a lemonade or something equivalent.

There was first a curtain raiser of one act, "The violin of Cremorne", a touching romantic skit. Then we had Molière's "Les femmes savantes", always interesting, even though I don't particularly fancy Molière's exaggeration. The third playlet of one act, entitled "L'Anglais tel qu'il est parlé", was a broad farce, representing the struggles of a man who speaks no English, but who has accepted the position of interpreter in a hotel. It was exquisitely funny, par-

ticularly to one who speaks both languages. The French audience must have lost a great deal. The acting throughout was excellent, as was to be expected.

The serious nature of the political situation has depreciated the French franc, and we have taken advantage of this to draw money against most of the expenses that we will incur before leaving. The girls take an absorbing interest in this, as it affects the amount they are to have at their disposal. Marie Louise particularly is most methodical in her calculations. A suggestion that I made, to get a rise out of her, that as she was getting more francs than she expected, her mother would be pleased if she did not draw the full amount authorized, was, as I expected, laughed to scorn.

The Erskine-Bolsts have arrived in Paris from their cure, for a few days before going to Deauville. She has lost only five pounds, but it seems much more. By the way, Adeline, when she came to check up on leaving Aix, found that she also had lost nearly five pounds and was much pleased.

I was introduced by the Bolsts to a rich Washington widow by the name of McDonald. Nellie had already met her through Mrs. Marye. As Mrs. Bolst does not play bridge, her husband and Mrs. McDonald have come to our room to play a couple of times and we have had some good games. Bolst is a splendid player. He is very attractive; manly, amiable and bright.

I don't know if I have mentioned that we play bridge among ourselves a good deal at night. Nellie and I against the girls. We are several thousand points ahead of them so far.

I received some days ago a letter from Ella Howe, who said she expected to be in Paris about the 16th for a week and would look us up. She said she would stop at the Hotel Massena. I could find no such hotel, either in the telephone book or the directory, and, not having heard from Ella, was afraid I was going to miss her. Quite by accident, because one of the porters here had a friend working there, I got trace of the hotel, which was formerly called the Egli-International and is still under that name in the telephone book. Ella is to come to lunch with us on Monday.

The Bolsts invited us to dine on Saturday at the Cafe de Madrid, near the Bois, the other guests being Mr. and Mrs. Nixon, parents of her son-in-law, Miss Case, a soprano concert singer and Captain Bowers, a lawyer of New York, who fought in France and has lived here a good deal. His sister has just bought a place at Santa Barbara.

We had a very good dinner which I thoroughly enjoyed, with liquid accompaniments.

We arranged for the girls to go to the theatre with Miss Kline that night. They went to see a play suggested by Miss Kline, but which turned out to be as risky as trusting to a gun that is not loaded, (supposedly). If the mothers of our girls sue me when we get back, for having debased the moral nature of their daughters, I shall have to plead guilty unless I can get a Frenchman on the jury. The worst of it was that Marie Louise's beau was of the party. He had taken M. L. (with his mother) to Versailles that afternoon and he asked if he could take her and Adeline to the theatre. M. L. replied that she thought we already had tickets, hoping to substitute him for Miss Kline. This being impossible, he was asked to dinner and by hook or crook, he managed to get a seat near theirs. It appears that when things were getting mixed on the stage he said, "If you don't mind it, I don't."

I must tell about the beau. His name is Guynet. He was in San Francisco, attached to a French mission that went to Siberia. He is in business (his

father's) in Morocco, and was shot, or poisoned, or both, out there and is consequently in delicate health. However, he is returning there next week. He is nice, though rather frail looking, and wears a monocle. He seems to be giving Marie Louise quite a rush. The other day he took her and Adeline with his mother and sister to the Bois to tea. He telephones constantly. Calls frequently, and speaks English perfectly. For further particulars apply to M.L.W. c/o Crédit Lyonnais, Paris.

Mailed August 22, 1920.

PARIS, MONDAY, August 23, 1920.

List of letters received since last acknowledgment.

M.D.O., Nos. 31 and 32, July 18 and August 1. I hope that Tommy enjoyed the "jambalaya" that Louie cooked for him. We are glad that you took him over the house.

S.S.W., July 31, also two letters to M.L. which we enjoy just as much.

B.A.O., August 6, and two cables—I now understand the Savannah situation, which was further explained by Henry's last letter.

H.T.O., July 29, August 3 and 9—I am writing him.

R.H.S., July 31—with a statement (unexpurgated) of the E. W. Hopkins affair.

M.P.O., July 31—a most appreciative letter of thanks for what we are doing for Adeline. We are much pleased to learn how well she is getting on after her operation.

Adele—from Montecito, July 21. A very interesting letter as far as I have been able to decipher it. This should not be taken too literally as it is partly, but not entirely, an attempt to be funny.

B.O.S., July 21, with much appreciated details of the technical side of Savannah.

Ruth, August 5—the subject of the children never palls, and the matter of clothes is having attention.

Mountford Wilson, August 2—After learning all that Flora went through, it seems a blessed miracle that she is still spared to us.

Judie Sanderson, August 5—We have never received a more cordial, sweeter and kinder letter from a friend.

Miss Slusher—Thanks for the good wishes and the a/cs.

Ella Howe, August 14—Announcing her arrival in Paris.

Tom F. Oxnard of Arizona—Letter of thanks and report on health.

PARIS, Week from SUNDAY, August 22d to

SATURDAY, August 28, inclusive.

Ella Howe and her friend lunched with us on Monday. Ella is looking very well. The friend is a peculiar looking girl, so much so that I think she must have had an accident that affected her expression—perhaps including some surgical operation, though I could see no trace of the knife. She is bright and intelligent, however. They are both very much dissatisfied with the management of the Temple Tours, under whose auspices they are travelling. They have paid for first-class accommodation but are getting third class. At the commencement of the trip, say in Sicily, there were about twenty in the party, but now it has grown to sixty, a number that is quite unmanageable in these days of limited accommodations. They said the lunch we gave them was the

first really good food they had tasted in Paris, which is quite inexcusable. They reached Paris late at night, and, owing to its being a holiday, there were no carriages to meet them and they had to get to their hotel by the underground, carrying their hand baggage with them. They were leaving early on the second day following, so we will not get a chance to see Ella again, which I regret.

I don't think that I mentioned in its proper place that we met Lucille Thornton at the entrance of Claridge's in London. She was leaving the next day for the Continent with Mrs. McCreery, so we did not see anything more of her. Nellie got a letter from her here, asking her to be sure and see Mrs. Cotton, the artist that painted her portrait in New York some years ago. It so happened that Nellie had already met her. They went to tea at her studio and she asked Adeline to sit for her, without any obligation to buy the portrait. Adeline accepted gleefully and is now going through with it. I had understood it was to be a mere sketch, but it appears otherwise now. While it is perfectly understood that there is no obligation incurred, I am sorry that the matter came up at all.

The other day Adeline got a cable from her father again suggesting that, if convenient, she should go and visit Nadine Kolowrat. That very day a young French officer, Captain Lachouques, telephoned to Adeline and said that he had just arrived from Prague and heard, through the French Embassy there, that she and her sister desired to find an escort to go there; that he was returning next Thursday and would be glad to afford them any assistance or protection they needed. Meanwhile Adeline had heard from Nadine that if she came on, Nadine would meet her at Prague.

Marie Louise does not care to go, so I considered the question of letting Adeline go with a maid, under the Captain's escort. I had an interview with him and found he was a military courier between Paris and Warsaw; that they would leave here at 7 p. m. and get to Warsaw at midnight of the following day; that he could not himself stop off at Prague but must continue to Warsaw, so that if through telegraphic delay, or from any other cause, Nadine did not meet them, Adeline and the maid would be landed at midnight in a strange country, where conditions may or may not be absolutely safe. I had previously tried, through the American Embassy, to get an escort, without success, and I now tried again, with the same result. There was also the question of Adeline getting back, as our time of sailing is drawing near.

Adeline was perfectly willing and anxious to go and I hated to disappoint her and Henry, but I could not make up my mind that it was the right thing to do. The chances were that everything would go right but there was also a chance the other way. I would not have allowed my child to go and I could not do otherwise with Henry's, when under my charge.

The George Newhalls have arrived here and left again for London by aeroplane. They had been motoring through the Chateau district. We only saw them a couple of times. They sail for home the same day that we do, but by the Celtic.

We also have seen Mrs. Joe Redding and she took tea with us. Her movements are uncertain. She has been expecting Joe for some time but says that if he delays much longer, she will go back to America and let him have his European trip alone. Such a prospect will surely bring Joe over in hot haste—perhaps.

Nellie finds the dressmakers' fittings, etc. strenuous and tiresome, so we dine quite often in our sitting room and play family bridge afterwards. We

also patronize the Ritz grill, where it is not dressy. In the way of new restaurants we went to the Abbaye de Thelem, in Montmartre and to Les Escargots d'Or, near the Halles. The former is very celebrated and considered very sporty. It is not Bohemian, as it is too expensive and swell for that, but there is lots of dancing and night life going on, and the girls were much pleased. The Escargots d'Or is very plain but the cuisine is quite celebrated. We were among the few that did not start dinner with Escargots (snails).

I got a letter from Joseph Huppmann giving a sad account of his finances, owing to the depreciation of his investments, which are largely in German and Austrian securities. I afforded him some help, for which he was very grateful, but not what I might have given if the sugar market had not been in such a frightful condition. As regards this, I have got in touch with Lamborn's office here. One of his partners, Dyer, has just returned home after a stay of some months in Europe.

We got a letter from Mrs. Alleyne the other day, saying that she could not let us go without running on to Paris to say good-bye; so we are expecting her any day.

PARIS, SUNDAY, August 29, 1920.

Although the weather was cold and overcast, the same as it has been mostly of late, we took a motor drive to St. Germain, all except Adeline, who had a sitting with Mrs. Cotton. After visiting the Museum in the Castle, over which we did not linger long, we went to the restaurant of the Pavillon d'Henry IV at one end of the Terrasse de St. Germain, from which the view of the Valley of the Seine is magnificent, right across to the Eiffel Tower and Montmartre Cathedral in the distance. On a bright day it must be still more beautiful. Returning, we stopped at Maison Lafitte, where tapestries and furniture mostly are on exhibition. The road was very poor a good part of the way.

PARIS, MONDAY, August 30, 1920.

This morning, when reading some mail at the Crédit Lyonnais, I was very much surprised to run into Lothar Faber. He is quite stout and looks very well. His chin is badly scarred, owing to his operation for cancer of the throat, but he feels confident as his doctors tell him that they think him out of danger. He lost sixty pounds during his trouble, but has gained it all back and ten pounds more, which, I believe, is a good sign. His wife is with him but is still a terrible sufferer from asthma. He and I went off together and had a fine lunch at Margery's. He is sailing for home day after tomorrow.

The list of letters for acknowledgment is as follows:

S.S.W., August 9—from Feather River Inn, with the usual budget of California news that interests us so much.

B.A.O., Savannah, August 16—Sugar news. I am glad to be kept posted.

H.T.O., August 17—with details about Savannah and also report of his sale of yearlings.

Joseph and Jeanne Huppmann—already referred to.

H.R.D., August 17—answering mine of August 3d.

Louis Hache, August 29—Announcing that he will come to Paris to see me. His eyes are so bad that he must be accompanied.

Mailed August 31, 1920.

PARIS, MONDAY, September 13, 1920.

Several reasons have contributed to make me interrupt the writing of my diary, but I intend to bring it up to date during the voyage home on the Rotter-

dam. We leave Paris on the morning of September 16, and Nellie and myself are anxious to get home now as soon as practicable.

Since last advices we have received mail as follows:

M.D.O., August 15, No. 33 and August 22d.—I note that she and Alice expect to leave for New York on the 16th, and we are looking forward to seeing them and the rest of the family with the fondest expectation.

S.S.W., August 21 and 28 (latter to Marie Louise)—We feel much worried about her continued ill health and will be glad to get back to her and give her moral support. Under the circumstances we think she is right not to go East. The news of Lan Mizner's death, while expected, is none the less deeply regretted. How we shall miss his cheerful presence in our intimate set. None else can ever fill it.

B.A.O., August 16 and 19 and cable of September 8—We sympathize with, and share, his anxieties.

Pardonner, August 21—with annual statements.

H.T.O., August 17 and 24.—I am very thankful that he keeps us posted so well. We count absolutely on his presence on the dock on arrival of the steamer. I wish he would bring some considerable money down to me.

H.R.D., August 17.—I regret that he is waiting for me to make his California visit, as it will hurry me in my New York visit, and take me from San Francisco before I am well settled.

Joseph Huppmann, August 2.—Nadine Huppmann, September (postal) and Miss Hill, August 27th.
Mailed September 13, 1920.

Louis Hache arrived in Paris and called with his nephew Edmond, who had come down from Beuvry-les-Orchies to meet him. I was delighted to see him and I had them to lunch on both days of their stay. His eyesight is worse than I had expected. He manages to write but cannot re-read his letters. The trouble is a stoppage of the tear duct and consequent pressure on some optic nerve, that has atrophied it. He was operated on the left eye in June to make a new duct and while here this time consulted again the same specialist who had advised, but not performed, the first operation. The specialist recommended the same operation on the right eye, and Hache is going to have it done at once at Pau. The result will be merely to arrest any further degeneration. There can be no improvement. He is remarkably resigned, because he can still see to fish in the river near his home, and will be satisfied to hold what sight he still retains.

We had two bully lunches—one at "les Escargots d'Or" and the other at the Spanish restaurant. His appetite is unimpaired, which is also the case with Edmond and I was not far behind.

One incident that they told me of the German occupation of Orchies I must relate—Hache's brother's family consisted of father, mother, son (Edmond, married), and daughter (married). Edmond and his brother-in-law were of course mobilized and were not there. When the Germans went through the first time, on their original drive to Paris, they behaved so moderately that Hache père, and the women and children, decided to remain and would not go South when they still might have done so, despite the entreaties of Louis (my friend). So they were caught and held there during the entire war. As a rule they were not brutally treated and their experience confirms what we have all heard, that the individual German soldier was not as a rule brutal, except when directed by his superiors so to be. What they suffered most from was the lack of sufficient and proper food. The distribution by the Americans, which is all

that was allowed them, just kept them from starving. They had to eke it out by such means as stealing at night some of the grain in the fields, which their own forced labor raised for the Germans—by raising rabbits on the sly, etc., etc. The stolen grain they ground in coffee mills, to make bread. Of course this told heavily on the population of women, (forced to work hard in the fields), children and elderly people.

Now for the incident spoken of above. One day about a dozen old men and boys were arrested, and without any reason being given them, they were each compelled to dig his own grave and then kneel down by its side—a firing squad lined up in front of them, leveled their rifles, and then . . . did not fire. The unfortunates were sent back to their homes and two old men died from the shock within forty-eight hours. By the way, Orchies was almost completely destroyed but Beuvry, where Hache's people lived, was not badly damaged.

Hache's little fortune of about \$20,000, was half in France and half in America. I had always attended to his investments but a short time ago, not being able to consult with me, he instructed the Oxnard Savings Bank, which holds his securities, to sell them and remit to him in francs. His idea was partly to get the big rate of exchange, and partly to get all his money into French government securities, because the failure of his eyesight makes it difficult for him to keep track of American investments. I pointed out the folly of having all his eggs in one basket, particularly in his helpless condition, and together we cabled the bank of Oxnard, countermanding the selling instructions. I however received a letter from him on the boat, saying that, on reaching home after leaving me, he found a remittance from the bank, covering the liquidation of one half of his American investments. As to the other half, I do not know if our counter instructions arrived in time or not.

The Erksine-Bolsts came back to the Ritz, after a most interesting motor trip to the French seaside resorts and up as far as Ostend. We played bridge with him one night and also, on Sunday, took them out to lunch at the Pavillon Henri IV, at St. Germain. They had intended motoring to Venice but gave that up, partly owing to the disturbed conditions in Italy. These seem to me pretty close to anarchy. When the workmen seize your factory by force and the government, instead of restoring it to you by the same means, temporizes and tries to effect a compromise, the security of the fabric of our present social institutions seems pretty rickety. In speaking of this matter with Mr. Elihu Root, who also is returning home on the Rotterdam, he voiced the opinion, that the practical demonstration to the working men that, after seizing the factories, they would be entirely unable to run them, would be a valuable point gained for the future.

To come back to the Bolsts, they think quite likely that her business affairs will compel them to go to San Francisco in November.

Mrs. Alleyne has arrived to be with us until we sail. She is stopping nearby at the Hotel Metropolitain, where we were once years ago with Ben and Robbie, James and Caroline, but takes most of her meals with us. She went to the theatre and opera with the girls. We also took her to the "Tour d'Argent" to eat one of the justly celebrated ducks. I know of nobody who has a greater capacity for enjoyment than she, whether it be of the eye, the ear, the brain or the palate. And her opportunities for enjoyment have been so rare for a long time, and particularly since the war, that it was a pleasure to have her with us.

Doctor de Marville has got back from his vacation and cure, which extended from Vichy to Aix-les-Bains. He also is a man with a great capacity for enjoyment. He made another examination of me and finds my condition decidedly improved, since I first went to him. He found my blood pressure between 180

and 190, which he says is all right for my age and the satisfactory condition of my arteries. He strongly urges however, when I get home, a change in my regular habits of life as I described them to him. More moderation in eating, more regular moderate exercise, more life in the open air. He even advised me to join the Country Club again and go in moderately for quail shooting—this in opposition to Cooper's advice. I told him the speech of Baur to his Doctor—"I know that if I do all that you have said I will keep well, but that will be no credit to you. Your medical skill should enable you to let me live just as I please, and still keep me well".

For our last Sunday we decided to motor out to Compiègne to visit the Chateau, said to contain some very fine tapestries. Besides Mrs. Alleyne we invited de Marville, who is very good company. Adeline had invited some school friends to lunch and could not go. We went out through Chantilly and realized how much more comfortable our new car is than the one we had before. We had a good lunch at the "Hotel du Rond Royal", but were disappointed in the visit to the Chateau, as the tapestries were removed during the war and have not been replaced yet. At the Chateau there are some evidences of shell damage, and more at several places in the vicinity.

It was in the park of a private Chateau, not far away, that the armistice was signed. We motored out there but only got as far as the gate, as visitors are not admitted. I was rather surprised at this.

We all dined that night at the restaurant the "Rabbit", rue Caumartin, kept by Hauser, an American, in a little stuffy room above the bar. We had broiled fish roe, chicken fricassee made by a Southern darky cook and hot griddle cakes, with maple sugar. It was good but he soaked us good and plenty.

Miss Kline calls occasionally. The poor thing has a dreadful cough and looks terribly and we dread to think what will happen if she gets really bed ridden, as was the case just for a day last week, when the girls climbed up to her little apartment to take her some flowers. It is remarkable how she keeps up her spirits under the circumstances.

We are parting with regret from our maid, Jeanne Louge, to whom I gave a reference in French, certifying that she was honest, capable, intelligent, respectful, a hard worker and very amiable. All the others agreed to everything except intelligent, and Jeanne wept when she read the paper. I should have added "cheerful". The girls have grown quite chummy with her. She went down to the train with us and gave Louise, the maid that Adeline is taking over, two hearty and resounding kisses at parting. She also again shed a few tears. She says she has never had such a place and never expects to again. I hope that Louise will turn out as well, but she is not the same rough and ready sort, though more efficient in her way.

By the way, I have asked all our friends, and some that have not that distinction, to find a cook for Henry, but they almost all say that, if they could recommend one, they would take her themselves. The genus cook, good and dependable, is extinct in France. I even made enquiries of Vasseux, the French Chemist, when he called upon me on his return from Oxnard, and was told that Henry had already spoken to him in New York, and that he had sent one to him, highly recommended at his hotel. So perhaps Henry is already fixed.

Vasseux speaks quite confidently of having shown us at Oxnard how to make an ammonia fertilizer, and also yeast from molasses, as far as the technical problems are concerned; but disclaims all knowledge of how the commercial details will work out. I am therefore not sanguine of success but I do hope that this trip will either have taught us how to go ahead, or else shown that

we had better drop the problems. He says the yeast factory that he has just started here is proving an eminent success. I am in the way of getting, through Alexander, of the *Journal des Fabricants de Sucre*, a lot more data about yeast, that will follow me to California.

The day before leaving, I settled up with Melon, the chauffeur. He feels that, through my help at the opportune moment, he has got his foot in the stirrup and is on the way to prosperity. He certainly deserves it for he is one of the best men I have ever employed. He has not given us a single reason for complaint in all the time we have had him.

I forgot to say just above, that Vasseaux says he thinks the Oxnard factory the best organized and run in the world. He says there is nothing that approaches it, in France certainly, or in his opinion anywhere else. I was very glad to hear this and I do think that the manufacturing end of our business is thoroughly well and successfully organized. I wish I could feel the same about the other departments, particularly the agricultural, which is the crown of the arch. I only wish that poor James could hear this, because, although we have improved since his time, he was the one that first planned and laid out our system of factory work.

I went to see Adeline's portrait when it was almost finished and it certainly is a very attractive piece of work. Mrs. Cotton is a greater portrait painter than I had imagined. From the way that she spoke to Marie Louise once, I think she is going to be very much disappointed if we do not buy it. This is what I instinctively feared from the beginning, in spite of what she said. Therefore, when she suggested to Adeline that we should take the portrait for Henry to see, I did not accept the suggestion. I do not want to take the portrait into our possession as it would then be much harder to refuse to keep it, as no objection could reasonably be made on the score of not liking it. I understand she is going to send it to New York herself.

The Ritz is very well run except as regards the telephone service and the concierge department. These are simply atrociously managed. Time and again, people have called and been told that we were out when such was not the case, and even, in Marie Louise's case, that she was not stopping there. Also, that she had been there but had left two weeks before. Telephone enquiries were unlikely to reach us even when we were surely in the rooms. Repeated complaints never did any good. It was almost as bad at the Plaza Athénée and we hear similar complaints from people at other hotels.

PARIS, THURSDAY, September 16, 1920.

Our registered baggage went yesterday afternoon to the Gare du Nord, and this morning we left by the special train at 9 o'clock for Boulogne and the Steamship Rotterdam. We had been told that all the baggage would be examined at Boulogne and that there we could get the 10% luxury tax refunded, on some of our bills that were entitled to it. Instead of that, when we reached there at one o'clock, our registered baggage had come down by an earlier train and was already on board, and we were rushed through to the tender without any examination of hand baggage, or any chance to make a claim for refund. The whole thing was badly managed, perhaps purposely. The hand baggage was not carried by the employees of the company but by independent lots of porters, at different stages, and all bent on getting exorbitant fees. As to this, Boulogne was no exception and, throughout our long voyage, this question, of porters for hand baggage and their pay, has been a constantly recurring annoyance, except when we were travelling with a courier. To make matters worse, we

not only had a great many pieces of hand baggage but they were of unwieldy size, which latter is a great mistake.

The Rotterdam looked perfectly huge as the tender went alongside and inspired confidence. She is not as luxurious as the Olympic, on which we came home the last time, but is very comfortable and remarkably steady. Our cabins and bathrooms are large. Ours has large windows but the girls' cabin, being inside, is dark, and they have to keep the electric lights on all the time. They however, have a direct air shaft to the outside. We have a table for four to ourselves and have chosen the second sitting—lunch at 1:15, dinner 7:15. Our steamer chairs have been placed a little too far forward but the ship is so steady this does not matter. Our chair deck is almost all closed in, but with an almost continuous line of large windows, which can be let down for air, so that this arrangement is very satisfactory.

PARIS, AUGUST 31 TO SEPTEMBER 16, 1920.

(Written on board the Rotterdam on the voyage to New York.)

The last half month of our stay in Paris was under the shadow of the continued unfavorable advices regarding the course of the sugar market. A letter from Henry of the 4th told us that Ben had had a heart attack, caused by high blood pressure, and that he would be unable to travel for some weeks. I at once cabled for news and the next day (15th), received a cable from Henry, that probably had crossed mine, saying that Ben was doing well. I have asked him to wireless any important developments and hope he may be able to report continued improvement in Ben's condition.

Early in the month young Guynet, on behalf of his mother, asked Marie Louise to motor down with them from Paris to Beaulieu on the Riviera, where they own a villa. The married daughter and her husband were going down by train, and some of the family would come back the same way in time to bring M. L. back, two or three days before our departure. This invitation was confirmed by the mother, when we met her at Ciro's, where she had invited us to tea. She is a very attractive woman, who has travelled extensively and spent some months in New York.

The son has also travelled a good deal, partly as a child, when his father took him to the Congo, where he has property interests. Lately to Morocco, in connection with his father's business, and where his health suffered through an attempt to poison him, from which he has scarcely recovered. His mother does not know the cause of his illness, which is kept from her because he is going back to Morocco on business, shortly. He is a queer boy, very serious and excessively polite, not at all the accepted type of a young frenchman of means. He is evidently much taken with Marie Louise and we cannot but think that it is his wish, and not his mother's, that she should accompany them.

However we consented to let M. L. go and they were to start Sunday morning (6th). On Saturday I got a letter from Mme. Guynet saying that, owing to unexpected developments in connection with her son's sailing from Marseilles to Oran (Morocco), none of them would be coming back to Paris in time, but that she would herself put Marie Louise on the train at Marseilles, and recommend her to the train officials, her husband having influential relations with the company. Nellie and I were not over enthusiastic over the whole proposition for several reasons, among others the short leeway before our sailing, in case of any hitch. Marie Louise was anxious to go for the new experience, but, in spite of her disappointment, she gracefully yielded to our wishes and we politely called the thing off.

Lucille Thornton arrived at the Ritz for a few days, before taking the Olympic for New York, shortly before our departure. We took her to dinner at La Pérouse.

We saw young Horace Chase twice. The first time he was on his way to Venice, to motor through Italy, as he expressed it, with Miss De la Mar. This young lady is touring through Europe with a young lady friend, Miss Johnson, and without any other chaperone. I don't know how long Horace was with them but when they came through Paris, on their way home by the Aquitania, Horace showed up also and was going home by the same boat. In the meantime he had called on Mrs. McCreery and Lucille at Lake Como. When we asked about his family he said he had not heard from them for months. He took Marie Louise and Adeline to tea, at Ciro's I believe, where they danced.

Going over the events of the past year, I find that we have visited nineteen different countries, and have spent our money in seventeen different kinds of legal tender.

I find forty-nine different visas and endorsements on our passports, which had to have two additional pages attached to them to receive these. They also had to be extended twice during our term of absence. The loss of time, the vexation and the red tape, attendant upon passport formalities, were on occasions a serious drawback to our enjoyment, but fade in retrospect now that all is over.

The list of correspondents with whom we communicated by letter or postal numbered seventy-one. Our many friends had been kind enough to give us sixty-two letters of introduction, mostly for the Orient. We appreciated them very much and deeply regretted that we could present comparatively few of them, because the rate at which we were travelling made it impossible otherwise. Judged by the time elapsed, our progress may not seem so rapid, but judged by the amount that we wished to see, up to the time we reached Europe, it precluded availing ourselves of many introductions.

As a matter of fact, a stay of a few days in any one place gives no chance of satisfactory arrangements to either those presenting, or those receiving, letters of introduction. I will cite a few examples: Minister Morris at Tokyo was anxious to entertain us, in acknowledgment of the letter from Admiral Grayson, but his prior engagements and ours made it impossible during the time of our stay in Tokyo. The Governor General of the East Indies seemed anxious, out of compliment to Governor General Harrison of the Philippines, to have us dine with him, but I only managed to call upon him the day before our leaving Buitenzorg; and so it goes.

At the time of our travel through the Orient, there was still a great scarcity of ship tonnage all over the world, many lines not having had sufficient vessels assigned to them to enable them to maintain a satisfactory schedule. Hence we were on the anxious seat, more or less, throughout our trip regarding steamship accommodations, and the dates when these could be secured were the dominating factor in our movements.

Everywhere that we went the ships were crowded, the trains were crowded, and the hotels were crowded. It seemed as if, after the great cataclysm of the war, the peoples of the earth were in a state of unrest and were moving hither and thither like the occupants of a disturbed ant hill; or like great flocks of birds disturbed in their haunts, and circling around before settling down again.

It was, however, a great surprise to find in so few places evidences of the great war. In the capitals of Europe, in the world of the hotels, theatres, restaurants and shops, the tourist seems to find everything going along about as

before. Not even in Germany did I see, on the surface, much evidence of the strain to which the people had been subjected. The running of the Grand Prix in Paris, for instance, drew the largest crowd on record. The people seemed to have plenty of money, such as it was, and were bent on enjoying themselves.

I tried to prepare myself to answer the question as to which was the most interesting country through which we passed, and I have made up my mind that no one country is entitled to the distinction. For instance, the most pleasing collection of buildings that we saw formed the temple at Nikko, standing in its grove of cryptomeria trees, reminding one of our own redwoods. We decided that the most picturesquely beautiful spot that we saw was Taormina in Sicily, with Mt. Aetna in the background; and the grandest of all buildings was St. Peter's in Rome. However, we did not see anything to equal in grandeur the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, or, in combined beauty and grandeur, Yosemite. The slums of the Orient, and the picturesqueness of their inhabitants, did not present themselves so forcibly to one who has known the Chinatown of San Francisco before the fire.

It struck me as very odd that the one thing which seemed the same the world over was the cooking. By that, I do not mean the food of the natives, but I mean that everywhere the tourist is confronted with bills of fare containing dishes with French names, and ostensibly cooked in the French style.

In the course of our travels, on the other hand, one of the things that varied the most was the rate of wages paid to the people that work with their hands. These wages, in the different countries, including our own, ranged from \$10.00 per day to 10 cents per day, and the recipients were apparently equally dissatisfied.

I mentioned the subject of massage quite frequently in the diary, and I want to summarize by saying that I employed, from the time I left home until I got back, twenty-three different masseurs, good, bad and indifferent, whose rates of compensation ranged from 1 Japanese yen (50c) to 1 Egyptian pound (\$4.00).

As regards guide books, we found that the wise thing for an intending traveller would be to study these in advance of starting on the voyage, as the hurry and strain of quick travel does not give time to properly consult guide books. There is one exception to this, which is the book called—"Things Japanese", by Chamberlain. This is not exactly a guide book, but it contains articles, running from a few lines to a few pages, on every conceivable subject that one would find of interest in Japan. It added immensely to the pleasure of our visit and would well repay reading by anybody at home. We often regretted that we could find no similar book relating to other countries.

As regards baggage, we were handicapped by the fact that we had to take clothes both for cold weather and for tropical weather. This resulted in our having so much baggage as to make it quite a care and burden, as well as an expense. It is hard to see how that could have been avoided in our case, unless we had been willing to discard all our heavy clothes on entering the Tropics, and buy very light clothing—and then again discard that for ordinary European apparel. As for the expedient of putting the discarded clothing into separate trunks, and having these forwarded to the place where they would be useful again, that is not practicable with express facilities as we found them, and with the crossing of so many custom house frontiers. It was extremely difficult, and vexatious to a degree, to get anything transported even across one European frontier, except when accompanied by owner.

We both lost weight during the course of the trip, but have tended to get it back after our return.

We had taken the precaution of having both Sterling Exchange and Dollar Exchange Credits, but we could have gotten along satisfactorily with either one.

In conclusion, we both feel that it is a great privilege to have been able to take this voyage, and we hope that all those who have patiently read this diary may have the opportunity of doing the same.

CHAPTER XV.

Home Again

HOME AGAIN.

The voyage across the Atlantic was uneventful. Nellie and I met very few people, but the girls got acquainted with some young college boys returning, either from ordinary vacations or from some war work. Through these boys they got acquainted with other young girls, so that, by the time the trip was over, they had a large circle of acquaintances and enjoyed the frequent dances given on deck very much.

I was introduced to them all, but I don't even remember their names, except in the case of a young man called Elias, who stands out from the rest because he and Marie Louise had a red-hot flirtation, the momentum of which lasted over for the few days that she was in New York. He was travelling with his father, an invalid, his mother and sister, and we met them also.

The ship was very steady and we had no weather that would even excuse the slightest sea sickness, consequently we enjoyed the table, which was very good; particularly as the steward, on whom I had made a good impression in the usual way, was exceedingly attentive and cooked any special dishes for which we expressed a preference.

The only notables that we met were Mr. Elihu Root, returning from his labors at The Hague, with his wife and family; and Mr. Warburg, formerly of the banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb and Company. It will be remembered that he left that firm to join the Federal Reserve Board, of which he was considered one of the ablest members. Later on, and at the commencement of the war, he resigned to relieve the President of a possibly embarrassing situation, on account of his German origin.

There was also on board an English artist by the name of Harris Brown, a portrait painter of some note, one of whose pictures is in the Luxembourg. We liked the photographs that he showed us of his portraits very much indeed.

We dropped anchor off Sandy Hook Light Ship on Saturday morning, September 25th. Owing to a very thick fog we were kept there, in company with a large number of other vessels, fog-bound for thirty-six hours. That I believe is a most unusual occurrence. Consequently, we did not get up to the dock at Hoboken until Sunday afternoon, September 26th, which made a voyage of ten days.

At the dock we were met by the ever faithful Henry and also by Reggie Jenny, one of Adeline's beaux. Henry gave us all the latest news, particularly regarding Ben's health, which shows no appreciable change. He and Jenny stood outside the rail, while we struggled with Uncle Sam's minions of the Custom House and paid liberal tribute. After that we went up to the Hotel Plaza, which we reached at half past eight, and only got dinner in our sitting room at ten o'clock.

With our safe return to our native land I will now close this diary, instead of carrying it on to San Francisco, as our joint voyage really ended here.

Owing to Ben's state of health and his inability to do active work, his responsibilities had largely fallen upon Henry. I was therefore prompted, both by inclination and duty, to stay in New York and share the load, for a time at least. There was nothing to keep the rest of the party, so within a few days Adeline went back to Washington, while Nellie and Marie Louise returned to San Francisco, where I did not join them until just before Thanksgiving.

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